XEROX

Xerox University Microfilms
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106

WESTERN AMERICANA

Reproduced from the original in the collection of
THE HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY AND ART GALLERY

Lemaitre

Brigham Young

Pape des Mormons.

Sous le titre de

Président de l'Église des Saints du dernier jour

Né en 1801. Daguerreotypé en 1855.

The Mormon Pope.

With the title of

President of the Church of Latter-day Saints.

Born in 1801. From a daguerreotype

taken in 1855.

Imp F. Chardon aîné Paris

A JOURNEY

TO

GREAT-SALT-LAKE CITY,

BY

JULES REMY, AND JULIUS BRENCHLEY, M.A.;

WITH A SKETCH OF THE

HISTORY, RELIGION, AND CUSTOMS OF THE MORMONS,

AND AN INTRODUCTION ON

THE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY JULES REMY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

With Ten Steel Engravings and a Map.

LONDON:
W. JEFFS, 15, BURLINGTON ARCADE,
Foreign Bookseller to the Royal Family.
MDCCCLXI.

Translation reserved.

PRINTED BY
JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR, LITTLE QUEEN STREET,
LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS.

PREFACE.

After ten years spent in travelling for a purely scientific purpose, I returned for a short time to my native country, to take a little rest, and prepare for other enterprises which I had yet to accomplish. The time thus at my disposal was too short to make it possible for me to publish a full and elaborate work. The arrangement of the materials I had collected relating to Polynesia alone, to confine myself to one point only of my investigations, would have required more leisure than I could afford.

I was unwilling, however, to leave Europe without rendering an account of at least one portion of my distant wanderings. I had abundance to choose from, and my choice was soon made. The works published on Mormonism and the Mormons are so overloaded with inaccuracies, or rather with misrepresentations, that I thought it a good subject to treat, especially as it was one I could approach with a confidence all the greater from my having had the opportunity of studying, in their very homes, these new religionists, whose singular principles have attracted so much attention of late years, in spite of the important events which have occurred on this side of the Atlantic, and so much engrossed public attention.

It is this portion I now propose to publish. Science, so justly fastidious, will perhaps find in it but little worthy of notice, and the moralist may regret that the history of this singular people should not have been written by a more experienced hand. It occurred to me, however, that the naturalist might not disdain to give a passing glance at a sketch, which is scrupulously correct, of places which were yet unexplored, or only imperfectly examined; and that the man whose pleasure it is to look on the drama of human affairs, will not see without interest the scene of a political and religious society which, once Christian and free, has broken away from Christianity and liberty, to make the experiment of living under new and radically different conditions of social existence.

The greater part of the matter contained in the following work, was written from day to day, often in the open air, upon the slopes or the crests of mountains, in the heart of deserts, amid the occupations and frequently the perils which are the necessary accompaniments of so long a journey, and must no doubt bear traces of the peculiar circumstances under which it was jotted down. It will therefore, I fear, be devoid of that literary finish on which so just a value is placed; but it struck me that, however defective it may be in form, this will be fully compensated for by its accuracy.

The truth, so often perverted, will be vindicated in this work. Of those who have written on the Mormons, by far the greater number have derived their information from sources little to be relied on. The historians and travellers who have been their guides, have either never inspected the facts on the spot, or have looked at them from the point of view of their own foregone opinions, and too often of their passions. I have had the advantage of seeing with my own eyes, and my readers, I hope, will be sensible of it. Free, moreover, as far as I am aware, from all prejudice, I am able to affirm that I have contemplated the moral side of the picture with the same eye and the same impartiality as I have the physical side. The good and the bad have been exhibited; but if I correct erroneous opinions, I am far from offering myself as an apologist. It is the consciousness of this sincerity and impartiality which has inspired me with some confidence, and imparted to me the desire of presenting myself before the public. With serious and earnest men, truth is always the first of considerations, and it is for such I write.

Paris, August, 1860.

CONTENTS

OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

PAGE

Preface i

Introduction.—On the Religious Movement in the United States ix

BOOK THE FIRST.

JOURNEY FROM CALIFORNIA TO UTAH.

Chap. I. Route from Sacramento to Carson Valley . . . 3

II. From Carson Valley to Haws's Ranch 39

III. From Haws's Ranch to the New Jerusalem . . . 152

IV. The New Jerusalem 189

BOOK THE SECOND.

I. PONTIFICATE OF JOSEPH SMITH.

Chap. I. Life of the Prophet up to the Period of the Establishment of his Religion, 1805–1830 225

PAGE
II. The Mormon Church until the Foundation of Nauvoo, 1830-1839 270
III. From the Foundation of Nauvoo to the Death of the Prophet, 1839-1844 336

II. PONTIFICATE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Chap. IV. From the Accession of Brigham Young to the Organization of the Territorial Government of Utah, 1844-1851 407
V. From the Organization of the Territory of Utah to the present day, 1851-1859 453
A Chronological Summary of the History of the Mormons 497

PLATES IN THE FIRST VOLUME.

Portrait of Brigham Young . . . . *Frontispiece.*
Portrait of Sokopitz 146
Temple of Great Salt Lake City 194
Characters on the Plates of the Book of Mormon 244
Bronze Plates of Illinois 268
Map. 280

INTRODUCTION.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

The course of my travels having led me, a few years since, into a sort of proximity to the Mormons, I could not resist the temptation of making a push for the country of this singular people, in which I expected to find myself face to face with a religion at the very moment of its birth, and to surprise one of the great secrets of Nature, as it were, on the spot. A religious creed suddenly jetting forth in the midst of a great society, and appearing above the horizon like a new isle on the bosom of the ocean, seemed to me to be a sufficient reason for giving oneself a little trouble, and deviating from the direct track of one's journey. To deny myself the pleasure of such a spectacle was more than I was capable of; or, to express myself more accurately, I should have thought it wrong to do so, the opportunity being present, and there being scarcely more than a thousand miles of desert to cross. Had I been called upon to justify to my own mind the interruption which such a journey must cause to my pursuits as a naturalist,—not much of an interruption, after all,—I should doubtless have pleaded that it could be hardly time lost to examine on the very spot of its appearance, a phenomenon rare in any age, and especially rare in our own. Certain is it that had I heard in California, where I then was, of the appearance of a new island in the Pacific Ocean, I should not have hesitated to have altered my course for the purpose of seeing it. Why then should I do less with respect to Mormonism? Why should the moral be less attractive than the geological phenomenon?

But what still more attracted me, independently of the spectacle itself, was, that the phenomenon in question seemed to me to have a character completely special, and to bear no resemblance to any other among the phenomena of the same class recorded in history. It presented itself to me not as a variety merely, but as a curiosity of species, a rarity if not an anomaly; like to certain plants I had met with at the Equator: as the *Rhizophora*, (for instance,) whose seeds germinate in its fruit, and exhibit complete individuals, perfectly formed, at the moment when they detach themselves from the parent plant and fall to the ground. Seen at a distance, it struck me, after what I had heard and known of Mormonism, that there might be some difficulty in classifying it; and yet I felt a strong objection to regard it as an anomaly; for if monstrosities displease us in the physical world, they are still more revolting in the moral world. I wished to put myself quite at ease with regard to this singular phenomenon, this moral *Rhizophora*, if I may so express myself, which, first brought into existence in those regions where the Niagara sends forth its eternal thunders, ought, it appears to me, to have perished in its germ on the very spot of its birth; but which, on the contrary, had, in the desert to which it was transplanted, grown, developed, and overspread with its branches an already powerful society. I desired to ascertain in a positive way, as an eye-witness, if the religion of Joseph Smith were really a novelty, or if ignorance or passion had deceived itself, or had deceived the public with respect to it. The founder of Mormonism, was he, as generally asserted, an impostor? This, when tested by the idea I had formed to myself of the genesis of religions, appeared to me to present a difficulty; and I felt anxious, were there really a divergence from what up to this moment I considered a general law, to verify the deviation.

I.

All religions, whatever may be the opinion we entertain of their intrinsic truth, are the spontaneous products of the human soul. They respond to primitive instincts, to powerful wants impossible to ignore. There is not a human creature who does not carry their germs in the depths of his reason, his imagination, and his heart; for there is no one who does not entertain, vaguely at first, more clearly in the end, a sense of the infinite; who has not a glimpse, more or less luminous, of the divine ideal; and who is not disquieted or tormented by the mystery which hovers over his destiny.

I am far from wishing to cast a slur on the philosophy of the eighteenth century; but it does surprise me that men of intelligence, some of them men of the highest intelligence, should have treated the loftiest aspirations of the soul as hallucinations and chimeras, and gravely asserted that religions are nothing more than human inventions, creations of policy and imposture. There is far higher philosophy in these lines of Milton, which exhibit Adam to us, on the very day of his birth, profoundly intent upon this great enigma, and addressing himself to the whole of nature for its solution:—

"But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not; to speak I tried, and forthwith spake;
My tongue obeyed, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. 'Thou Sun,' said I, 'fair light,
And thou enlightened Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of myself: by some great Maker, then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent;
Tell me how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.'" *

* Paradise Lost, viii. 270-282.

The study of the human mind justifies the poet as against the philosophers. Since the days of Descartes it has ceased to be warrantable, though, as we have just seen, it has been often done and perhaps may be occasionally done again, to affirm that it is possible to invent God. There is no escape from the fact: if God did not exist, he could not be invented; if the eternal axiom, as it has been called, were not in every man's thoughts, who would be able to group its characteristics, and to devise its formula? No amount of goodwill whatever could effect it. God does not proceed from the soul of man, as the fruit does from the flower; to suppose this would be merely to suggest the same impiety in a different form, and to truck atheism against pantheism; but the idea of God, the sentiment of the ideal and of the divine, as well as of religion, which is nothing more than their external manifestation, their necessary form, do proceed from it as naturally as the flower from the bud, the fruit from the flower. Man does not invent God: he finds him; he grasps him by virtue of an internal revelation which it does not depend upon him either to listen to or to ignore. Religion, of whatever kind, is but the echo, more or less faithful, more or less responsive, of this deep-seated revelation.

Buddhism, which M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire has, in some sort, lately revealed to us, is not an argument against the existence of the divine in the human soul. The word God does not exist in the languages of the people subject to this strange religion, which is the negation of the principle of all religion, and which consequently seems to be without any reason for existing; but it does not necessarily follow from this, that the idea of the infinite does not exist in their minds. The consciousness of human imperfection and of the wretchedness of our condition, which forms the groundwork of Buddhism, comprises within itself the conception of perfection; and whether God be named or not, the mere fact that man searches for the solution of the problem of his destiny, that he tries to shake off the yoke of his misery, and aspires to a better state, is evidence that in the depths of his soul there is a ray of divine light. The idea of God may be obscured in human consciousness by deep shadows; it may for ages remain in a state of embryo among the inferior races of human society; but this is not a sufficient reason for concluding against its universality. Voltaire said, in opposition to Bayle, who insisted on the possibility of there being atheistical nations, "These nations neither deny nor affirm God, they have never heard him spoken of. To pretend that they are atheists is an imputation much like that of saying they are Anti-Cartesians. They are neither for nor against Descartes; they are absolute children. But a child is neither atheist nor deist; he is nothing." Voltaire has here seen, with a sagacity approaching to profundity, the truth; and we may apply his argument to Buddhism. The nations which profess this religion are still in their infancy, and the idea of God in them is what it is in children,—in children without intelligence and imagination,—something confused, cloudy, dense, if I may say so, which has need of education to disentangle, to enlighten, and to develop itself.

History and knowledge, unless I much mistake, tender on this point their support to philosophy. Criticism has been able to indicate what there is of human in religious forms; but it has never pretended that the groundwork might not be divine; it has not confounded the gold with the quartz in which it is imbedded; and of these religious forms themselves, it has never said that they were not the spontaneous products of our nature. All that has been done by the new German school of Biblical criticism, and by that of French criticism, which, following in its path, has reflected back on its predecessor a purer and certainly more engaging light, has demonstrated the spontaneousness of religions, and consequently their sincerity. There is much intelligence, grace, joyousness, piquancy even, as well as many things singularly human, in the mythological fables of Greece: are we therefore to conclude that the gods we see there disporting and frolicking, have been developed from the poet's brain? And, even were it so, what evidence would this be against the sincerity of those who invented them? But, in point of fact, they really proceed from the national imagination; they are the fruits of the commerce of the primitive men with the world around them, of their communion with Nature. They are dreams, if you will, they are impressions rather than creeds, fancies rather than truths, sensations rather than feelings. True; but putting aside the question of determining whether at the bottom of these dreams, impressions, or fancies, the divine does not present itself, it is, at least, impossible to doubt their reality, or to refuse to acknowledge their spontaneousness. They are dreams which have been taken for realities: but these dreams have really had an existence; they have, as it were, lived; they have agitated, have made the heart of the child-man throb; and so deep has been their impression, that he has retained far beyond the period of his infancy a long and profound recollection of them. M. Renan has taken cognizance of this early and powerful impression upon man, and has admirably depicted its influence in the formation of primitive religions. "The primitive man," he says in his admirable work, "saw Nature with the eyes of a child. Now the child projects over everything around him the marvellousness which lies hidden within him. That first fresh consciousness of life which with its sweet intoxication makes his brain spin, causes him to see the world through a gently tinted vapour; and casting a joyous and inquisitive look on all around him, he smiles on everything and everything smiles on him. We, disenchanted by long experience, cease to expect anything very astonishing from the infinite combination of things. But the child cannot conjecture what is to result from the next throw of the dice that are rattling around him; he the more believes in the possible, the less he is acquainted with the real. Hence his joys and his terrors. He constructs for himself a fantastic world, which enchants and appals him by turns. He realizes his dreams; he has not yet that roughness of analysis which at an age of reflection places us as cold observers, face to face with reality. Such was the primitive man. Scarce separated from Nature, he conversed with her, addressed her, and listened to her voice. This great mother with whom he was still connected by his arteries, appeared to him alive and animated. At the sight of the phenomena of the physical world he experienced divers impressions, which, receiving form and substance from his imagination, became gods; he adored his sensations, or rather the vague and unknown object of his sensations, for not being able yet to separate the object from the subject, the world was himself and he himself the world."*

Whoever has lived among savages, that is to say, with primitive men, with those who are still children-men, and especially with those races of Oceania, so simple, so natural, so credulous, so infantine, is compelled to acknowledge that this exquisite sketch is an exact expression of the truth. To those beings who are still "sucklings at the breast of Nature," and in perpetual communion with her, there is life everywhere, a life analogous to human life on every side. All is personified and living; physical forces are moral and divine powers. Does the volcano vomit forth its torrents of fire? It is the goddess Pele who is giving vent to her wrath, or chastising impiety. Does the thunder roar and the lightning flash? It is the god Kahekili who grows wrathful in the sky. Is the sea tossed by the tempest? It is the monster Uhumakaikai who lashes the waves. It must be remarked also, that this primitive religion is so natural, and in such perfect keeping with the childhood of humanity, for which it has so much which is charming and seductive, that the difficulty of completely superseding it is extreme. Hence the well-established fact, that the savages of the Pacific, even when they fancy they are converts, whether to Catholicism or Protestantism, continue, at the bottom of their hearts, idolaters. They are unable entirely to break the charm, and dissipate the fumes of their intoxication. The worship of Nature maintains itself, whatever the outward appearances may be, and continues persistently to exist beneath the forms of a superior religion, which has done nothing more than skim over the surface. Nothing would be easier than to prove the want of steadfastness in the new man, and to lay bare the old man. I could cite numberless facts which would place this assertion beyond all doubt. I will confine myself to mentioning one or two, but which, unless I much mistake, are decidedly characteristic.

---

* Études d'Histoire religieuse, par E. Renan; 3rd edit., pp. 15, 16.

One occurred in the Great Hawaii. I had taken up my quarters on the edge of the crater of Kilauea, whence it was easy for me to diverge in all directions for the purpose of exploring the volcanoes of this region, which are the largest in the world. One day, on my descending from the crater of Mokuaweoweo, situated about ten thousand feet above that of Kilauea, some native travellers, converts to Catholicism, came towards nightfall, and took up their quarters in my hut. The difficult feat I had just accomplished was the subject of our conversation throughout the evening. I related to the islanders the different incidents of my ascent, explained to them the phenomena I had observed, and while trying to make them comprehend the theory of volcanoes, I told them that I foresaw an impending eruption. Judging by their expression, it seemed to me that they took little interest in what I had been saying, of which, indeed, I soon ascertained that they had comprehended absolutely nothing. On my ceasing to speak, they inquired if I had never met the spirit of the volcanoes, the goddess Pele, under the form of an old woman. The unexpected question suggested to me the idea of amusing them by telling them a story in accordance with their taste. I pretended I had seen the goddess Pele, in the midst of the sulphurous vapours, and I painted her in the most fantastic colours which my imagination could supply. It so happened that my description was accurate enough, save in one point: I had represented Pele as an old woman excessively emaciated and sickly, whereas, according to their traditions, she was a strapping virago. This, however, did not prevent my auditors from receiving my fable to the very letter, and they took upon themselves to put me in harmony with the Hawaiian mythology, by explaining that the emaciation I had ascribed to the goddess, was the result of the long fast she had undergone since Christianity had overthrown her altars. "It is clear," they said, "that Pele is dying of hunger; so long is it since we carried her any food!" Then, recollecting that I had spoken to them of an eruption about to take place, they exclaimed, "Alas! where are you, people of Hawaii? The goddess has wasted away, in consequence of the distress in which we have suffered her to fall; and behold! in revenge for our ingratitude, she is preparing to overwhelm us with her wrath. Without loss of time we must atone our fault, and carry her offerings of food." The next morning, the islanders, after taking leave of me, went forth on their way. I thought no more of them; but towards evening, I saw a priest of the goddess Pele ascending to the crater, escorted by natives, both Catholic and Protestant, bearing all sorts of eatables. Though they had taken the most minute precautions to conceal the object of their pilgrimage from me, and had, in order the more completely to cover their purpose, offered me a part of the presents which they brought, I succeeded in eluding their vigilance, and assisting, without being seen, at the expiatory ceremony. I saw the faithful cast down their offerings into the glowing lava of Kilauea, while the priest, accompanying his words with a thousand incomprehensible gestures, supplicated the goddess to forgive the Hawaiians the impiety they had committed in deserting her worship for that of the strange God. I had afterwards the opportunity of relating, amid the different tribes of the Archipelago, my adventures on Mokuaweoweo, and the meeting I had had with Pele; and never did I find any of them indisposed to believe, but always met with the same state of feeling, and a similar contrition. It even happened, on one of these occasions, that some Christians, without in the least heeding the missionary who overheard them, began at the end of my recital to cry out that Pele was about to avenge the native divinities by vomiting her fire upon the Hawaiians, who under the influence of an impious pride had turned aside to the God of the stranger. Alarmed at the consequences of my fiction, the poor missionary, whose naïve simplicity I honestly admired, besought me to regard this apparition, which he himself accepted as a fact, as a contrivance of hell, an artifice of Satan, who, by appearing to me under the form of a pagan divinity, was endeavouring to rob him of his flock, and to lure me into idolatry. But neither his reiterated injunctions, nor my retractations of my own story, could succeed in obliterating the remembrance of their ancient gods; for more than once, while the minister of the Gospel was administering the last rites to a dying Christian, it has happened to me to surprise some of them in the act of sacrificing white hens to the god Milu, at the dying man's own request.

I remember, also, a fact of a similar nature which occurred in the Marquesas during my stay in these islands. A young girl of the country, converted to Christianity, had, while crossing a wood, been slightly grazed by a small stone, dislodged in all probability by some bird taking wing from a neighbouring height. Without endeavouring to account naturally for so simple a circumstance, the girl fancied that the god of the rock, irritated at her having abandoned her faith, had thrown the stone as a warning that he doomed her to death. In the simplicity of her faith, she believed herself condemned without appeal, fell sick, and soon after died, invoking at the same time the God of the Christians and her island deities.

It is thus that these child-like races, whom the zeal of our pious missionaries deludes itself into supposing it has emancipated from the worship of their false gods, preserve the indelible imprint of their primitive creeds, and see even in the most familiar events the personification or intervention of divine agents.

Be this as it may, the belief in a superior essence is neither less natural nor less spontaneous than that which confounds man with nature. On its first appearance, as well as at its ultimate point of development, it exhibits nothing that implies a foregone conclusion, nothing that is factitious. Monotheism, the belief in one God separated from the world, springs up as spontaneously in the deserts of Arabia, as does pantheism or polytheism on the banks of

A

the Ganges or the seaboard of Greece. It is an established fact in science, that certain races, like certain individuals, are less seduced by the splendour of the external world, less affected by that potency of life which circulates throughout all nature, than are some others; and that such races and individuals are, on the other hand, attracted and profoundly acted on by the spectacle and the movement of internal life; whence it naturally follows that in these races,—which may be styled privileged, and which in this respect are so,—the religious sentiment must assume a particular form, an original character, and engender a divine idea of an entirely different stamp. In this case, giving himself up to a continual contemplation of his own being, of his *ego*, man is strongly impressed with the conviction of his oneness; and this oneness, which he finds only within himself, he instinctively, by a natural action of his thought, by a law of his reason, transfers beyond the bounds of nature to a power superior to nature and himself. This is the source from which monotheism takes its rise. The soul, concentrated within itself, discovers the infinite in its depths, and marks it with characters that it has recognized in itself. What wonder that at a later period, even possibly at their outset, some man should arise from the midst of these races to formulate their creed, to become, not its discoverer, but its legislator and interpreter? That he should find, whether in his own imagination or in the primitive habits of those about him, the means of manifesting his faith and that of his fellows, of impressing upon it some outward sign, of establishing a correspondence, as it were, with the supreme God, placed beyond the world in an inaccessible solitude, has nothing in it to surprise us. In an advanced state of civilization, man may possibly content himself with thinking of the infinite, may abstain from defining, may, to use an expression of M. Renan, *decline to express the ineffable.* But such are not the primitive instincts of man. Abstract religious thought is not sufficient for him. If he do not give a form to God, he is at least obliged to confine himself within the compass of a ceremonial worship, to establish external means of communication with heaven. To be able to think of him is not enough; he desires to see him, speak to him, hear him; for man is not merely a spirit, he has a heart, he has an imagination, and monotheism, when separating him from nature, deprives him neither of the one nor the other.

This characteristic of spontaneousness in monotheism, and in the worship which attaches to it, is not anywhere negatived in history. There is no one nowadays who sees an impostor in Moses or Christ. Such a view, if by chance it is met with, belongs exclusively to the lowest range of science. Critical inquiry has no doubt torn off many a veil, dissipated many an illusion, scattered many a halo. But not only has it not sanctioned opinions which degrade humanity in the persons of its greatest interpreters, but it has, on the contrary, brought into full daylight the high morality both of the primitive creeds of humanity and also of their founders.

Mohammed himself, whom in the last century Voltaire exhibited as a politician and impostor, and over whose back, so to speak, he endeavoured to lash all religions, does not present an exception, or at all events, not a complete one. Though nearer to us in point of time, and detached from those clouds of supernaturalism which concealed his predecessors, he appears to us environed with the same halo of faith, and of good faith; and though we may see nothing but man in him, he does not therefore seem less worthy, as respects the sources of his faith, if not of the homage, at least of the esteem of the world. The imposture of Mohammed, considered as a positive and unquestionable fact, could be admitted in the twelfth or even in the eighteenth century,—which shows how easily extremes will sometimes meet in a common error; but it can be no longer credited in these days, now that inquiry has carried its torch into the origin of Islamism, as into that of all other things of a like nature, and has brought them forth into the broad day. At the beginning of his mission, Mohammed sincerely believed that he was the elect of God, that he was summoned by him to reveal his word, a new and regenerating word, to the people of Arabia. If, at a later period, when his original conviction became weaker, he gave himself up at times to transcendental fancies in which he no longer believed, these were but the accidents of his life, a sort of tribute paid to human nature. The legends which, like so much brilliant embroidery, spread over the solid tissue of his history, the visions, the miracles attributed to him, do not proceed from him, and he is in no way accountable for them; they were neither affirmed by him nor known to him. The miraculous communications of Mohammed with the Angel Gabriel do, at the first blush, raise a presumption against him, and may furnish an argument in favour of the opinion of Voltaire and others; but, in sober criticism, the argument is not absolutely decisive. The visions of Joan of Arc, her communications with the Holy Virgin, are not more worthy of belief; and yet, who is there that discredits the good faith of Joan of Arc? Like our great heroine and many others, the Arabian Prophet, in the first fire of his youth and religious enthusiasm, believed himself charged with a divine mission. If occasionally we meet with facts in his life which seem to contradict this opinion, and which a severe criticism finds it difficult to conciliate with the morality of the man, this is not a real ground for warranting us to doubt the sincerity of the Prophet's conviction. When sitting in judgment upon history, it is necessary to be on our guard against the prejudices of race and civilization, and to avoid transporting our ideas there, where they have no business to be. M. Renan is in the right when he says, "it is hardly possible for us to conceive the extent to which among Mussulmans conscientious conviction, and even nobleness of character, can enter into fellowship with a certain degree of imposture."* In the creation of religious ideas, morality does not determine the human mind any more than logic; it is quite a different force which generates them. If the divine and the moral meet together at the maturity of religions, they do not always come into contact at their outset. An unalloyed and unblemished morality is no more necessary than a consistent logic to the purity of a creed taken at its source; and where it fails, the spontaneousness of the first conception is not on that account necessarily to be called in question. Certainly in the life of Mohammed there are facts which betray the politician and impostor; but these facts belong to his mature age, to the second part of his career; they in no way cast a stain on his original inspiration; and we are constrained to acknowledge, what impartial criticism admits, that in the first period of his mission, in the first manifestations of his apostleship, his enthusiasm was sincere and free from all alloy; and it was only later, in the period of resistance and strife, that personal feeling began to mingle with the work, to soil it with its tints, and to interfere with its primitive spotlessness. But the work had already been accomplished, or at all events placed on a solid basis, and it was really faith that had laid the first stone.

The same principle of faith, of sincerity and spontaneousness, is to be met with in religions the most opposed to each other. It is impossible to conceive any one thing less resembling another than the religions that have originated from Mosaism as contrasted with that of Buddha; since the principle and object of the latter are absolute extinction, while, on the contrary, in the former we set out from God, and aspire to a superior state of existence. At its source, however, Buddhism is as pure as our own creeds. The solution of the problem is different, but it has been sought for in the same spirit and with the same good faith. In point of fact, it may be said that in this system less than in any other is there room for mere fancy or calculated purpose. Nothing short of conviction could have given birth to this frightful doctrine, which offers man, for his whole consolation, death; for his whole happiness, eternal rest on the sombre and icy banks of annihilation. In those religions which cover life with laughing tints, and exhibit the future through the prism of hope, it is just possible to comprehend the hypothesis of invention. Their founders presenting something seductive to the imagination, it might be conceived that they desired to seduce. But nothing of the kind is admissible with respect to the religion of Buddha. Moreover, the character of its founder excludes all suspicion, and all possibility of imposture. "With the exception of Christ only," says M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, "there is not among the founders of religions a figure more pure or touching than that of Buddha. His life is without spot. His persistent heroism equals his conviction; and if the theory he preaches be false, the personal example he sets is irreproachable. He is the finished model of all the virtue he enjoins; his self-denial, his charity, his unconquerable gentleness are never for a single instant at fault. At the age of twenty-nine he leaves the court of the king his father, to become a friar as it were and a mendicant. He silently prepares his doctrine for the space of six years in retirement and meditation; he propagates it by the sole power of his speech and persuasiveness for more than half a century; and when he dies in the arms of his disciples, it is with the serenity of a sage who has done good throughout his life, and who is confident he has discovered the truth. The people who received his faith never dreamt of making a god of him, for the notion of God was as foreign to them as to him; but they have made of him an ideal which they try to imitate; and Buddhism has been able to mould some fine minds worthy of figuring among those which humanity admires and reveres."*

---

* Études d'Histoire religieuse, par E. Renan, pp. 255, 256.

And what is true of the founders of religions, is equally so of those who have merely aspired to play the part of reformers. Many are the leaders of heresy who have made use of error for the gratification of their own passions or interests; but those who have left a trace in the memory and imagination of men, those who have founded anything, though they may have deserved anathemas, have never merited contempt; impartial history has never branded their foreheads with the mark of infamy which is due only to imposture. For conviction and sincerity, nothing can compare with such men as Luther, Calvin, and Zuinglius. But to confine ourselves to those who have lived and acted in the same atmosphere as Joseph Smith, and only to the most celebrated among these, where are we to look for a more burning faith than in George Fox, the founder of Quakerism, and in Ann Lee, the holy woman who founded that sect so singular but of such unimpeachable purity, the Shakers?* Their whole career is marked by acts of high virtue or pious self-devotion; and it appears as difficult to doubt their sincerity as their sanctity, or rather, as to doubt their existence or their very history.

---

* Le Bouddha et sa Religion: par Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire.

The founder of Mormonism, as far at least as we can see, constitutes the single exception. Mormonism has not the character of spontaneousness distinguishing primitive religions; that of course. Neither has it the simplicity of the religions which followed them, nor yet the sincerity of the religious revolutions or reforms which in later ages history records.

The series of facts which belong to the life of Joseph Smith will prove, by evidence as clear as day, that he was, to the whole extent of the word, a cheat and impostor. There was nothing in his earliest conception natural, nothing spontaneous, no trace whatever of sentiment and religious enthusiasm. True, we see around the cradle of

---

* See Note XIX. at the end of the work.

Mormonism, as around those of other religions, visions, prophecies, miracles, legends even; we have the same external circumstances, the same modes of striking the imagination and the soul, but we do not find the same spirit, the same divine afflatus which agitates the heart of the new revealer. Mormonism is nothing more than the product of calculation, or, to speak out plainly, of *speculation*. In this respect, it is impossible to conceive anything more American than this new creed. One fine day it occurred to Joseph that it might be a capital affair to construct a new temple, that the curiosity of the thing, and the originality of such an enterprise, were likely to bring in much better returns than his vulgar occupation of *money-digger*, which, up to that time, had not been very successful. This idea once in his head, he begins to work it out with the same conscientious self-approval and the same serenity of mind with which he would have founded a grog-shop or collected a cargo of salt pork for Europe. The thirst for gold, the need of acquiring wealth, which is so powerful a spring in the commercial and industrial activity of the United States, —this was the first and fecundating inspiration of Smith's religious schemes. Nowhere else have we to seek his angel Gabriel, or his nymph Egeria. Under the Prophet is the Yankee; under the pastor of men, the greedy speculator without conscience, and without shame. Mournful certainly it is for the honour of humanity to say this, but it must be said from respect for truth. Still this does not suffice as an explanation of Mormonism, either as regards its origin or its success. If its originating idea had been the only one to act, it might be considered an effect without a cause, and it would be the greatest prodigy that ever occurred. But, we may depend upon it, the spirit of speculation and gain was only what set it first in motion; its real causes are elsewhere than in the narrow personal views of the founder, powerful as his influence may have been: they are to be found in the moral and religious condition of North America. To ascertain them, we must transport ourselves to the scene where the facts were actually accomplished. It is only by a near and close study of the tendencies and religious movement of the great democracy, that we comprehend how a creed, inferior to those which surround it, without root even in the heart and conscience of the founder, was able to surge up in the midst of the others, just as in a fertile and carefully cultivated field the most worthless plants will occasionally spring up amid the most precious and the most salutary.

II.

It is an impression extensively spread throughout our official Churches that faith is wearing out among men, that the religious sentiment is becoming extinct, and that the world is verging, as it were, to a gradual cooling down of our purest and loftiest convictions. I cannot, as far I am concerned, conceive anything less well-founded than this opinion. If we accept it with reference to those countries in which it finds favour, where man is not placed in the conditions necessary to his normal expansion, we cannot admit it to be possible in quite different countries and under different conditions. Here, in a more favourable medium, screened from the influences which impede and trammel the free play of its operations, the human mind is of inexhaustible fecundity. It must be received as certain (and I hope there is nothing humiliating in this to our species) that, by the nature of things, death is merely the appearance, life the reality. Thus, to confine ourselves to things which are more closely connected with our subject, the creeds which crumble away are soon replaced by others. There are never complete ruins, or ruins that last long; it may be even said that there are no such things as ruins, there are only changes, successions, transformations. It is with the moral as with the physical world. In crossing the vast forests of the New World, the traveller perceives, clustering around the enormous Sequoias and Tulip-trees overthrown by the tempest or by time, shoots already vigorous, and suckers yet tender, trailing on the ground. Here is the image of the moral world. Around ancient forms of faith, by the side of ancient institutions which are vanishing away, spring up new ones which are born either of them or of their fragments. Ordinary or timid minds are struck only by the aspect of the ruins; they do not see that which germinates beneath, or is already sprouting forth from them; and they shrink with affright from the spectacle of apparent death which environs them. But the man who is habituated to reflection and to the more extended spectacle of history, finds in all this nothing to astonish nor sadden him. If his heart be moved at the cruel sufferings of those who, as they see solitude encroach upon their temples, and the chill of death benumbing the very limbs of their deities, look forward with horror to the void that seems to open upon them in the religious future of humanity, the mere fact itself leaves him calm and perfectly unmoved. He knows that the laws of nature are irresistible.

"Ut silvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
Prima cadunt: ita verborum vetus interit ætas
Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata, vigentque."

He is aware that if forms fall like the leaves of the forest at the close of the year, if words have their inevitable vicissitudes, ideas remain, and partake of the unchangeableness of the Creator.

This truth, of which the development and proof may be traced in history, is to be found living and palpable, so to speak, in the moral and religious condition of America; and here, within a comparatively restricted compass, we may personally witness the thorough manifestation of one of the great laws of humanity. On setting foot for the first time in that country, we are, at the first glance, bewildered, as it were, by the noise that surrounds us; one would naturally suppose that the religious world was splitting up in all directions, and what we expect is to see it yawning down to the lowest abysses. As we gaze on the infinite division of its sects, their collisions, their unceasing dissensions, their meetings, their revivals, the Gospel daily ground to dust, Christianity in a permanent state of crisis and decomposition, we naturally apprehend that darkness was about to overspread these vast regions, and annihilation to swallow up life. But, God be praised, there is no pretence for it; the sun shines there as it does elsewhere, perhaps even with a stronger light and livelier brilliancy. It would appear that in proportion as the divine seed of the Gospel is subtle, so has it the greater fecundity and power of life. It is, at all events, certain, that the active fermentation which causes decomposition, and is also its result, is not a consuming fire. It is the condition, as well as the sign, of new vegetation and energetic life.

We have, I am aware, and cannot too often repeat it, great difficulty in this Europe of ours, with all our prejudices in favour of official churches, in forming to ourselves an idea of the potency and reality of these new manifestations of the religious sentiment; and we easily bring ourselves to believe, with the scepticism of well-bred people, that the religious sap of humanity is exhausted. And it can hardly happen otherwise. How is it possible that we should not misapprehend the character of the resources of the human mind in the matter of religious creation? Are we living under the conditions necessary to their being conceived, elaborated, and produced? I perfectly comprehend the general opinion on this point, pretty much as I comprehend the astonishment of unlettered opinion, on learning that the palm-tree, when isolated and deprived of the impregnating dust, remains barren. The palm-tree has need of free air and space, but it requires also that the winds should discharge those fertilizing duties towards it which nature has imposed upon them; and it is on this condition only that it can bear fruit. But this condition being fulfilled, it soon presents a vigorous fructification to the sun. So is it with the human mind. The contact of souls is as necessary to the generation of ideas as the contact of bodies is to the generation of a different order of being. Where there is no free communication between minds, there can be no spiritual creation. Isolation arrests the jets, if I may so speak, and the growth of the soul, or, to borrow the language of Plato. prevents its pinions from developing and enlarging. This is true of all our sentiments, all our aspirations, of the religious sentiment as well as of every other. It is especially true of religious worship, which is the free manifestation of this sentiment, and the outspread of it to the light of day. But we cannot too frequently remark, that when free air and free communication are restored to the human mind, if it so happen that hereditary creeds should contrive to give it the slip, it loses no time in finding new ones for itself; it becomes restless, it gives itself no repose until it succeeds. Are we perchance to suppose that human nature ever undergoes a fundamental change, and that its primitive instincts disappear together with the forms under which they have appeared? Yet nothing short of this must happen, that is to say, nothing short of a deviation from the laws of nature, before the possibility of such an occurrence as its remaining indifferent to the great questions with which that faith was allied can happen. Indifference, as is well known, may for a moment overlay the mind, may become a permanent condition indeed of certain minds, but it cannot be the mental condition of the masses, that is to say, of the whole human race, which requires a very different resting-place for its head.

Absolute liberty, such as it exists in America, in religious matters, is often enough the source of severe shocks to our feelings. The infinite multitude of sects saddens when it does not shake us, and it often does shake us, and cause the very base to tremble on which the whole edifice of our faith reposes. In the agitated medium which is the effect of liberty, received creeds are constantly bending under the violence of opposing winds, and we have often reason to be alarmed lest the frail flower should be bruised and perish for ever. But, besides that its germ is immortal, wherever liberty is present the remedy is at the side of the evil. In societies existing under another *régime*, the crumbling away of ruling creeds does not the less take place because it is invisible, and there no reconstruction is ever attempted. With liberty, on the contrary, side by side with the process which engenders doubt there takes place one of an opposite kind, arising out of the sheer necessity of having something to believe. Analysis is not alone at work; synthesis makes itself master of the scattered elements, and condenses them. If multiplicity of sects engenders multiplicity of sects, it also engenders, as a natural consequence, the desire of escaping from the confusion and disorder which are the results. Minds that have been sundered soon tend to re-unite, and the broken unity labours at its own reconstruction.

America offers us remarkable examples of these attempts under different forms and by different means. There are three especially which appear worthy of our attention, because they represent all the forms under which the religious sentiment can manifest itself in the world, can disengage and cause itself to be accepted by the crowd; in a word, every variety of system employed in the act of religious creation or formation.

It is evident, when we have once broken off from the stem of positive religions, whether official or otherwise, that if we contrive to avoid indifference or absolute independence, if in default of creeds we have preserved the want of having a creed, we can only arrive at a new faith by the inspirations of individual reason, that is to say, by recurring to the source of all religion, or by the reform of that which exists, or by a religious system which is nothing more than the product of calculation and imposture. There is no other way in which religious yearnings can be satisfied. We ask leave to dwell for a moment upon this point. To break completely with an existing religion, unreservedly to shake off its authority, to believe only in ourselves, and exclusively to seek in our reason and conscience the support we can no longer derive from without; in a word, to admit no other revelation than an internal revelation, such is the first method that presents itself to the mind, or rather the first system. Here it may so happen that there will at first be no religious form; but there will be, independently of a considerable moral power capable of imparting a substantial nourishment to the soul not to be found elsewhere, a real religion, real at least in its principle and in its germ; and, in any society in which the religious conviction meets with no impediments, it will soon happen that by an invisible but persistent and irresistible movement, this germ will develop itself, will manifest itself outwardly, and that there will be in the new idea a stronger and stronger tendency to formulate itself, to constitute itself a religious worship, to establish a link, in some sort material, between minds already united by the spiritual link of a common creed. And it must indeed be observed in passing, that it is by the spectacle of this personal revelation we can figure to ourselves that of the parturition of religions, and lay hold of them almost in their state of embryo, in the first movements succeeding their birth.

In the second system, while in the very act of breaking away in all essential points from the existing religion, we may lay our corner-stone even on its own ground, accepting more or less either of its moral scheme or the historical facts on which it rests. This is the most usual state of things. For it is a mighty difficulty for the human mind completely and thoroughly to repudiate the creeds transmitted to it. The idea of a radical revolution revolts it; that of a reform is more agreeable, and responds, without at all compromising it, to its secret instinct of independence. Hence great religious crises are modifications and transformations rather than real revolutions. The human mind has need of transitions, of compromises between the need of independence and the necessity of belief. Hence the reason for the existence of such numerous sects in countries where intelligence is not kept under by some considerable power, by the weight of general opinion, and the yoke of authority whether political or religious. In a system, of this kind which adapts itself to every movement of the mind, there is room for the most opposite opinions, from the most exalted mysticism down to the severest rationalism, and in it the common religion may be brought to so low a point as to disappear in its essence and to present nothing more than an empty appearance.

Finally, in the last and the third system an entirely new form is given to the old religious sentiment. It is no longer a modification of an ancient faith; it is no longer an antique and primitive revelation transformed or changed; it is a special revelation. Whatever be the links which still connect it with the previous one, it is a new manifestation of the Divine Spirit, under a sensible form, at a certain point of time and space. Here, too, there has not been an absolute breach with tradition; for that is not agreeable to Nature, which never acts *per saltum*. Every effort, on the contrary, has been made to renew the connection with the old, to solder itself, if one may say so, on to that. But it is not the less on this account a novelty, a creation, if not original, at all events diverse; in a word, it is a new religion. This religion may very possibly be inferior to that it supplants. No matter; it has, at all events, in the medium in which it is developed, an advantage over the other, since it imparts the faith which the other was incapable of imparting, since it gives to minds a bias they could derive from no other source, since it is full of life where the other was no better than a corpse.

Such, then, are the three systems through the one or the other of which the religious spirit acts when once it has shaken off the yoke of existing official religions: either it separates itself root and branch, and rests everything upon personal revelation; or it selects from the old religion some important article of faith, and, after profoundly modifying it, makes it the basis of a new superstructure; or, finally, it constructs a new religion, or, at all events, one which, if not entirely new in all its aspects, rests on a new ground, on a special Divine revelation, such as is to be found in some shape or other at the bottom of all religions.

In the religious movement now proceeding in the United States, and which, we may be quite assured, is by no means coming to a close, these three systems of religious renovation are more especially represented by three men eminent on different grounds,—Emerson, Channing, and Joseph Smith. Here unquestionably are minds and characters in very many respects differing from each other, particularly if we compare the latter with the two former; but they have this in common, they personify in the first half of this century the religious genius of the great American democracy as respects its tendency to break with Christianity, and they present illustrations of the independent action of the human mind in its religious creations. It is in virtue of this common feature that it is permissible to approximate them, and to place by the side of names so respectable as those of the two first that of the founder of Mormonism.

III.

Emerson appears to us to possess in an eminent degree all the characteristics of a man born to be the founder of a religion, though in fact only a philosopher, and professing to be nothing more than a free-thinker. There is in him a combination of the Prophet and the Seer. He has a sense of religion, consciousness of individual power, love of the divine, enthusiasm for truth, contempt for tradition and authority in an extraordinary degree. Emerson, as has been justly remarked, is a moralist and a philosopher. But he is more than this; if he does not give himself out as a privileged revealer of the Divinity, he has all that is requisite for being so; and in another medium, under other conditions, he could in perfect good faith have presented himself as such, and his mission would in all sincerity have been accepted. At all events, it is impossible to have a nearer view than we have in him of the internal travail of the soul which is initiating itself into the knowledge of God, and which desires to initiate others,—which is endeavouring to penetrate into that common substratum from which all religions draw their materials, in which they are sometimes completely buried, but from which also they occasionally surge upwards, one day to appear in the form of religious creeds and to acquire a mastery over the imaginations of men.

The feature that is common to all the great founders of religions, is a deep-seated and energetic feeling of the infinite. To them God is everywhere, and at all times; a voice, incessantly murmuring in their ears; a hand, of which at every moment they feel the pressure, and, as it were, the thrill. So is it with Emerson. It may be said of him as of Spinoza, that he is drunk with God. They who question the presence and the idea of the Divine in the human soul, must feel themselves ill at ease with him, and run great risk of not comprehending him. There is no one who has the religious sense in a higher degree, and who more willingly listens to that internal voice which is, as it were, the echo of God in the soul, and, most certainly, the primary condition of all revelations. One should hear him speak of the presence of what he styles the *Over-soul* in the human soul, of what the Gospel calls the *light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.* Descartes, too, had caught a glimpse of this light, through the shadows of our imperfection; and it may be said, to his eternal glory, that no one has more completely disengaged it from the darkness which accompanies its revelation when first made known to the consciousness of imperfect beings; but it seems that the mere philosopher* was not receptive of its vivifying warmth, and that it fell upon him only as a cold abstraction. In Emerson, as in all souls truly religious, the sense of the Divine is inseparable from the conception of the Infinite. It would seem as if, after the manner of mystics, he feels the afflatus, and, as it were, the touch of the Divinity. "From within, or from behind, a light shines through us upon things, and makes us aware that we are nothing, but the light is all. A man is the façade of a temple wherein all wisdom and all good abide."† And in another place he says, "We distinguish the announcements of the soul, its manifestations of its own nature, by the term Revelation. These are always attended by the emotion of the sublime. For this communication is an influx of the Divine mind into our mind.* . . . Every distinct apprehension of this central commandment agitates men with awe and delight. A thrill passes through all men at the reception of a new truth or the performance of a great action.† . . . Always, I believe, by the necessity of our constitution, a certain enthusiasm attends the individual's consciousness of that Divine presence. . . . Everywhere the history of religion betrays a tendency to enthusiasm. The rapture of the Moravian and Quietist; the opening of the internal sense of the word, in the language of the New Jerusalem Church; the revival of the Calvinistic Churches; the experiences of the Methodists, are varying forms of that shudder of awe and delight with which the individual soul always mingles with the universal soul."‡

---

* By calling Descartes to mind, it is possible to get a good idea of the difference which distinguishes the philosopher from the religious man.

† Essays, Lectures, and Orations, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, p. 141.

To speak thus, is it not necessary to feel the divine thrill, and to possess that mystic sense which is here ascribed to others?

Emerson, like all revealers and seers, sees God everywhere. He is as it were enveloped by Him on every side; his mind, his feelings, his inclinations flow from Him as from their source; his soul is incessantly full of Him. "Man is a stream whose source is hidden.* . . . When I watch that flowing river which, out of regions I see not, pours for a season its streams into me, I see that I am a pensioner, —not a cause, but a surprised spectator of this ethereal water.† . . . There is a soul at the centre of nature and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the universe. It has so infused its strong enchantment into nature, that we prosper when we accept its advice; and when we struggle to wound its creatures, our hands are glued to our sides, or they beat our own breasts.‡ . . . For you there is a reality, a fit place and congenial duties. Place yourself in the middle of the stream of power and wisdom which flows into you as life; place yourself in the full centre of that flood; then you are without effort impelled to truth, to right, and a perfect contentment. . . . All reform aims, in some one great particular, to let the great soul have its way through us; in other words, to engage us to obey. . . . We know that all spiritual being is in the man. A wise old proverb says, 'God comes to see us without bell;' that is, as there is no screen or ceiling between our heads and the infinite heavens, so there is no bar or wall in the soul, where man the effect ceases, and God the cause begins. The walls are taken away, we lie open on all sides to the deeps of spiritual nature, to all the attributes of God. Justice we see and know, love, freedom, power. These natures no man ever got above, but always they tower over us, and most in the moment when our interests tempt us to wound them."*

---

* Essays, etc., by Emerson, p. 147. † Ibid.

‡ Ibid., p. 148.

---

* Essays, etc., by Emerson, p. 140. † Ibid., p. 79. ‡ Ibid., pp. 73, 74.

In this overflow of the religious sentiment, there is, as has already been remarked, the breath, and, as it were, the intoxication of pantheism. But the fact is not to be overlooked, that this condition of mind constantly recurs in all men who hold a leading and eminent position in the religious history of humanity. What are those endless incarnations to be met with at the beginning of almost all creeds, those interventions of gods, angels, or genii, those mysterious voices, those inspirations of the Holy Spirit which abound in the histories of all religions, if they be not pantheistic impressions, not to say pantheistic ideas? I do not say that, criticized from a strictly logical point of view, there would be much difficulty in convicting Emerson of pantheism. But there are many others besides him who would not be better proof against such a test. St. Paul himself is not much removed from the precipice, it seems to me, when he says that it is *in God we live and move and have our being;* and if he has avoided falling over it, it must have required nothing short of a special act of grace to preserve him from it. I will say nothing of Malebranche; but Fénelon, if judged by the same standard as Emerson, would with difficulty escape from the same acccusation. Is there any wide interval between the thoughts of the American mystic and his, when he says,

---

* Essays, etc., by Emerson, p. 142.

"What do I see throughout all nature? God, God everywhere, and still God alone. When I reflect, Lord, that all being is in you, you exhaust and you engulf, O abyss of truth! my whole thought; I know not what becomes of me; all that is not you disappears; there hardly remains behind enough to enable me to be conscious of myself." Nevertheless, is Fénelon ranked with the company of pantheists? Is he a pantheist because he says, when speaking of inanimate creatures, that *God does all in them;* and of man, that *each of us touches God, as with his hand;* that *he is near us and in every one of us?* We must not scatter about too carelessly these words, pantheist and pantheism. The doctrine of grace itself, which plays so conspicuous a part in Christianity, especially in Calvinism, might it not, if submitted to a criticism which I will call refining and adventurous, be, with a very little straining, referred to pantheism as an effect to a cause? But indeed, it matters very little whether to the eye of that logic which makes a point of being consistent, Emerson may or may not appear to be a pantheist; all we desire to establish here is, that the idea of the Divine in him, whether or not ill comprehended and carried to excess, holds a considerable place in him, and that he is, through it, linked with all the leading religious minds, the founders of the great creeds of humanity.

A consequence of this predominance of the Divine in the mind is the powerful consciousness it has of its own personality. It would seem at first as if there were here a contradiction, and that the individual, face to face with the immensity which is so vividly present to him, ought to disappear, and vanish into nothing. But in fact there is none whatever; and it may be easily conceived, indeed, that confidence in ourselves will be in proportion to the impress of the Divine within us. If it be God who is in me, if it be his voice that I hear in the depths of my conscience, if it be he who dictates my sentiments and thoughts, or rather, if it be he who feels and thinks in me, how can I avoid believing in myself? what higher authority, or one more worthy of commanding or of being obeyed, can I imagine? what other authority would not be impotent compared with this? All the founders of religion and philosophy who exhibit the stamp of religious inspiration, come before us with this assurance, with this entire confidence in themselves; so that, if with one hand they prostrate man, and cast him at the feet of God, with the other they lift him up, and place him in the proudest attitude. All religious minds discourse on this point, like the Gospel and like Pascal. Feeling themselves to be powerful individualities, because, in fact, they are such, and taking themselves for types, often unconsciously, they enlarge humanity to their own stature; they believe that in every man there is the divine flame which they are sensible of within themselves, and they make the individual the foundation-stone of the edifice. They all say with Emerson, "Trust thyself, every heart vibrates to that iron string;" and then, applying the principle, he says, "Accept the place the Divine Providence has found for you; the society of contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves, child-like, to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and, not pinched in a corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but redeemers and benefactors, pious aspirants to be noble clay plastic under the Almighty effort, let us advance and advance on chaos and the dark."*

It follows of course—and this is another feature in the character of the founders of a new religion or philosophy—that Emerson has the most disdainful scorn for custom and tradition. "I appeal from your customs," he is constantly saying. "I must be myself; I cannot break myself any longer for you.† . . . What have I to do with the sacredness of traditions, if I live wholly from within?‡ . . . The objection to conforming to usages that have become dead to you, is that it scatters your force, it loses your time, and blurs the impression of your character. If you maintain a dead Church, contribute to a dead Bible Society, vote with a great party either for the Government or against it, spread your table like base housekeepers,—under all these screens I have difficulty to detect the precise man you are. . . . We must walk alone."*

---

* Essays, etc., by Emerson, pp. 24, 25.

† Ibid., p. 39.

‡ Ibid., p. 26.

Of course, no men will be esteemed great by him, save on the condition of their having this high confidence in themselves, and the most supreme contempt for tradition. "The highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton, is that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men, but what they thought.† . . . . Ah! then, exclaimed the aged ladies, you shall be sure to be understood. Misunderstood! it is a right fool's word. Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood."‡

No manner of external authority therefore has any pretence to be sufficient; and there is no other revelation than that which is internal. Such is and such must be the persuasion of all religious revealers and reformers, as well as of those who set themselves about effecting revolutions in philosophy. For these there is but one direct way of communicating with the Deity, and the internal sentiment it is alone which is the channel of communication. How make a breach in existing revelations, unless by its instrumentality? What other authority to oppose to their authority, unless it be that which speaks from the depths of personal conscience? Emerson, like all men of the same stamp, could not be made to comprehend that the source from which previous revelations had issued could be dried up, and that it had gushed forth only at a certain moment, and at a certain point of space, to seal itself up for ever. He could not comprehend the necessity of a special favour, and still less of an intermediary between man and God. Every intermediary must appear to him not only useless, but fatally mischievous, an obstacle interposing itself between the light and the eye. God reveals himself to us only through ourselves when we are face to face with him, and place ourselves in the very centre of the current which proceeds from him to us. The Divine presence never makes itself felt in the midst of the crowd of teachers. It is necessary "to have broken our god of tradition, and have ceased from our god of rhetoric, in order that God may fire our heart with his presence." * If man "would know what the great God speaketh, he must go into his closet and shut the door, as Jesus said. † . . . He must greatly listen to himself, withdrawing himself from all the accents of other men's devotions. ‡ . . . When I rest in perfect humility, when I burn with pure love, what can Calvin or Swedenborg say? § . . . The faith that stands

---

* Essays, etc., by Emerson, p. 28.

† Ibid., p. 23.

‡ Ibid., pp. 30, 31.

---

* Essays, etc., by Emerson, p. 154.

† Ibid., p. 155.

‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid.

on authority is not faith. The reliance on authority measures the decline of religion, the withdrawal of the soul.* . . . The relations of the soul to the Divine spirit are so pure, that it is profane to seek to interpose helps.† . . . When the mind is simple and receives a Divine wisdom, then old things pass away,—means, texts, teachers, temples fall; it lives now, and absorbs past and future into the present hour.‡ . . . If therefore a man claims to know and speak of God, and carries you back to the phraseology of some old mouldered nation, in another country, in another world, believe him not. Is the acorn better than the oak which is its fullness and completion? Is the parent better than the child into whom he has cast his ripened being? Whence then this worship of the past? The centuries are conspirators against the sanity and majesty of soul. . . . Where the soul is, is day; where it was, is night; and history is an impertinence and an injury, if it be any more than a cheerful apologue or parable of my being and becoming. . . . Man is timid and apologetic. He is not upright. Man dares not say, 'I think,' 'I am,' but quotes some saint or sage. He is ashamed before the blade of grass or the blowing rose. The roses under my window make no reference to former roses or to better ones; they are for what they are; they exist with God today."§

The love of truth is not to be met with in religious minds only, I mean in minds in which the religious feeling exceeds the ordinary proportions: it is the common inheritance of human nature, as it is one of its greatest glories. But I know not if this passion do not burn in the former with a brighter glow, if the possession of the truth, or that which they take for the truth, does not fill them with a more penetrating and a profounder joy than it does other men. Not only is their conviction so firm as to be incapable of being shaken,—for what room can there be for doubt in him who believes himself to be in direct communication with the very source of truth?—but as they feel it flow downwards into them, as they receive the influx of its divine stream, as they undergo, as it were, the immediate impression and touch of him who is truth itself, and who inspires truth, they must, as soon as they are first conscious of it, be, like the Pythoness on her tripod, in a state of indescribable rapture and transport, rejoicing even in the violence with which it affects them; and their language must bear the impress of these extraordinary influences.

---

* Essays, etc., by Emerson.

† Ibid., p. 35.

‡ Ibid., pp. 35, 36.

§ Ibid., p. 36.

> "Cui talia fanti
> Ante fores, subito non vultus, non color unus,
> Non comptæ mansere comæ: sed pectus anhelum,
> Et rabie fera corda tument; majorque videri,
> Nec mortale sonans; afflata est numine quando
> Jam propiore Dei."

Be this as it may, Emerson is one of those rare men who are animated with an ardent passion for truth. According to him, man is born for truth, cannot do without it, cannot detach himself from it without the death of his true life. It is therefore his duty to seek it without pause and without repose, and to sacrifice everything for it. As to Emerson himself, we feel, when reading him, that he is convinced of his possessing the truth, or rather that he is possessed by it, and we see enthusiasm pouring forth its tide into his style as into his soul. "Truth is our element of life. . . . Man must worship truth, forego all things for that and choose defeat and pain, so that his treasure and thought is thereby augumented. . . . God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please: you can never have both. Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates ever. He in whom the love of repose predominates will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, the first political party he meets,—most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity, and reputation; but he shuts the door of truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates, will keep himself aloof from all moorings and afloat. He will abstain from dogmatism, and recognize all the opposite negations between which, as walls, his being is swung. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion; but he is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and respects the highest law of his being. . . . The circle of the green earth he must measure with his shoes, to find the man who can yield him truth. He shall then know that there is somewhat more great and blessed in hearing than in speaking. Happy is the hearing man, unhappy the speaking man. As long as I hear truth, I am bathed by a beautiful element, and am not conscious of any limits to my nature. The suggestions are thousandfold that I hear and see. The waters of the great deep have ingress to, and egress from, my soul." *

Never did man speak with more enthusiasm for truth, and with more of the love that is its due. We feel that Emerson is profoundly convinced, and that for him the revelation of truth is, as he himself elsewhere says, the highest event in nature. It is easy to collect from what precedes that the philosophical and religious movement of which Emerson is the embodiment, constitutes a genuine reaction against Calvinism. Independently of his starting-point, almost all the principles of Emerson are the antitheses of those of the Puritans. While according to Calvin there is nothing but sin and forfeiture in humanity, Emerson sees in man the masterpiece of creation, a privileged being, summoned to the happiest destiny. Calvin divides men into two categories essentially distinct, the elect and the reprobate; the former incapable of sin, the latter carried away by every passing gust of sin; the former destined to eternal happiness, the latter, without the power of saving themselves, condemned throughout all eternity, and composing the immense majority. Emerson opens up the same career to all, and represents salvation

---

* Essays, etc., by Emerson, pp. 177-179.

and perfection as the reward of free effort and free thought. Calvinism, in spite of its violent opposition to Catholicism, and the continual imputations of paganism that it casts upon it, is not in itself, in point of fact, entirely free from that mechanism which it reproachfully ascribes to the Roman Church. Without the pomp and poetical grandeur of Catholicism, it has itself also transformed religion into art,—at all events, up to a certain point,—and reduced it to the formality of a recipe. Thus, it has its sermons, which are to be heard on a given day; it has its certain predetermined posture for receiving the Communion; it has other ceremonies still of the same kind; in fact, it is a system, an infallible catechism, from which no deviation is ever permissible, which consequently stifles the divine spirit, which clips the wings of free thought, and in which, to say everything in one word, individuality is impossible. All this, it will be easily understood, is incompatible with Emerson's views. There is, indeed, between him and Calvin something in common, and this is the principle that everything which proceeds from man is bad. But this community of opinion is merely on the surface; there are fundamental differences in the interpretation of the principle itself which restore and maintain the antagonism. With Calvin, for instance, internal revelation does not suffice to determine, amid the tumult of facts which constitute human life, the share in them of God, and that of man; so that we can never know to what category we belong, nor even if we are in the way of reprobation or salvation.

With Emerson the internal voice is infallible; it never has deceived itself, and can never deceive us; it is enough to listen to it in order to know if we are or are not with God.

Emerson, unless I mistake him, exhibits all the essential features of a reformer: religious feeling in an eminent degree, scorn for tradition and opinion, confidence in himself and in the revelations of conscience, love of truth,—in a word, an ardent and enthusiastic faith. Hence we have a right to believe that we have here discovered, in their most hidden and deeply seated origin, the instincts and the germs, if I may say so, which, by their development, constitute religions. It will be perhaps objected that from these instincts and germs, which are to be found in almost all men, with more or less difference, or rather shades of difference, to the establishment of a firm and compact religion, existing on a grand scale, extending its dominion over a great number of minds, there is a wide stride; that it is, at best, a nebulous condition of things, and that the question is to find in it a fixed star. We do not dispute this. Still we must take care not to suffer ourselves to be deceived by the illusions of the perspective, or rather, of the medium in which we are. Among us, Emerson could only be a moralist and a philosopher. In the United States of America he is each of these also; but he might very well become something more, he might become a religious reformer, a pontiff, the head of a church. We shall never be able, on this side of the Atlantic, in these days, to appreciate the facility with which sects, which may be considered as religions in embryo, are formed, wherever religious thought can develop itself with perfect freedom. To those who have visited America, and have seen with their own eyes the prolific power of the religious feeling which exists in this vast and free country, it would seem hardly doubtful but that it would be easy to evolve a form of religious worship out of the moral and mystic data that are to be found in Emerson. It would be enough to draw from them what the Quakers have drawn from analogous dogmas. The Quakers have a religious worship, very simple, very unobtrusive, almost imperceptible; but at all events they have one; nor did it cost them any great trouble to form it. They had only to attend to their own principle, which is that of Emerson, "that it is necessary above all things, to listen to the internal voice, to let God speak." This principle lent itself without difficulty, and, as it were, of its own accord, to external forms, to baptism, to a communion, a priesthood. With them baptism is the self-renunciation of the believer, who denies himself in order to give himself up entirely to the God whom conscience and the Gospel have revealed to him; communion is the state of the soul at the moment it partakes of the Divine nature, while raising itself to God and remaining absorbed in him; worship is the state of concentrated repose which by its silence permits the inward voice to speak; priesthood is the inspiration of the whole body of the faithful, who repeat whatever this voice dictates. In these are comprised all their rites, all their sacraments, and all their worship. At their meeting-houses there is nothing which suggests a church, much less a catholic church; benches and a pulpit, nothing else. But for all this it is not the less a real worship than it is a real religion; and I know not where it would be possible to find beings more religious, moral, and pure. In very many countries of Europe, where we are accustomed to see religion surrounded by pompous ceremonies, we can hardly figure to ourselves that she can possibly proceed on her way without such accompaniments. But this is a misapprehension which is completely dissipated by what we find in America. Forms—and this applies to all races of men—are less necessary to ideas than is supposed. This is especially true in democratic countries, a fact which has not escaped the notice of M. de Tocqueville in his admirable work upon America. "I have shown," he says, in reference to the philosophical method of the Americans, "that nothing is more revolting to the human mind, wherever equality prevails, than the idea of being bound by forms. Men who live in such a phase with difficulty tolerate symbols, which appear to them to be puerile artifices resorted to either to veil from, or render agreeable to, their eyes, truths which it would be more natural to exhibit wholly unveiled, and in broad daylight; they remain cold at the sight of ceremonies, and are naturally inclined to attach but a secondary importance to details of religious worship."

A religion like that which exists in the mind of Emerson, preached by a man of action, who with faith should combine the ambition of spreading his ideas, and who, to the enthusiasm of a profoundly religious mind, should superadd the fanaticism of a sectary, would have a great chance of establishing his influence, especially among the well-informed classes in North America. What appears to me to be the great difficulty, I mean the institution of a religious worship, would come, as it were, of itself, and soon spring up spontaneously from the soil. Give Emerson the rough ambition of Calvin, the power of influencing the masses of Luther, the proselytizing spirit of George Fox, or the persistency of Joseph Smith, and a religious renovation might be accomplished,—not in some minds only, but in the multitude,—and a new faith added to those that exist. But in truth it signifies little; whether quickened by him or by others, there still remains the fact that there is in him a powerful germ of religious creativeness, the germ of a religion which I would willingly call natural, if all religions were not equally natural. And it is fair to suppose that with the peculiar genius of America, and the facility with which it constructs a church for the service of a religious idea, this germ will not be unproductive. We have been in a position to satisfy ourselves of the progress that has taken place in the direction of this personal religion, and it is now several years since an American authoress, Margaret Fuller, wrote these words, in which allusion is made to the religion of the future:—"Emerson's influence does not yet extend over a great area; he is too much beyond his country and his time to be at once and wholly comprehended; but his philosophy is sinking deeply into the intellect, and every year enlarges its sphere. Emerson is the prophet of better days. One day or other a commanding influence will be his."

But more than this, I do not hesitate to say that the germ of religious creation so perceptible in Emerson has not remained barren. Already has the plant not only shown itself above the ground, but it is beginning to spring up and put forth foliage. There is no ignoring the fact: an actual religion, as actual as any other, resting on conscientious convictions, on argumentative data, on facts, feelings, ideas, and the primitive impressions of human nature, exists at this very moment! Natural religion, hitherto admitted as a brilliant abstraction only by the learned, regarded merely as a chimera by others, classed among insoluble problems, such as squaring the circle or perpetual motion, is decidedly a fact, a palpable, remarkable fact which strikes the eye and ear like the mid-day sun or the brawling of the ocean when lashed by an equinoctial tempest. There is at the present moment a religious community in Boston which has completely broken with Christianity, and settled itself upon a basis which is entirely new; which, resting exclusively on the inward thoughts and feelings of each individual, moves on unassisted, with a step as firm as that of other religious communities that surround it; which prays, preaches, controverts, lives, as they do, and only differs from them in this one particular, namely, that they are losing, while it is gaining ground,—not certainly a sign of impotence, much less of impossibility; at least, so it seems to me. We must look twice before declaring a thing to be impossible, and it is difficult to dissent from Theodore Parker when he says,—"It is not for me to say there is no limit to the possible attainments of man's religious or other faculties. I will not dogmatize where I do not know. But history shows that the Hercules' Pillars of one age are sailed through in the next, and a wide ocean entered on, which in due time is found rich with islands of its own, and washing a vast continent not dreamed of by such as slept within their temples old, while it sent to their very coasts its curious joints of unwonted cane, its seeds of many an unknown tree, and even elaborate boats, wherein lay the starved bodies of strange-featured men, with golden jewels in their ears."* It is not for man to trace an impassable circle round the nature of things. Milton exhibits God to us in the act of creation, fixing the boundaries of the universe:—

---

* Theodore Parker's Experience as a Minister, p. 53.

> "Then stayed the fervid wheels, and in his hand
> He took the golden compasses, prepared
> In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
> The universe, and all created things.
> One foot he centred, and the other turned
> Round through the vast profundity obscure,
> And said: 'Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
> This be thy just circumference, O world!'"*

The Author of all things, it is natural to suppose, knows where each of them should stop, but it is equally natural to suppose that he has kept the secret to himself, and I am not sure that there is not some impiety in pretending either that he has revealed, or that man has discovered, it.

For my part, before setting foot in America, it had occurred to me that natural religion, in the usual sense of the word, that is to say, a religion founded exclusively on the facts of our nature, without any dependence on, or trace of, the supernatural, might be possible in a certain medium, and under certain given conditions. It seemed to me that to realize this, the only thing requisite would be that the new religion in certain respects should prove itself superior to the supernatural religions with which it would have to struggle, that it should have the power of preaching its doctrines with a certain degree of liberty, and that its preacher should be a man of action. I saw no reason why it should happen, that the religions of Buddha and Mohammed, for instance,—treated as fictions by Christianity, and in fact really such,—should, in spite of the evident absurdities they contain, have been permitted to burst forth into life, and that the same permission, the same faculty of being born at its own proper time, should be denied to a creed not only free from the same absurdities, but satisfying the noblest sentiments and most elevated instincts of man's nature. The opinion which makes the supernatural a condition indispensable to the existence of all religions possessing a form of religious worship, never seemed to me to have the force of an axiom, and the past was to me no argument against the future. It seemed to me that if the philosophers might believe in God without believing in miracles, the mass enlightened by these philosophers, brought in process of time to the same degree of illumination, placed under the same mental conditions, might have no more need than the philosophers themselves of illusions and wonders. The problem of religious worship, so puzzling to many, did not appear to me to be more difficult of solution than that of the religious belief itself. Worship considered in its essence being nothing else than meditation, the raising up of our thoughts toward the ideal, it cannot but be one and the same thing for the philosopher and for the mass; only while with the philosopher the action of the thought is isolated, with the mass it becomes public, and from this moment it is as it were compelled to become incarnate, to find an impressive organ which shall give it outward utterance, and which, projecting it into the world, stimulates it to action and augments its power; in a word, it must find an interpreter and a minister. Here, it must be confessed, is the great difficulty with which this principle has to grapple. It often happens that the church exists morally before it finds its preacher; but we are warranted in thinking, and the history of the world furnishes more than one illustration of it, that it always ends by finding him. It is with religious as with political opinions in countries that are free: they always succeed in finding interpreters, and, if the idea be worthy of being promulgated, apostles, who lay hold of minds, and who, by the in some sort magic influence of the invisible idea working in them, group men around a visible worship, which gives them those habits of religious intercommunion whence external worship results, and which, by the effect of the common creed, gathers them into permanent associations that are actual churches. When the moment comes, when minds are prepared, when perfect liberty exists, why should not the new creed, like a steam-engine furnished with all the means of locomotion, put itself in motion, as soon as it finds an engineer to give it a first impulse and a subsequent direction?

---

* Paradise Lost, vii. 224-231.

Theodore Parker has been the engineer of the new faith in North America. Parker did not make the engine, which is the work of no one man, but of all, and especially of time; he has created no religious school; he simply placed himself in the current, but a current already whirled along by a strong wind, by the powerful afflatus of the ideas and inspirations which we have already indicated in Emerson. It is reasonable to suppose that at an early period of his life, and before entering upon his religious mission, Parker was in an eminent degree impressed by this brilliant and superior intellect. While still very young, Emerson appeared to him like a shining light issuing "from the clerical constellation, that stood forth alone a fixed and solitary star." At a somewhat later period of his life, he followed the movement of this star with a scrutinizing yet fascinated eye. During the time of his theological studies, and in the first years of his ministry, (which fell, as he says, "in the most interesting period of New England's spiritual history, when a great revolution went on, so silent that few men knew it was taking place,") of all the eminent men who were more or less directly, more or less spontaneously maturing this great revolution, it was the philosopher of Massachusetts who most influenced his thoughts, and who seemed to him to be the inspiration of the present and the herald of the future. "The brilliant genius of Emerson," he says, "rose in the winter nights, and hung over Boston, drawing the eyes of ingenuous young people to look up to that great new star, a beauty and a mystery, which charmed for a moment, whilst it gave also perennial inspiration, as it led them forward along new paths and toward new hopes. America had seen no such sight before; it is not less a blessed wonder now."* Thus, without being so much involved, to all appearance, in pantheism as Emerson seems to be, Parker is not far removed from the same turn of thought, as, to confine myself to one illustration only, may be inferred from the following passage:—"This infinitely perfect God is immanent in the World of Matter, and in the World of Spirit, the two hemispheres which to us make up the Universe; each particle thereof is inseparable from him, while he yet transcends both, is limited by neither, but in himself is complete and perfect."†

Be this as it may, it is easy to perceive from this, without its being at all necessary to enter into a detailed exposition of his philosophical ideas, whether derived from Emerson or elsewhere, how far, as respects his metaphysical principles, Parker is removed from Christianity, and how deep is the chasm which separates them. Placed moreover on the eminence of free thought, and inspired by it alone, it was but a light matter for him in practice, in the first place to reject the supernatural birth of Christ, and the Bible as a work of special inspiration, in a word, all traditional authority, and then to bring his own doctrine to the front, to preach, as he says, "another Gospel," not resting any longer upon an authority lost in the mists of time, vastly problematic, utterly discredited, incessantly controverted by the most learned, rudely shaken therefore every moment, and in its turn violently shaking the most important truths which opinion has too often identified with its destiny; but, on the contrary, resting on a natural authority ever present in the conscience or the reason of all men, certain even to absolute certainty, lifted by its own internal evidence beyond the reach of all controversy, harmonizing with the most simple as well as with the highest truths, and imparting to them an unconquerable strength.

---

* Theodore Parker's Experience, etc., pp. 22, 23.

† Ibid., pp. 45, 46.

Nothing can be more simple than Parker's religious doctrine. It may be summed up in a few words, borrowed from himself:—"1. *The infinite perfection of God*," which he calls "the corner-stone of all my theological and religious teaching—the foundation, perhaps, of all that is peculiar in my system.* 2. *The adequacy of man for all his functions*, which is the consequence of the relative perfection of man deduced by him from the infinite perfection of God. 3. *Absolute or natural religion*, that is to say, the normal development, use, discipline, enjoyment of every part of the body, and every faculty of the spirit; the direction of all natural powers to their natural purposes."

---

* Experience, p. 44. In reference to this point, Parker observes:—"The idea of God's imperfection has been carried out with dreadful logic in the *Christian Scheme*. Thus it is commonly taught, in all the great theologies, that at the crucifixion of Jesus, the *Creator of the Universe was put to death, and his own creatures were his executioners*. Besides, in the ecclesiastic conception of Deity, there is a fourth person to the Godhead, namely, the Devil, an outlying member, unacknowledged, indeed, the complex of all evil, but as much a part of Deity as either Son or Holy Ghost, and far more powerful than all the rest, who seem but jackals to provide for this *roaring lion*, which devours what the others but create, die for, inspire, and fill." Ibid., pp. 44, 45.

Nothing can be more simple assuredly than this, in spite of the multiplicity of ideas which may be evolved from these three principles. But the very simplicity of a dogma is itself a great force in an enlightened society. Whatever mixes up with the pure conception of the Deity, as it is stamped on man's conscience, that which is foreign to it, tends only to weaken it; and it is a gross error on the part of theologians to believe that by loading the Divine image with ornamental accessories they add to its beauty and to its marvellousness, and that by placing it in a conventional light they can bring out its splendour to greater advantage; it is, on the contrary, in its inaccessible solitude, in the far distance of the immense perspective, in the shadow of the infinite in which it chooses to conceal itself, that we must contemplate it, if we desire to experience in all its intensity that which is termed its religious terror. And I add, looking from a theological point of view, that it is in this direction we must turn our thoughts in times like our own, if we desire to induce habits of religious thought in the mind. It is on this condition only that success can be assured, but then, as the example of Parker sufficiently proves, success becomes inevitable.

The life of Parker demonstrates that religious convictions will always find interpreters worthy of them. There is nothing finer in the contemporary history of America than his apostleship. Never did any man put more constancy and force of mind at the service of a conviction than he has. It may be even said that he has pushed his devotedness to heroism, even to martyrdom, for he literally died at his post. It seems that he in very early years prepared himself for the mission which has been the business of his whole life. One is almost startled at the intellectual toils to which he submitted even from boyhood; literature, history, science, theology, philosophy, he had gone through all, had sifted all. On coming of age, he shrinks from no fatigue, no difficulty. We must follow him when he does battle against what he calls "the great obvious social forces in America, the organized trading power, the organized ecclesiastical power, and the organized literary power;" we must see the obstacles he encounters and which inevitably he must encounter in a free country, and the efforts he makes to surmount them as far as is practicable; we must see his continual journeys, his periodical preachings in every part of the Union, in great cities and small, even in steamboats, everywhere where he can hope to win over a soul or to sow the seeds of his ideas, in order to have a complete idea of the man. We shall then have looked upon one of the most interesting spectacles which it is possible to enjoy; and I should regret the necessity of turning away from it, were I not under the obligation of immediately passing on to the result already attained at the moment when he was struck down by death, a result which so much zeal and so much devotedness could hardly fail to secure.

This result can be stated in a single word: natural religion is now an external fact, it has an established church; there exists a community of Deists which, founded but a few years ago, now counts a very considerable number of followers, and extends from year to year the circle of its influence. But we will let the new church proclaim its existence in its own words, and furnish, as it were, a certificate of its own birth. These are the terms in which the members of "the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society of Boston" addressed their beloved minister in a letter with more than three hundred signatures attached to it, written during the long illness which preceded his death:—

> "On the formal organization of this Society, when you were installed as its minister, on the 4th of January, 1846, you preached a sermon of 'The True Idea of a Christian Church.' How well and faithfully you have laboured from that time till now, to make that idea a fact, and to build up such a church, we all know. . . . We cannot but feel a just pride in the success of this church; that in spite of all obstacles, it has strengthened and increased from year to year, and that the circle of its influence has continually widened. Thousands of earnest men and women, in this and other lands, who do not gather with us from week to week, look to this church as their *City of Refuge;* their sympathies, their convictions, and their hopes coincide with our own; they are of us, though not with us. Most of them have never listened

to your voice, nor looked upon your face, but the noble words which you have uttered are dear to their hearts, and they also bless God for the service which you have done for them. . . ."

In Emerson, then, we find religion in its very essence, at the moment when it springs up in the mind of man and first presents itself to his consciousness; in Parker we see how such a religion may, through the energy of a powerful and practical intellect, acquire vitality and action, and establish itself by its own proper power, independently of all outward succour, whenever certain moral and social conditions have been satisfied. But the independence of thought, the resolute mode of dealing with the past, are requisite for such a result, possible only to men of the highest order of intelligence. Generally speaking the mind which has been nurtured and has attained maturity under the influence of a creed handed down from a remote period, will not be able to reascend at a single bound to the primitive source of all religious belief, or to arrive either at a religious system so completely radical as that of Emerson, or a form of worship so free from ceremonialism as that of Parker. Still we, on this side of the Atlantic, also have our Emersons, and, were we placed under the same external conditions, we too could found a religious system like Parker. But in Catholic countries, where there is no intermediate point between the rejection of the religion which has been learnt in infancy, and the acceptance of a purely philosophic faith, there can be no change short of revolution. No such thing as a half-believer is tolerated. For how is it possible there should be degrees of belief in those absolute creeds, such as Catholicism for instance, which impose themselves as one unbroken whole, which exclude interpretation, and which, in fact, we must either accept entire or let alone. It is otherwise with Protestantism: free interpretation being its essence, its suppleness and flexibility are immense; it adapts itself to all the wants of the mind; every one is free to raise or lower the standard of authority and liberty as he likes, and to allot such quota of the religious element as he pleases to religion itself. Hence it is that Protestantism is so capable of improvement, or at all events that it is so susceptible of changes and revolutions; and that it seems able to serve as a means of transition from supernatural religion to those religions which, as we have seen in the case of Emerson, rest only upon Nature herself.

Channing is a remarkable example of the difficulty a man has to break off entirely with positive creeds, and of the elasticity which characterizes the different forms of Protestantism. He offers another striking proof of that religious prolificacy and pliability which we indicate as one of the characteristics of humanity in a certain medium, and under certain determinate conditions. In Emerson, as we have seen, all trace of external authority vanishes. The name of Christianity recurs indeed, but without the prestige of the supernatural; while the idea of an evangelical revelation as a special intervention of the Deity never occurs to him. He has completely separated himself from tradition, and broken to pieces, to use his own expression, his "God of tradition." Jesus is always in his view a superior being, but not one who stands apart from the natural conditions of humanity; he still speaks from on high, but the height on which he is, no longer reaches to heaven; he is a revealer after the fashion of other men who can hear within themselves the voice of God,—neither more nor less. There is nothing marvellous in him, save his superior aptitude for listening to this internal voice, and the sincerity of his utterance. "Jesus speaks always from within, and in a degree that transcends all others. In that is the miracle. My soul believes beforehand that it ought so to be. All men stand continually in the expectation of the appearance of such a teacher."* Certainly it is impossible to express oneself better; but we have here merely the language of the deist Rousseau, and the repetition of that admirable eulogium upon the Gospel which we read in the profession of faith made by the Savoyard curate.

Channing is not so absolute. Unity, that is to say, true religion, that in which there is no possible dissidence, that unity which Emerson seeks in the universal revelation of conscience and reason, Channing thinks he finds in Christianity, in the Gospel interpreted by reason. He believes firmly in a supernatural revelation, accorded at a certain moment of history to supplement the internal revelation which every man has in himself, and to prevent the flame from flickering and going out. In the great work of religious revolution, which is the chronic state of North America, he represents the phase of transition to which I have just alluded. Though he is at the top of the ladder, and separated by a single step only from absolute independence, nevertheless this step has yet to be taken: loose as may be the tie which binds him to the Gospel, this tie exists, and so Channing continues to be Christian. Christ, according to his creed, is not an incarnate God; otherwise he would be a Christian after the fashion of the other sectaries with which America swarms. "Jesus," said Arius in his letter to Bishop Alexander, "is the first of God's creatures; His perfect creature, but still a creature. It is God alone that has not been created." Such was Channing's view. According to him, there is nothing more in the founder of Christianity than a superior being, *appointed to change the moral aspect of the universe, to bring all nations to the pure and inward worship of a single God, to the love of God and men,* but connected with humanity by his essence, and not different from other men save in the degree and special nature of his destination. It is to this extent that Channing is a Christian, and that Christ is to him the Son of God; and he is thus enabled to preserve to the latter his prestige and the glorious halo which under the rasher or bolder hand of Emerson have completely disappeared. If the revealer be not divine, at all events the revelation is divine. The Gospel is ever the holy idea which must be incessantly contemplated and worked up to, taking care at the same time to purify it from the errors with which time has incrusted it; it always continues to be the word of God; all that we have to do is to re-establish the purity and integrity of this word, and to restore to it, as it were, the cadence and tone which it had when falling from the lips of the Divine Master. It is evident from this that Channing is of Protestant lineage, that he has for his starting-point the theory of a primitive Christianity which has been adulterated, and that what he aims at is reform, not revolution. Born in the very thick of Calvinism, he casts off the yoke of all official religion; he breaks with every dogma that he considers contrary to reason or incompatible with the goodness of God; the mysteries, the ceremonies appended to religion, appear to him to be superstitions unworthy of human intelligence, bonds which impede him in his progress towards happiness and salvation, and which it is absolutely necessary we should have the power to burst; still his starting-point and his resting-place are in Christianity, but a free, spontaneous, and, if I may so say, a completely personal Christianity, which excludes all external authority of church and sect, and admits no other communion than that which institutes among men the love and worship of truth.

---

* Essays, etc., by Emerson, p. 151.

It is easy, and will not be uninteresting, to give a more exact idea of Channing's Christianity. According to him, Christ is not an incarnate God; he is simply *the most extraordinary* being that ever appeared upon earth. Independently of great qualities of heart and mind which shine in him, that which gives him a special position in the history of humanity is, "his conviction," says Channing, "of the grandeur of the human soul. He saw in man the impress and image of the divinity, and therefore thirsted for his redemption and took the tenderest interest in him, whatever might be the rank, character, or condition in which he was found.* . . . Jesus looked on men with an eye which pierced beneath the material frame. The body vanished before him. The trappings of the rich, the rags of the poor, were nothing to him. He looked through them, as though they did not exist, to the soul; and there, amidst clouds of indolence and plague-spots of sin, he recognized a spiritual and immortal nature and the germs of power and perfection which might be unfolded for ever. In the most fallen and depraved man he saw a being who might become an angel of light. Still more, he felt that there was nothing in himself to which men might not ascend. His own lofty consciousness did not sever him from the multitude; for he saw in his own greatness the model of what men might become."†

According to Channing's view, it is here, in this perception of the original grandeur of the human soul, that the true nature of Christ's mission discloses itself, and nothing is more intimately related than is this sublime sentiment to the essential aim of Christianity, which is *to excite the soul to live with a more elevated life, more nobly to exercise its faculties and its affections*, and, moreover, to make it acquainted with the perfection of God as a means of urging itself forward in the path of perfection.

---

* Works of W. E. Channing, D.D., Belfast, 1843, vol. ii. p. 61.

† Ibid.

No one, as far as I am aware, has spoken on these great questions in a nobler and more Christian strain than Channing, or with a sincerer and purer tone, and it is really a pleasure to quote him :—

"Jesus Christ came to reveal the Father. In the prophecies concerning him in the Old Testament, no characteristic is so frequently named as that he should spread the knowledge of the true God. Now I ask, what constitutes the importance of such a revelation? Why has the Creator sent his Son to make himself known? I answer, God is most worthy to be known, because he is the most quickening, purifying, and ennobling object for the mind; and his great purpose in revealing himself is, that he may exalt and perfect human nature. God, as he is manifested by Christ, is another name for moral and intellectual excellence; and in the knowledge of him our intellectual and moral powers find their element, nutriment, strength, expansion, and happiness. To know God is to attain to the sublimest conception of the universe. To love God is to bind ourselves to a being who is fitted as no other being is to penetrate and move our whole hearts; in loving whom we exalt ourselves, in loving whom we love the great, the good, the beautiful, and the infinite;

and under whose influence the soul unfolds itself as a perennial plant under the cherishing sun. This constitutes the chief glory of religion, it ennobles the soul. In this its unrivalled dignity and happiness consist."[*]

There is here unquestionably no originality. Christianity, under whatever form it has exhibited itself, presents hardly any other ideal, and so far we may say that Channing is Christian after the pattern of everybody else; but what peculiarly distinguishes him, and gives him a position and character of his own in the midst of theoretical Protestantism, is, if not his view of the object commonly assigned to Christianity, at all events his constant protest against narrow and vulgar interpretations, and above all the spotless purity and almost divine disinterestedness of his doctrine. There is, according to him, in all official religion a constant divergence from the true Christian spirit. Imparted to the world for the purpose of elevating and ennobling the human mind, Christianity has been turned into an instrument for enslaving and degrading it. "It has been used to scare the child and appal the adult."[†] They have tortured and twisted it in such a way, "that in one or another form it has always been an instrument for crushing the human soul."[‡] In addition to this it has been made a kind of selfish speculation, a means of salvation, instead of being made what it really is, the worship of a perfect Being who communicates perfection to those who adore him. Hence is it that its very essence has disappeared as from a vase wantonly mutilated. But, more than this, God himself has been assailed. Men, so to speak, have dragged the sky downwards, have placed it on a level with earth. God has become a being greedy of praise and dominion, envious of the empty glory of conquerors and despots; as though *God had sent his Son to multiply the number of slaves, to ingratiate us with an almighty agent whose frown is destruction.*[*] We may now easily conceive Channing's aversion to Calvinism. Like Emerson, though starting from a different principle, he ends in the same feeling of repugnance for this terrible form of Christianity. Like Emerson, too, he rouses himself with the greatest energy against all that is mere mechanism and external form in religion. "I meet there," he says, "no minute legislation, no descending to precise details, no arbitrary injunction, no yoke of ceremonies, no outward religion." There exists nothing of this kind in primitive Christianity; there everything breathes freedom and grandeur. "I meet there, not a formal, rigid creed, binding on the intellect; through all ages the mechanical passive repetition of the same words and the same ideas; but I meet a few grand, all-comprehending truths, which are given to the soul to be developed and applied by itself; given to it as seed to the sower, to be cherished and expanded by its own thought, love, and obedience, into more and more glorious fruits of wisdom and virtue."* All this formalism, all this external mechanism, seems to him to be of a nature to substitute in place of the soul's action,—the only one which is efficacious and conformable to the spirit of Christianity,—an external activity that is deadly or barren: he looks upon forms as clouds, as deceptive shadows interposed between God and man, that must be dispersed if we desire to obtain a glimpse of heaven in its pure and eternal light.

---

[*] Works of W. E. Channing, D.D., vol. i. pp. 589, 590

[†] Ibid.

[‡] Ibid., p. 590.

---

[*] Works of W. E. Channing, D.D., 1843, vol. i. p. 91.

It naturally follows that the idea of a formal, positive, and sharply defined church is fundamentally objectionable to him. "There has always existed, and still exists, a disposition to attach undue importance 'to the church' which a man belongs to. To be a member of the 'true church' has been insisted on as essential to human salvation. Multitudes have sought comfort, and not seldom found their ruin, in the notion that they were embraced in the motherly arms of 'the true church,' for with this they have been satisfied. Professed Christians have fought about 'the church,' as if it were a matter of life and death. The Roman Catholic shuts the gate of heaven upon you because you will not enter his 'church.' Among the Protestants are those who tell you that the promises of Christianity do not belong to you, be your character what it may, unless you receive the Christian ordinances from the ministers of their church."†

---

* Channing's Works, vol. i. p. 592.

† Ibid., vol. ii. p. 263.

Not that Channing by any means rejects all outward worship, all communion between the faithful, or is for leaving the soul exclusively to its own solitary meditations. He is quite aware that it has need of being sustained and fixed, and that the mind of all is necessary to the mind of each. If the Christian spirit, such as he has formulated and defined it, is the essential, it by no means follows that it always suffices to itself, and that there is nothing beyond it in man which can give it assistance and support. If neither Jesus nor his disciples have given us any definite system of ecclesiastical organization; if, on the contrary, Christianity has broken the circle of complex and petrified forms in which Judaism has imprisoned the Divine idea; if, in the absence of determined and established forms, it has aimed by anticipation at adapting itself to every movement, to every advance of humanity; if, in a word, it has proposed to itself as its ultimate end an inward worship, that which comes from the depths of the soul; if the organization adopted by it at its origin has disappeared with the circumstances which suggested it, as, for instance, apostles, prophets, miracles, gifts of healing, etc., we are not hence to conclude that there is to be no communion whatever between the faithful, no mark by which they can mutually recognize each other, no sensible bond by which they can be bound together. "Our nature is social. We cannot live alone. We cannot shut up any great feeling in our hearts. We seek for others to partake it with us. The full soul finds at once relief and strength in sympathy. This is especially true in religion, the most social of all our sentiments, the only universal bond on earth."* Association, then, there will be; but an association in which nothing is arbitrary or forced, a free and spontaneous union, evolving itself out of the principles and very groundwork of our nature. This association it is which will create a worship, and which, without any assistance or direction, will discover the form most conducive to the end desired; that which, according to times and places, will best adapt itself to the spirit of Christ, the spirit of the love of God and of all mankind: all the more salutary for this, that the ministry of the church will have all the more moral, intellectual, and religious value in proportion as the spiritual character of its members shall have more of elevation and purity, more of charity and holiness.

Channing was, with certain limitations, so far from being adverse to the church as an institution, that the Catholic forms of worship, in a great many particulars, found favour with him. The decoration of churches with paintings representing the most touching scenes of the Life and Death of Christ, was very far from being offensive to him. Its title of Universal Church especially, was in the highest degree agreeable to him; and he complimented it, not on its worship (the word would have grated harshly on his ears) of saints, but on the pious remembrance which it encourages of the great characters and religious minds that have honourably illustrated it; and because it "had thus given to its members the feeling of intimate relation to the holiest and noblest men in all preceding ages."* Though belonging, as he said, to the universal church, he was by no means the adversary of particular churches; but he thought that external, material, and stiff observances were, in general, obstructions. According to him, an inward voice protested "against the perpetual repetition of the same signs, motions, words, as unworthy of their own spiritual powers, and of Him who deserves the highest homage of the reason and the heart."† The church, as he understood it, ought to have another character and a very different value. "In its true idea, or regarded as the union of those who partake in the spirit of Jesus Christ, I revere it as the noblest of all associations. Our common social unions are poor by its side. In the world we form ties of interest, pleasure, ambition. We come together as creatures of time and sense, for transient amusement or display. In the church we meet as God's children; we recognize in ourselves something higher than this animal in worldly life. We come that holy feeling may spread from heart to heart. The church, in its true idea, is a retreat from the world. We meet in it, that by union with the holy, we may get strength to withstand our common intercourse with the impure. We meet to adore God, to open our souls to his spirit, and, by recognition of the common Father, to forget all distinction among ourselves, to embrace all men as brothers."*

---

* Works of W. E. Channing, D.D., vol. ii. p. 265.

---

* Works of W. E. Channing, D.D., vol. ii. p. 273.

† Ibid., p. 279.

What we have just said will give a sufficiently correct idea of the Christianity of Channing. A divine revelation without a divine revealer, an inward revelation enlightened by the former, and in its turn purifying and disinfecting it of everything human and earthly that may have intruded into it; the whole tending to a progressive moral elevation, and to a church universal in its spirit; such, in a few words, is the entire thought of the new reformer. We are here, it must be confessed, very far from what, in the eyes of a Catholic, for instance, constitutes the essence of religion; and without which, in his view, one is but a member of the congregation of free-thinkers. And yet it would be a serious error to suppose that there is not here, I do not say only the data of a true religion,—that of course,—but a firm and solid basis for the religious sentiment, for faith in the fundamental idea of the Divine, for that "long hope, and those vast views," which a more orthodox or more antique Christianity brings with it. No one has dared to cast a shadow of doubt on the sincerity of Channing's conviction, and it is difficult to determine which is most worthy of admiration, his views, the unity of his character, the sincerity of his faith, or the moral beauty of his life. The emphasis of a deep conviction, is it anywhere more striking than in the following passage?—"The Gospels must be true; they were drawn from a living original; they were founded on reality. The character of Jesus is not a fiction; he is what he claimed to be, and what his followers attested. Nor is this all. Jesus not only *was*, he is still the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. He exists now, he has entered that heaven to which he always looked forward on earth. There he lives and reigns. With a clear calm faith I see him in that state of glory; and I confidently expect, at no distant period, to see him face to face. We have indeed no absent friend whom we shall so surely meet."* Men who have been brought up in the lap of official religions, and who are still attached to them, accustomed to incarnate the idea in the form, regard these two things as inseparable. They cannot conceive that the faith can survive when the rite has been thrown overboard. And they naturally suppose that, when the threshold of the hereditary church is passed, the soul is like a dove, which in its flight has gone beyond the extreme bounds of the atmosphere, and is endeavouring to keep upon its pinions in a vacuum. According to their view, man, once separated from the creed of his infancy, can never again earnestly embrace a new one. It is much if he frame a new one even intellectually, but as to faith in it, he will have none; and whatever he may say or do, his head will have henceforth no better pillow to repose upon than doubt. But this is to take a very incorrect view of human nature. Nowhere is conviction stronger than among innovators, reformers and their converts. Channing, a man eminently honest, whose life was but one long apostleship, one holy and thoroughly disinterested mission, had, we reassert it, a burning faith, and he derived from it that purity of happiness, that repose of conscience, and that vivacity of moral impressions, which faith only can impart. Listen to him, as he exclaims at the close of his career:—"Life appears to me a gift which is every day increasing in value. I have not found it a cup foaming and sparkling at the surface, and becoming tasteless in proportion as it is emptied. . . . Life is a blessing to all. Could I see others as happy as I am myself, what a world would ours be! But the world is good in spite of the mist which surrounds it. The longer I live, the more I see the light struggling through the cloud. I am sure the sun is above me."

---

* Channing's Works, vol. ii. p. 280.

---

* Channing's Works, vol. ii. p. 61.

Be this as it may, and without discussing the value of this new reform of Christianity, much more open to discussion than the moral character of the reformer, it is impossible not to concede that in the medium where it is developed it may have great chances of success. It is quite certain that, to use the bold language of Channing, it responds to all the superior wants of humanity, and that it has moreover the immense advantage of decisively breaking with the past. It thus satisfies at one and the same time the most opposite inclinations, love of novelty and the force of habit, respect for authority and the passion for independence, the need of believing and that of seeing; it combines the prestige of the marvellous with the charm of free thought: in a word, it leaves us in a state of calmness and serenity; our conscience is tranquillized by what it preserves, and our reason by what it brings. This is to possess a great force, and we are warranted in supposing that Channing's views will in North America make their way rapidly into the midst of the enlightened classes. That the distant future may be reserved for Emerson's ideas, and for the religious worship of which Parker has laid the foundations, I do not dispute; but the immediate future belongs to Channing; he represents the transition from Protestantism as it actually exists, to that natural religion which looms in the future. Before the eaglet, fallen from its nest, can take a wide sweep and measure the heavens with its wings, it will, after many a vain attempt, be obliged, over and over again, to return to the paternal eyrie, and rest itself awhile on the solid rock where it was born.

IV.

There is a wide interval between those great attempts at the unification of religious systems which we have just been considering in their leading features, and the attempt or system which will be more particularly the subject of our inquiry in the course of the present work. We have, in the highest degree in Emerson and Parker, and in a lesser degree in Channing, a religion which is wholly rational; but when we come to Joseph Smith we shall find ourselves in the presence of the coarsest form of mysticism. How does it happen that such fundamental differences should find themselves side by side in the same country? At the first blush of the thing, does it not seem as if we had met with an anomalous phenomenon which requires explanation? Nothing more simple, however, when we are once aware of the immense inequality of intelligence and knowledge which is to be found in the midst of the greatest political and social equality that ever existed. North America, moreover, is divided, as it were, into two great intellectual and moral zones, that of the east, and that of the west; and there is no more room for being surprised at finding in them differing ideas and opinions, than there is at finding in the vicinity of Quito, for instance, the vegetation of the poles and that of the Equator. Mormonism, born upon the frontiers of the East, has developed itself in the vast regions of the West. If we desire to ascertain the causes of its birth and its progress, with any chance of seeing things as they really occurred, we must place ourselves on the spot, and endeavour to discover what was the moral and religious state of that part of the Union at the time when

Smith proclaimed his new religion. By an extraordinary concurrence of circumstances, it was the only medium in which it could possibly have found, if I may so express myself, favouring gods and a propitious soil.

It is evident, and hardly needs being pointed out, that Mormonism could not have manifested itself in France, for many reasons which it would be superfluous to state, independently of those which have relation to the actual state of our laws and of our public opinion. Neither would it have met with more facilities or more success in England; the most it could have done there would have been to find a few recruits. The robust religious institutions on that side of the Channel, the vigilant power of the clergy, would have opposed an insuperable barrier to it, and we willingly acknowledge, with an historian by no means favourable, it is true, to the Mormons, that "had it been preached for the first time in England, it would have crawled in the dust like so many other forms of error equally impure, and the names of its prophets and its teachers would be on the same level with those of the Southcoteans and Muggletonians." Neither would it have been more fortunate in the Eastern States of America; it would there have perished in its bud, or at least have remained in the form of a fantastic sect, dotted about here and there like the Shakers. But the part of America where it first sprang into being was under very different conditions; it may be properly said to have been a field completely prepared for receiving the new seed, and suitable to its germination and eventual maturity. What tends to impede the birth of a new religious creed, whatever it be, or at all events, what prevents its taking a great development, is, in addition to laws restraining religious liberty, the existence of a preponderating Church, and, supplementary to this, the watchfulness and control of an active and powerful public opinion. Now nothing like this existed in the Western States at the time of the apparition of Mormonism, and even for a long time previously. On the seaboard of the Atlantic the robust organization of Calvinism, brought thither by the first emigrants, or rather the firm and sincere spirit of Puritanism, had maintained itself for a long period, and even now resists, in a certain degree and with a certain amount of success, the incessant attacks of religious independence, and of the innovating and restless spirit of a great democracy full of freshness and life. The West had nothing resembling this, nor anything that could be its equivalent. Virginia, during its colonial period, had indeed possessed an established church which affected to derive from the Church of England; but this establishment had no real value whatever, even from the beginning, and episcopacy, which is the basis of the Anglican Church, was known there only by name. Its clerical staff was recruited with difficulty. The Bishop of London, in whose jurisdiction it was, occasionally sent clergymen from the mother-country; sometimes candidates for orders went to be ordained in London; but all this was slow, precarious, without moral force, incapable of making a stand against that tide of new opinions and doctrines which is always rising wherever the religious spirit breathes in liberty. Hence, sects were seen to swarm and to develop themselves on every side, while the church,—orthodox or comparatively so,—without discipline, without a powerful and regularly ordained clergy, without the organization of an establishment, was every day losing ground; an unavoidable result whenever the principle of authority comes into collision with the principle of liberty. For a church to maintain itself,—of course I am not speaking of it at the time of its foundation, when it has all the warm blood and vigour of youth,—it must have a visible and determinate centre; it must have efficacious means of remedying abuses; it must be able to ward off at once every blow that is aimed at it, if it is to have the least chance of resisting the inevitable antagonism which proceeds from the spirit of liberty. The organization of Catholicism and Anglicanism is a powerful element of duration in these two great forms of Christianity, and were it in their destiny to perish, we might safely predict that this would only occur after the giving way of their structural system, or in consequence of the gradual diminution of their wealth, thus rendering the maintenance of their staff, and, as a direct result of this, of their whole organization, more and more difficult, and in the end impracticable. A religion abandoned to its own force, unless it be absolute truth, cannot suffice to itself. Its leading idea, in the first moment of reaction, is not immediately imperilled; but its secondary dogmas, all its accessories, which present less resistance to the spirit of inquiry, and which, moreover, have the less hold from their not penetrating into the depths of our nature, run great risk of being unable to resist, for any length of time, the attacks directed against them. This is precisely what was seen to happen in Virginia, in no imposing way indeed, but not without advantage to the ultimate independence of human thought. When the American Revolution broke out, the episcopal church which had been established there, for a long while tottering, and never solidly set up from the moment of its origin, fell of itself; and, according to the historian whom we have cited, "resting upon sand, was soon swept away and annihilated." The new republic had neither power nor motive to react against a state of religious opinion, already of long standing and in some sort normal, which to the advantage of prescription added that of proceeding from the same principle of popular choice as the republic itself. It could not dream of re-establishing institutions swept away by time, and to which public opinion was averse. From this moment the principle of religious liberty in all its absoluteness was established without a contest, and passed into the manners and habits, into the laws and constitution of the new republic. Each form of religion was thus left to itself, without other support than the power of its principle, and suffered to go forth in a path thick-strewn with triumphs, but also with endless defeats.

There is no situation more favourable to religious creativeness, than that which results from unbounded liberty of conscience, and the suppression of all ecclesiastical organization. But, on the other hand, there is also none which more easily lends itself to all the caprices of popular imagination, to all the aberrations of mystic fancy and religious passion. Unless it occurs in a society greatly enlightened, and of high intellectual culture, you will see the great mass of believers, now deprived of official guides, rush in any direction that chance suggests or the influence of the hour determines, to unfurl the banner presented to them by the first comer, or which bears the emblems most in harmony with their interests and the impulse of the moment. Nowhere was this to be more conspicuously seen than in the Western States of America at this particular point of history to which we are referring. The prestige of the Scriptures had not completely vanished,—far from it; and the name of Christ still commanded the respect of the multitude; but Christianity was daily losing, if I may say so, its fixity and definiteness. The figure of Christ was no longer to be seen, save through a kind of vague and vaporous medium, which made it easy to give him any kind of expression that was desired, and to extend or to restrict at will the circumference of his halo; a state of things propitious to popular imaginativeness, and the birth of superstitions and sects.

Nor did religious fantasy fail to take full advantage of the position. It is very difficult for us, in the calm and lukewarm atmosphere of Europe, where passion itself has somewhat of decency and order, to comprehend to what a degree of vertigo and excitement religious feeling was carried in the beginning of this century, and is still carried, in Western America. From 1800 to 1804 especially, it was a sort of epidemic and frenzy. In the States of Kentucky and Tennessee, for instance, were to be seen at the camp meetings, which were at that time of frequent occurrence, as they still are, the most fantastic and eccentric exhibitions. Immense numbers were to be found encamped on the same spot during the continuance of the conferences, day and night, listening to the most exciting exhortations, and giving themselves up to all sorts of pious extravagances, with which there is nothing to compare, unless it be those of our French Convulsionists in the last century. But let us here give way to an historian well acquainted with the facts:—

"The people remained on the ground day and night, listening to the most exciting sermons, and engaging in a mode of worship which consisted in alternate crying, laughing, singing, and shouting, accompanied with gesticulations of a most extraordinary character. Often there would be an unusual outcry; some bursting forth into loud ejaculations of thanksgiving;

others exhorting their careless friends to 'turn to the Lord;' some struck with terror, and hastening to escape; others trembling, weeping, and swooning away, till every appearance of life was gone, and the extremities of the body assumed the coldness of a corpse. At one meeting not less than a thousand persons fell to the ground, apparently without sense or motion. It was common to see them shed tears plentifully about an hour before they fell; they were then seized with a general tremor, and sometimes they uttered one or two piercing shrieks in the moment of falling. This latter phenomenon was common to both sexes, to all ages, and to all sorts of characters."*

Towards the close of this religious epidemic, that is to say, about 1803, these *convulsions* were in their full swing, and then, thanks to the methodizing genius of the Americans, there was by little and little a sort of order established within disorder, and fantasy, or rather enthusiasm, was itself subjected to laws. Hence the convulsions began to classify themselves of their own accord, and to separate into different categories, the names of which are worth retaining: as for instance, the rolling exercise, the jerks, the barks, etc.†

---

* 'The Prophet of the Nineteenth Century,' by Henry Caswall, pp. 5, 6.

† The *rolling exercise* was effected by doubling themselves up, then rolling from one side to the other like a hoop, or in extending the body horizontally and rolling over and over in the filth like so many swine. The *jerk* consisted in violent spasms and twistings of every part of the body. Sometimes the head was twisted round, so that the head was turned to the back, and the countenance so much distorted that not one of its features was to be recognized. When attacked by the jerks, they sometimes hopped like frogs, and the face and limbs underwent the most

In a country like France, where it was possible to inscribe over the cemetery of St. Medard—that is, over the entrance to the very spot where somewhat similar scenes were enacted in the last century—such lines as these,—

> "De par le Roi, défense à Dieu
> De faire miracle dans ce lieu,"—

epidemics of this kind are speedily arrested; but where no obstacle is presented, it spreads in every direction, like gas in the open air. Hence it was that the epidemic of which we have been speaking, was seen to spread through several denominations, especially the Baptists and the Methodists.

It is easy to conceive how Christianity, at least in its form, its dogmas, and its essential ceremonies, must have undergone decomposition in such a medium, have lost its authority and its prestige; and how all this must pave the way for the appearance of a new religion, or rather superstition. Among the numerous prophets whom each day brought forth, who sprang up like mushrooms after a shower, and who, like so many phantasmagoric figures, passed away, it is true, but only to reappear again, it was inevitable that sooner or later some one would come

---

hideous contortions. The *bark* consisted in throwing themselves on all-fours, growling, showing their teeth, and barking like dogs. Sometimes a number of people crouching down in front of the minister continue to bark as long as he preached. These last were supposed to be more especially endowed with the gifts of prophecy, dreams, rhapsodies, and visions of angels. They saw heaven and the holy city.

who would go to work in earnest, or be able to perform his part as if he were in earnest, and who would have some quality of mind and character by which he could get powerful hold of weak minds and be able to fix wandering imaginations. The use and abuse of religious liberty, in a society of low intellectual culture, must rapidly bring back the principle of authority, and establish, at least in the lower portions of the multitude, something analogous to Catholicism, and certainly less respectable than it.

This result was inevitable. In the moral world, for the most part, liberty is a greater burden than slavery. Men have need of determinate ideas; and when those they have inherited are shaken, when authority has ceased to sway the assemblage of dogmas and principles to which they are accustomed, or the institutions which embodied these, and in which they were wont to contemplate them as in a mirror, they are startled at the solitude which reigns around them, and hasten to escape from it. Now, there are only two ways of doing this: either they must give themselves fixed ideas which they no longer have, or they must receive them from some one else. It follows, as a matter of course, that this latter process is the most common, because the most convenient. How could the multitude find out for itself truth of the highest order, when even superior intellects are not always of one mind respecting it? Hence the absolute necessity of borrowing from others; and such is the urgency of this want, and the impatience to satisfy it, that on the appearance of the first person who presents himself with an air of conviction and good faith, with the self-confidence of a master and a teacher, the multitude is instantly prepared to rush into his arms, at the risk of getting from him the most meagre and the coarsest food, and of being obliged to content itself with this food as though it were sound and wholesome and nutritious,—nay, even to welcome it as though it were manna in the desert.

There is in M. de Tocqueville, a remark which often suggested itself to my mind during my travels in America, and of which I had more than one opportunity of ascertaining the correctness:—"Equality," he says, "disposes men to judge for themselves; but, on the other hand, it gives them the love and the idea of a social power, unique, simple in character, and one and the same for all. Men who live in democratic times, therefore, are very much inclined to emancipate themselves from all religious authority. But if they ever consent to submit to anything of the kind, they choose at least that it should be one and uniform. Religious powers which do not all converge to one and the same centre, naturally offend their intelligence; and it is almost as easy for them to conceive that there should be no religion at all, as that there should be several." Whence M. de Tocqueville infers, not only as respects America alone, but as applicable to a more extended area, that "our descendants will have a tendency more and more to divide themselves into two parts exclusively, the one abandoning Christianity entirely, the other becoming members of the Roman Catholic Church." Without discussing this inference in its whole extent, it appears to us true at bottom as far as regards the United States. The movement and tendency of minds to divide themselves into two groups, the one quitting Christianity altogether, the other returning to the principle of authority, strikingly arrest the attention on every side. But what I ask myself with anxiety is, whether, in these vast regions, it is Catholicism which will get the benefit of the part that remains faithful to the principle of authority, or whether it will be some other and new institution?

But whatever be the chances of Catholicism in the future, it had but few in that part of America, now under our observation, in that agitated and vulgar medium in which the need of unity could and was about to make itself felt, inasmuch as the hostile recollections of Popery were still too recent, and the hatred of it still too tenacious of life, or too carefully exasperated by the ministers of the different sects. It was under another form that the principle of authority must present itself in order to succeed. To tender Catholicism to the crowd as the remedy for the disease of which it wished, instinctively at least, to be cured, would have been enough to send back the patient to his bed of suffering, to exasperate his fever, and to aggravate his malady. If Catholicism has made any progress in the United States, as M. de Tocqueville affirms, it is in other parts of the country, and under very different circumstancess from those in which we meet with Mormonism. Here the demand was for a popular religion, but a popular one of the coarsest materials; there was a demand also for novelty, for something strange even, but which could both satisfy the wants of a common creed, and at the same time, of the imagination, not only in its essential and legitimate aspirations, but even in those extravagant caprices which, in these regions, had been long accustomed to give themselves free scope. It was to such a state of things that the religion of Joseph Smith was admirably adapted.

Joseph Smith was a man of ability: of that there can be no question. He had a perfect knowledge of the masses to which he addressed himself; he knew what would attract and what repel them, and in what degree and in what proportion it was necessary to indulge them with error in order to give them a sense of the attractiveness of truth. This coarse and vulgar man instinctively seized upon this profound truth, which has been the guide of all reformers, and even of all political or religious founders, namely, that we must never make a complete breach with the past, and that the human mind never passes abruptly from one order of ideas to another and a different one, still less to an order that is completely antagonistic. It is impossible to over-estimate the care with which this person, who was about to introduce such profound modifications into the creeds and habits of a Christian population, husbands the facts and sayings of Christianity. He takes good care not to present himself as the founder of an absolutely new religion. With him, as with everybody else, the Bible is pre-eminently the sacred book. He is but an apostle of Christ, selected by Christ to continue his work. The name of Christ is incessantly upon his lips. This great and holy figure, ever held up to view, and for the purpose of homage, thus imparts to the antagonist religion an air of resemblance, and a character of affiliation calculated to deceive the multitude, which never looks at things very critically, and is willing enough to believe that facts remain the same as long as their names continue to be used. At the beginning especially, the language of the new prophet would not have been repudiated by the most orthodox Christian. When laying the first stone of his church, it is in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost that he inaugurates it. The Gospel graces, Faith, Hope, and Charity,—these are what he everywhere invokes. It is Christ who saves, it is the Holy Spirit which manifests the truth.

Besides, he takes care to borrow from each sect that which is most characteristic of, or most cherished by, it; caressing what is common to the different creeds, and turning them to account in some one way or other. Whatever be the illusions in fashion, he makes use of them. Thus he borrows from the Campbellists baptism by immersion, which just then, for some reason or other, was in great favour with the people. He instinctively understood one of the great secrets of the policy of the Roman Catholic Church, which consists in beating the enemy with his own weapons. Thus he was able to exhibit an assemblage of things hitherto dispersed in every direction. It was a sort of universal bazaar, with wares for every taste and all comers. For the lovers of the marvellous—and these formed the majority—there were visions, ecstasies, revelations, miracles; singular legends, as, for instance, that concerning the first inhabitants of America; marvellous annals, like those recording the fact of Jesus Christ's preaching on the continent of America after his resurrection. For those—and they, too, were in great number then—who sought, in exciting and passionate interpretations of the Scriptures, the means of satisfying their appetite for the mysterious and the unknown, as well as that craving for immortal bliss which lies at the bottom of man's heart, there was a millennium predicted, a new Jerusalem upon earth, an actual reign of the saints, and in the far distance, and at the remotest point of the perspective, a state of equality with the Redeemer.

Smith did not omit to assign as much space in his new religion to human as to religious passions themselves. He was not the man—a worldly spirit, if ever there was one—to neglect this element; a secondary element, indeed, but which challenges its place in every earthly institution, even in those that look heavenward. I am not here alluding to polygamy, which was not established until a much later period, and which did but graft itself on the tree already grown. A long while before this he had contrived to hit upon expedients, vulgar, it is true, but certain of attracting and juggling the crowd. There is nothing which so much dazzles the multitude, and even those who are above it, as the splendour of dignities and titles, especially when there is a hope of their being reached by them, and when exhibited as prizes offered to their emulation and zeal. The sounding titles of priest, apostle, bishop, could not fail to strike and agreeably to tickle the ears of people long unaccustomed to them, and to serve at the same time as baits to vanity and ambition, the love of dominion and even of glory. It is not difficult to conceive the degree of attraction which must have been exercised over masses, not under the influence of any strong conviction, by the idea that without previous study, or preparatory instruction of any kind, a blacksmith or mason could reach the highest dignities, first of the church, then of the state, whenever the church should become the state, and that fanaticism, or the appearance of fanaticism, should stand in the place of all virtue and all knowledge. To all wavering and undecided minds, who knew not where to fix and take up their position in the sphere of religious faith, a great weight in the balance was the free scope that Mormonism gave to the passions.

Still it would be a great mistake to suppose that these meaner inducements could have sufficed to form a great religious association. Humanity never falls so low as to be governed by its inferior instincts,—so low that in the creation of great things, the best part shall belong to paltry passions and petty instruments. Mormonism would not have held its ground for an instant, had it only satisfied vulgar wants, or even nothing more than the loftier caprices of the imagination. It must be kept well in mind that, except in the matter of polygamy, which was a later addition to the primitive nucleus, Mormonism excluded none of the moral conquests made by Christian civilization. It is a syncretic system, often of gross aspect when seen from a metaphysical and theological point of view; but on the side accessible to the crowd, that through which religions really infuse their influence into minds, namely, its moral and human side, it is far from deserving those anathemas of which it has been the subject. The Christian spirit, the spirit of equality and charity, circulates through it, as it were, even to overflowing. I am of opinion that it is owing to the power of this spirit that it was at first enabled to take root in the vexed soil of Western America, and to extend itself. That which constitutes the feature of Mormonism really original is, according to some, "that it is *essentially* the sect of the wretched; that Smith is the representative of the pariahs of nature." This is true; but hence the secret of its influence over the multitude, of its progress at the beginning, and of that which it is now making in all parts of the world among the castaways of society and nature. It is in some sort, indeed, a species of socialism, of religious evangelical socialism, which, a single feature excepted, unquestionably is not without moral value, however deficient in grandeur.

If we insist on this characteristic of Mormonism, we do so not only because the spirit of justice and the interests of truth require it, but for the very honour of human nature. Whether Joseph Smith were in reality sincerely animated by the spirit of charity, or whether he made an instrument of it to promote his designs and his enterprise, the fact still remains that his language is uniformly marked with its divine impress. The fate of the poor is the constant object of his thoughts and his anxiety; he is incessantly appealing to the charity of the rich; but on this point he deserves to be heard himself. "Woe unto you, you rich men," he cries, "that will not give your substance to the poor; for your riches will canker your souls; and this shall be your lamentation in the day of visitation, and of judgment, and of indignation. The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and my soul is not saved!"* Moreover, he puts the following words in the mouth of God:—

> "And if any man shall give unto any of you a coat, or a suit, take the old and cast it unto the poor, and go your way rejoicing.† . . . But verily I say unto you, teach one another,

---

* The Book of Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, etc., by Joseph Smith, President, p. 226, § 5, edit. 3. Liverpool.

† Ibid., p. 90, § 19.

according to the office wherewith I have appointed you, and *let every man esteem his brother as himself*, and practise virtue and holiness before me. And again I say unto you, let every man esteem his brother as himself; for what man among you having twelve sons and is no respecter of them, and they serve him obediently, and he saith unto the one, be thou clothed in robes and sit thou here, and to the other, be thou clothed in rags and sit thou there, and looketh upon his sons and saith, I am just.* . . . If thou lovest me, thou shalt serve me and keep all my commandments. And behold, thou wilt remember the poor, and consecrate of thy properties for their support that which thou hast to impart unto them, with a covenant and a deed which cannot be broken; and inasmuch as ye impart of your substance unto the poor, ye will do it unto me.† . . . Love one another; cease to be covetous; learn to share with other men as the Gospel teacheth. . . . Behold, this is a great commandment, and the last I will give unto you, for it would be sufficient for each day until the last day of your lives. . . . Distribute a part of thy possessions,—yea, even a part of thy lands and everything, except what is necessary for the maintenance of thy family."

I ought to observe in passing, that Smith does not confine himself to general precepts, to commonplace or simply theoretic recommendations. American as he is, he is always thinking of the practical, and giving special directions to whomsoever he has the right of directing in a special manner. Hence it is that the bishops had an express charge, everywhere to attend to the wants of the poor and the necessitous, and to apply to their use the funds at their disposal. And this charge is still in force. Everywhere among the Mormons, inquiry is made into the wants of the brethren. Brigham Young thinks it no derogation from his dignity to occupy himself in this way. It is not of him it can be said,—

---

* The Book of Doctrine and Covenants, pp. 121, 122, § 5.

† Ibid., p. 125, § 8.

> "Se plaint de sa grandeur qui l'attache au rivage."

The head of the Mormons does not hesitate to go forth himself to the work, believing that where his duty is, there is his real greatness.

Smith assigned to himself the office of continuing the work of Jesus Christ, and of accomplishing the redemption of the poor and the weak, and was well aware that therein lay his strength. Listen to the way in which he makes God speak in a revelation promulgated in the month of December, 1830:—"Wherefore I have called upon the weak things of the world, those who are unlearned and despised, to thrash the nations by the power of my spirit; and their arm shall be my arm, and I will be their shield and their buckler; and I will gird up their loins, and they shall fight manfully for me; and their enemies shall be under their feet; and I will let fall the sword in their behalf, and by the fire of mine indignation will I preserve them. And the poor and the meek shall have the Gospel preached unto them; and they shall be looking forth for the time of my coming, for it is nigh at hand; and they shall learn the parable of the fig-tree, for even now already summer is nigh, and I have sent forth the fulness of my gospel, by the hand of my servant Joseph." *

But while thus speaking in favour of the poor and the weak, he is careful not to violate any one of the fundamental principles of civilized society. He is far from that perfidious and barbarous species of socialism which is called communism. If he desire that the rich should come to the assistance of the poor, he also insists that the poor should make every effort to become independent of the rich, and to find in themselves the resources they require. "Thou shalt not be idle, for he that is idle shall not eat the bread nor wear the garments of the labourer." When he preaches equality, it is moral equality he means, and not the fantastic equality of the communists. He preaches the joint responsibility of all the members of the association; but a responsibility which has nothing forced, which does no violence to personal independence, which does not overthrow the laws of nature. "Let every man stand in his own office and labour in his own calling; let not the head say unto the feet, it hath no need of feet; for without the the feet, how shall the body be able to stand? Also, the body hath need of every member, that all may be edified together, that the system may be kept perfect." This language, which Smith held to his coadjutors in the begin-

---

* The Book of Doctrines and Covenants, p. 119, § 4.

ning of his revelation, he afterwards extended to the whole community, and he never in a single instance deviated from these principles in the political or social constitution he gave his people, and which acquired its development after him.

There is nothing original in the morality, whether general or special, of Smith; but there is nothing in universal morals which is omitted from it, and nothing in it which is opposed to universal morals. He did not introduce any new principle to the world, which is indeed a rare piece of good fortune; but his principles are in no respect different from those of Christianity and of reason. "We believe," he says in his creed, "in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men. Indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of St. Paul,—*we 'believe all things,' we 'hope all things,'* we have endured many things, and hope to be able to 'endure all things.' If there is anything lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, or virtuous, we seek after these things." It required no great stretch of imagination to hit upon such things, which, thanks be to God, are not new, but widely enough scattered throughout the world, as far at least as theory is concerned; yet they furnish an answer to those who delight to exhibit Mormonism as a monstrosity in moral order, a sort of cesspool into which have been thrown all the degradation, all the baseness, all the absurdity which can spring from a disordered imagination further excited by the selfish calculation of a vulgar impostor.

There is no need of affronting human nature, by supposing it can create anything by means of evil; we might as well say that nihility is fertile and able to produce some one thing or other from the depths of its abysses. The truth is, that good alone is operative. Into the most impure works even, evil never enters but as a secondary element, or rather as a poison which tends to their destruction; it is only because they contain that which is good and true, that they are able to come into existence, and to last when they do last.

Whatever may be the part which good plays in the system of Joseph Smith, this part, even though it had been considerable and endowed with a powerful originality, would not, it is reasonable to suppose, have sufficed to give a good issue to the enterprise. It is a law that good, in order to be operative, must make use of instruments of a certain power, and of a power possessing special qualifications for diffusing it. It is requisite that a man who brings forward an idea should possess certain moral qualities, certain qualities of character, if he hopes to have it accepted, and take up a position in the world. Smith had none of those great qualities of an apostle which lay hold of all minds of whatever order they be, which radiate beyond present time and space, and penetrate even distant ages; he had not in his breast that mystic and expansive virtue which constitutes true prophets and great revealers, and which, enlisted in the service of a new idea, produces the marvels of the moral world and the memorable events of history. But, this point excepted, he had the chief qualities requisite for the part which, whether sincerely or insincerely, he undertook. He had confidence in himself. He has somewhere said of religious faith, that it is "the principle of action in all intelligent beings;" that there "never has been a change or revolution in any of the creations of God, but it has been effected by faith;" that there "will never be a change or a revolution unless it is effected in the same way, in any of the vast creations of the Almighty, for it is by faith that the Deity works."* What he thus thought or said of religious faith he felt still more sincerely with respect to faith applied to a human purpose. There he believed it to be really irresistible. As happens to all minds, great and small, in which there is abundance of energy, his temperament was full of boldness and audacity; he always relied with confidence on himself and his fortune; he had faith in his star, a condition indispensable, as it seems to me, as well as infallible for the conquest, be it of empires or minds. He had, moreover, the enthusiasm which in the long-run fills the mind of a man constantly engaged on the same subject. This it was that enabled him to acquire the language, and even the accent of a sincere faith. Hence was it too that he was able to appropriate the forms of religious fervour, and the lyrical style of the Bible, so expertly, that at times the instrument sounded under his touch with a brilliancy and purity of tone which could very easily deceive the simple, and even produce its effect on those of higher pretensions. By a moral singularity which deserves notice, though less rare than one would be inclined to suppose, the passion which he threw into his part,—and which proceeded much more from the man than the prophet, as may easily be supposed,—enabled him to find expressions worthy of the noblest cause. His confidence in himself gave him confidence in his success, and he communicated it to others like an apostle of the Gospel, and in a tone as authoritative as if he had derived his inspiration from the same source. Hear how he makes Christ speak to those charged by him to preach the new doctrine:—"And again, I say unto you my friends, (for from henceforth I shall call you friends,) it is expedient that I give unto you this commandment, that ye become even as my friends in days when I was with them travelling to preach this Gospel in my power; for I suffered them not to have purse or scrip, neither two coats; behold, I send you out to prove the world, and the labourer is worthy of his hire. And any man that shall go and preach this Gospel of the kingdom, and fail not to continue faithful in all things, shall not be weary in mind, neither darkened, neither in body, limb, or joint; and a hair of his head shall not fall to the ground unnoticed. And they shall not go hungry neither athirst. Therefore, take no thought for the morrow for what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed.... Neither take ye thought beforehand what ye shall say, but treasure up in your minds continually the words of life, and it shall be given you in the very hour that portion that shall be meted unto every man.... Behold, I send you out to reprove the world of all their unrighteous deeds, and to teach them of a judgment which is to come. And whoso receiveth you, there I will be also, for I will go before your face; I will be on your right-hand and on your left, and my spirit shall be in your hearts, and mine angels round about you to bear you up."*

---

* The Book of Doctrine and Covenants, p. 55, § 2.

It has been said that one of the characteristics of Mormonism, and a cause of its success is, that its revelation was presented as one special to America, and that the Gentiles were excluded from it. This is a great error which it is necessary to correct. Smith was much too clever to be exclusive. What strikes us, on the contrary, in Mormonism, is its universality, or at least its pretensions to universality; and this universality includes both persons and things. As respects things, we find in Smith nothing of that narrowness and exclusiveness to be found in most religions, even the broadest and most flexible. He adopts every principle, every doctrine, which appears to bear the stamp of truth. "The most predominant point of difference," said Joseph Smith, "between the Latter-day Saints and sectarians is, that the latter are all circumscribed by some peculiar creed, which deprives its members of the privilege of believing anything not contained therein, whereas the Latter-day Saints have no creed, but are ready to believe all true principles that exist, as they are made manifest from time to time. One of the grand fundamental principles of Mormonism is, to receive truth, come whence it may. . . . Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Catholics, Mohammedans, etc., are they in possession of any truth? Yes, they have all a little truth mixed with error. We ought to gather together all the good and true principles which are in the world, and keep them, otherwise we shall never become pure Mormons."* This moral and religious eclecticism is also to be found in the creed in which Smith has formulated his faith. Here is a passage which seems significant enough:—"Everything virtuous, lovely, praiseworthy, and of good report, we seek after, looking forward to the recompense of the reward."

---

* The Book of Doctrine and Covenants, p. 88, §§ 13, 14, 15.

This flexibility is one of the most remarkable features of the new faith; and in truth it has so little respect of persons, that it invites on the contrary the whole world to its embrace. Channing himself does not aim at a larger sphere. It seems even as though his church were not so universal, since it confines itself within the limits of Jewish and Christian Deism. But Smith has found this area too narrow; he has aimed at extending it at the risk of falling

---

* From a Sermon of Joseph Smith's, July 9th, 1843, in the 'Deseret News,' January 21st, 1857.

A

into the void. Here is what he says in a sermon on the 9th of July, 1843:—"It is a love of liberty which inspires my soul,—civil and religious liberty to the whole of the human race. And if by the principles of truth I succeed in uniting all denominations in the bonds of love, shall I not have attained a good object? Christians should cease wrangling and contention with each other, and cultivate the principles of union and friendship in their midst."

It has been remarked that in general, a commanding point of view, a large manner of looking at things, an impartiality in the world of ideas, is rarely accompanied by a tenacious adherence to an original plan, or by a persevering pursuit of the end proposed. Ardently to attach ourselves to the mission of diffusing truth, we must believe that we alone are in possession of it, and persuade ourselves that all around us is merely darkness and error. In minds especially which, though possessing breadth and flexibility, have but little intellectual culture, the desire to impose an idea scarcely ever exists: to be a fanatic, even a fanatic of moderate dimensions, a man must be narrow-minded and of one idea. This remark, just on the whole, would be contradicted by the history of the founder of Mormonism, if the founder of Mormonism had believed in anything; for never did religious innovator display a ruder fanaticism, real or feigned, combined with larger views, or persist in his work with more remarkable tenacity. We must call to mind the speculator, in order fully to comprehend such a doggedness of purpose in such an order of ideas, and in such a cause. But at all events, Smith was a man of extraordinary firmness. Never, but once throughout his whole career, did he exhibit symptoms of flagging and discouragement, and this was on the last day but one of his life. Until then, not for a moment had any feebleness been perceptible. His design once conceived, he from the first hour pursues it without a pause, with a persistency, and fierce energy, that nothing either relaxes or appals; obstacles stimulate and redouble his courage; persecutions animate and spur him to new efforts. He even grows fond of persecutions, rejoices in them, congratulates his fellow-workers on them; he knows that they are an additional force in his favour, even a condition essential to his enterprise. Seen from afar, he would be thought a fanatic, an enthusiast, who, while marching towards death, supposes he is marching to victory; ever the same serenity, the same impassioned feeling, the same forwardness. Nevertheless, we must repeat it, he is a dealer in religion, a speculator who has thrown himself heart and soul into his enterprise, and who has made a vow that he would reach his end or die in the effort. He is nothing more, nothing less; a singular man, not so rare however as is usually supposed, but one whose congeners have not —and this is to the honour of humanity—either the same success, or the same power! Did I dare, I would call him a sort of savage and gigantic Tartuffe, a greater curiosity than his prototype, but one who, though he has done more mischief, is perhaps less deserving of contempt.

V.

The spectacle presented to us by Mormonism is, we acknowledge, not an edifying spectacle; and nothing is more repugnant to our better feelings, or more revolting to our reason, than the source from which it sprang. Notwithstanding, however, this untoward exception, the impression left upon us by the United States of America is not the less a great and salutary one; its effect is to give us a higher opinion of man and of humanity. In fact, not to deviate from the order of ideas we have selected for our subject, there is nothing in Europe of a nature calculated more fully to comfort pious minds than what is now taking place on the opposite shores of the Atlantic, nothing which gives them better grounded hopes of the religious future of humanity. When we succeed in penetrating into the midst of that bustling, agitated, and in some sort tumultuous crowd, swept onwards by the torrent of business and the stimulus of a devouring activity; when the ear has been accustomed to the din of the interests at stake, to the uproar of the passions at strife, we discern in the minds about us the instincts of a high and powerful morality, and of religious convictions indicating an energy and depth of which we can find no examples in Europe without going back as far as our heroic age of the sixteenth century. Then, propitiated by this inner aspect of things, we easily excuse what elsewhere would offend our taste or our habits of thought, not excepting the unwholesome superstitions which a depraved imagination has been able to palm upon a weak and brainsick multitude. We feel as if we were looking at spots in some masterly and splendid picture, or on the meaner but not useless details in some grand whole, like those eccentric and fantastic forms which the genius of Michael Angelo has occasionally mingled with his loftiest and most sublime creations. This favourable impression grows stronger, especially on passing into a moral medium entirely different, and, as has happened to ourselves, on shifting the scene, almost without an intervening pause, from Boston and Baltimore to Naples and Rome. There is no argument which pleads more eloquently on behalf of the unlimited liberty of religious worship, than the striking contrast which then presents itself; and the reflection immediately occurs to us, in spite of what has been urged on the subject,—and it is with regret we say it,—that if ever the religious sentiment were to be extinguished in the human mind, it could only happen in the event of its having no other atmosphere to breathe but that heavy atmosphere of Rome, which a widespread tradition still declares to be essential to the existence of religious life, and the preservation of a divine fervour in the heart of man.

At all events, I do not desire to leave the impression that, if Mormonism be a stain upon the United States, liberty is to be made responsible for it. Liberty has nothing to do with it. Among the causes of the development of the new religion, a prominent one was persecution, and persecution, I presume, is no part of liberty. Had it found no other obstacles than those which confront every new sect, it might possibly have been able to establish itself by attracting and grouping around it some of the impure elements which are always fermenting in the West; but it would never have gone beyond the limits of a restricted communion, a church within narrow bounds, like the Campbellists and Shakers for instance; and it is infinitely probable that it would have melted away by degrees, until it completely disappeared or had assumed an entirely different character. All religions morally inferior or even morally equal to those they aspire to supplant, unless they have within them a new principle which more than compensates for inferiority or mere equality, or unless they respond to some want demanded by the mental condition of the times, cannot strike root in the midst and by the side of superior religions, and can exercise nothing more than a restricted influence of ephemeral duration. They may make attempts at possession and conquest, but these attempts will be abortive; they will be more abortive especially wherever it is possible to discuss them, and to oppose them with the weapons of intelligence, the only ones that are legitimate in the struggle between truth and error.

Liberty is little propitious to Mormonism, and Mormonism is so well aware of it, that one of its principal efforts is to endeavour to constitute a nation, or people apart; and should it ever maintain and extend itself, it will be because it is in the hands of a plenary authority, a sort of armed dictatorship. Now authority is a very powerful means of preventing error from penetrating into a society, but it is also an equally powerful means of fixing it there. Bears have been seen to push into the basin of their den the poisoned cakes thrown to them, to move them about for a long time in the water, and then carefully to smell them, never eating them until perfectly certain that all the poison was washed out. Under the principle of authority, men have no such opportunity. They must swallow, as a pure and wholesome substance, the cake which is cast to them. We may be quite certain that if liberty or the desire for liberty should penetrate into Utah,—and that, I hope will one day happen, as soon as the first attraction of the new faith shall have passed away,—Mormonism will soon give way, or, if it maintain itself, will do so only by undergoing a transformation, by diluting and washing out in the great waters of liberty the poisonous principle it has within it. The moment that discussion once finds its way into the religious community that Smith founded, and the light of truth is made to flash upon its origin, it will be consumed to ashes, and its dust scattered to the winds. For if men in America have not the refined intellectual culture of certain classes on this side of the Atlantic, on the other hand, all are able to read, and all take a deep interest in eloquence, whether of speech or pen; and the consequence is, that free discussion has an influence there of which it is difficult for us to form an idea in the majority of our European societies, in which free speech, utterly without range and without echo, is for the most part completely lost before it reaches the threshold of the workshop and the cottage. There, it is a train of powder laid from afar, or rather, an immense light which diffuses itself everywhere, and gilds everything with its rays. Hence it would not be correct to say that Mormonism is the fruit of liberty; it is born on a free soil, but it is not liberty which gave it life, and it is liberty that will cause its death.

There is a universal belief in the United States, and this belief is the principle of their greatness, that liberty is a force essentially salutary and beneficent. It would be as difficult to make the Americans comprehend that liberty of thought, for instance, could have any bad consequences, as it would be to persuade Ultramontanists that it could be good for any one purpose. They even who admit the dogma of forfeiture through sin, arrive at conclusions diametrically opposed to those drawn from the same principle by the theologians of Italy and France. They cannot conceive how liberty can be fatal to truth, and they tell us very naïvely, and with that good sense which never deserts them, that they do not see why truth has more to fear from liberty than good merchandise has from competition; and, God be praised, they do better than say it, they prove it by their acts. It would be impossible for them to get it into their heads that man is endowed with thought in order that he should not make use of it, or that reason is either an overgrowth which we must cut away with steel and cauterize with fire, or a light to be hid under a bushel. I have heard these people, who are so thoughtlessly accused of a sort of practical materialism, more than once say, that were liberty of thought to be expunged from life, it would not be worth while living. In matters of religion especially, liberty appears to them an essential condition, and reason the first power which has the right to make itself heard. It is, in their opinion, a singular logic which permits men to take a clear view of the affairs of this world, represented as the least important, and which interdicts them from looking inquisitively into those represented as of the highest concern to their destiny. They are fond of repeating with Rousseau, that the man who does not think is a degraded being. They carry their simplicity so far as to believe that were he for a single instant to cease to think, he would cease to exist; and without having read either Descartes or Pascal, whether it be by instinct or reflection, by nature or education, there is not a man amongst them who does not believe that our essence is in our thought, that it is from this source all must proceed. With them, to think is to believe first in oneself; what others think is, according to their view, but a secondary consideration, and what they transmit to us, even were it truth itself, is only receivable after the severest scrutiny. "To accept tradition merely as an indication, and existing facts as a useful study training us to do otherwise and better; to seek by oneself and in oneself alone the reason of things; to move towards the end without permitting ourselves to be shackled by the means, and to get at the essence through the form;—such are the principal features which characterize what I will call the philosophical method of the Americans."* Nothing can be truer than these words of M. de Tocqueville; only it is right to add, what indeed is in harmony with the views of this distinguished writer himself, that what we see there does not simply belong to the philosophical method, but to the very genius, of the Americans. I will also observe that such is the power of this genius, such its force both of resistance and absorption, that the elements, often impure, or at all events partaking of a different genius, which are incessantly coming into it from all parts, those streams of emigrants for ever flowing into it from the Old World, break as they strike against it, and lose themselves as do mighty rivers in the fathomless plains of the Atlantic.

True, it is not necessary to cross the ocean in order to discover the principles of free thought, and of the right of unfettered reason. The country which gave birth to Descartes and Voltaire has nothing to learn in this respect, since it was among the first to proclaim them. But with us, besides these principles not having penetrated the entire mass of society, they are, in spite of the many revolutions made apparently for their advantage, hampered by an infinite number of restrictions and limitations; and it is this which places us in a position of evident inferiority as compared with the Americans. The latter go straight forward and carry out their principle; we stop halfway, so that we present the spectacle of a nation which at one and the same time puts great trust in reason, and has a great mistrust of it. This inferiority, this inconsistency of a people who pique themselves upon being the first logicians in the world, does it arise from this, that we are very reasonable in theory, or, as has been observed, "with pen in hand," and extremely unreasonable in practice, because in the one case it is intelligence, and in the other passion, which prompts us? Or is it that France is divided into two great intellectual zones, one of which is governed by reason, the other by prejudice? Or are we in this matter so far of Voltaire's religion, as to think with him, that peace is of as high a value as truth? However this may be, it would be difficult to parry the charge of inconsistency which is often made against us; and it is certain, to confine our observations to religious matters, and to concentrate the accusation on a single point, that the Americans cannot help regarding our way of understanding religious liberty as narrow-minded, or, to speak more correctly, puerile. One of them, a man of intelligence, said to me, "You people, in France, have the right to have no religion at all, but you have not the right to have any. You say to religions, 'As soon as you are born we will give you the right to live; but, meanwhile, it is our business to prevent your being born.' This is certainly a singular kind of liberty." My American friend, I fancy, had a thorough comprehension of what liberty of worship means among us; and it would be difficult, it strikes me, to speak more to the point than he did.

---

* De la Démocratie aux États-Unis, par M. de Tocqueville, t. ii. ch. 1.

The system which has prevailed among us, is it, as is sometimes asserted, the only one in harmony with our disposition and our genius? I will not enter into this question, it would carry us too far; but I greatly apprehend that this solution would be nothing better than a *mezzo termine* of doubtful value, and that there is in it somewhat of the illusion of the honest peasant, of whom history speaks, who fancied that the moon of Corinth was not so large as that of Athens. Is this system really the only one possible in the actual state of our opinions and our manners? I cannot say; but what unquestionably must be acknowledged is, that if it be so, we have every reason to deplore the fact, looking at it from the point of view of those religious minds who think that a public form of worship is necessary to the religious sentiment itself, and of those politicians who suppose it indispensable to the interests of morality, and the greatest possible good of society. Wherever the American principle obtains, there will be few persons who do not belong to some one form of worship or other, who do entirely without a church, and who are thus never in communion with their fellow-men for the purpose of manifesting or satisfying one of the noblest instincts of humanity. Among us it would be difficult to compute the immense numbers who are thrown out of all communionship, without a tie, without contact with others of the same views, and without a temple for their God, thus running the risk of seeing his holy image pale and disappear in the solitude of each man's mind. We may conceive that souls of a superior nature, that minds of high intellectual culture, should suffice to themselves; their habit of reflection keeps God, as it were, always before them, and does not permit the sacred fire to be ever extinguished in their souls. But these are among the privileged of humanity. In the majority of men religious feeling has need of being roused: there must be vestals to feed the sacred fire within us. The great shadows which human passions, vulgar interests, and the spectacle of the world itself, but little edifying in general, incessantly collect and interpose between heaven and earth, require that from time to time some divine or consecrated hand should be put forth to scatter them and bring back the light. It has been said of us, "Little faith, much routine, this is the summing up of our position in religion and in almost everything else." And how should it be otherwise? It is liberty alone which, at a certain stage of civilization at least, infuses faith into the soul and fixes it there. It is an act of liberty which begets the act of faith, whatever be the nature of the belief. It is the continuity of the one which perpetuates the other; and the only reason why obstructions and resistance itself are so fruitful of results in the midst of liberty is, because they increase its energy. But where liberty is absent, where it is not developed, there is room only for mechanism, for lukewarmness and indifference. Indifference is now-a-days the ruling feature of our moral position, as it was at the time when Lamennais castigated it with so unsparing and yet so ineffectual a hand. It is absent only from those spheres of human action in which some latitude is left to liberty, that is, in the sphere of philosophical speculation, and that of material interests. And as there is but a handful of minds that belong to the former sphere, the result is that all faith, all social vitality, is concentrated in the latter. Such exclusively is the source of the evil which we have to lament in these days; I mean the passion for an easy life and material enjoyments. When Dante places in his hell souls that were indifferent, *those which lived without infamy and without glory*, he assigns them to the *captive chorus of angels, not rebellious nor yet faithful to God, but who existed for themselves alone*. And, in fact, for whom can we exist but for ourselves alone when the source of the great passions is sealed? The love of well-being and of the material enjoyments of life is not less nor less general in America than with us; but this tendency, which indeed is not objectionable in itself, has there a counterpoise which we are without. M. de Tocqueville, whom we must always quote when we are speaking of that country, says, indeed, that the love of material comfort has become the "national and dominant taste;" but he adds these fine remarks:—"In the United States, when the seventh day of each week comes round, the commercial and industrial life of the nation seems to be suspended; all noise ceases. A deep repose, or rather, a sort of solemn hush, succeeds; the soul, in fact, again enters into possession of itself and is wrapt in self-contemplation. During this day all the places of business are deserted; each citizen, surrounded by his children, betakes himself to a church; there he is discoursed to in a fashion which seems little adapted to his ear. They talk to him of the innumerable evils produced by pride and covetousness. They insist on the necessity of his regulating his desires, on the refined enjoyments to be derived from virtue alone, and the true happiness which attends it. When he returns home, he is not to be seen running to his ledger. He opens the volume of Holy Writ; he finds there sublime or touching pictures of the grandeur and goodness of the Creator, of the boundless magnificence of the works of God, of the lofty destiny assigned to men, of their duties, and of their claims to immortality. Thus it is that from time to time the American steals away, as it were, from himself, and that, tearing himself for an instant from the petty passions which agitate his life and the fleeting interests which fill it, he suddenly plunges into an ideal world where all is grand, pure, and eternal."

---

* Dante, Inferno, canto iii. v. 34-39.

This edifying and in some respects sublime spectacle, which every well-informed person will at once recognize to be a reflection of the time-honoured usages of religious England, continues to be the same at this hour as it was when M. de Tocqueville saw and described it with such manifest satisfaction. "After this, what signify the Mormons?" as the witty and much-regretted M. Rigault said, when commenting on the *Promenades en Amérique* of M. Ampère. "What country is without its Mormons? Have we not our own, clandestine and cryptogamous indeed, but just as much Mormons as those of the Far-West?"

Rome, May, 1859.

[illegible]

[illegible]

BOOK THE FIRST.

NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY FROM CALIFORNIA TO UTAH.

CHAPTER I.

ROUTE FROM SACRAMENTO TO CARSON VALLEY.

DEPARTURE FROM SACRAMENTO.—BANKS OF THE AMERICAN RIVER.—CALIFORNIAN MANNERS.—MINES.—FÊTE AMONG FRENCH MINERS.—PLACERVILLE.—THE SIERRA NEVADA.—A BLOOD-STAINED DWELLING.—A GRIZZLY BEAR.—A FOREST ON FIRE.—A MORMON COLONY.—HOT SPRINGS.—A FAMILY OF ANIMALS.

MR. BRENCHLEY and myself quitted San Francisco the 18th of July, 1855, to complete at Sacramento our preparations for the expedition we had resolved to make into the Mormon territory. Instead of the two days we had originally considered sufficient for that purpose, we lost ten from the extreme difficulty of obtaining the beasts of burden we required for the transport of our provisions, ammunition, instruments, and implements necessary for the researches we had in view.

It may not perhaps be unnecessary to state, that the price of mules, of horses, and many articles, though less than at the commencement of the rush to California, was so great that, although we had provided a liberal fund to meet expenses, it was exhausted long before we had purchased many things indispensable for our expedition;* so that we were compelled to have recourse to the kindness of two bankers of San Francisco, M. Touchard and M. Ritter, who hastened, with a generosity we shall never forget, to advance us considerable sums.

From the outset we had resolved to take no servants, the experience of our former expeditions having shown them to be useless, cumbersome, and even occasionally a dangerous luxury. However, a young native of Havre, named George, the luckless captain of a merchant vessel which had foundered in the Pacific, begged of us to take him into our service, merely asking his food in return for his services. Moved by his entreaties and his miserable condition, reflecting moreover that a man of education and accustomed to fatigue would not be the same trouble as a hired servant, we yielded, and consented to engage him to look after our animals and to cook. This fresh arrangement delayed us two days longer, for the purpose of procuring another saddle-mule.

---

* To give an idea of our expenses, under the circumstances in which California and particularly Utah were then situated, it will suffice to state that the five months' journey to Utah and back cost us more than £1,600.

We did not leave Sacramento till the 30th of July, at noon. The season was too far advanced to undertake such a journey with the intention of returning before the winter, but, misinformed by some of the inhabitants, we calculated that we should have sufficient time to get back to California by the beginning of October. The result will show how far we were out in our reckoning.

To avoid attracting the attention of evil-doers, we had adopted a costume suited to make us pass for miners seeking new placers. Broad-brimmed felt hats, flannel shirts, buck-skin trousers, and American boots formed our accoutrements. No one suspected the nature of our enterprise, and had it not been for our numerous pack-mules, we should certainly have passed for a very poor lot.

We knew that the Indians, full of resentment against the Americans, had declared war against the pale-faces. Our friends in San Francisco had even sought to dissuade us from undertaking the journey, making the most sinister predictions, and supporting them by numerous facts. Although we did not blind ourselves to the dangers we should have to encounter, we persisted in our project, not however without providing ourselves with the means of defence. We took with us two excellent double-barrelled guns by Lepage, a double-barrelled rifle, and five six-shot revolvers. Thus armed we felt ourselves in a condition to face an enemy far superior in number. Moreover we relied upon that lucky star which had so often befriended both Mr. Brenchley and myself during five years' previous travel. Mr. Brenchley moreover had acquired great experience of Indian countries in the course of the successful journey he had made in 1850, from the banks of the Mississippi to Oregon.* We expected to benefit largely by that experience, and we relied more upon that even than upon our weapons. Thus we started, if not without anxiety, at least without fear, and with reasonably well founded prospects of success.

On quitting Sacramento we followed a broad good road, covered however with a layer of dust six inches in depth, which the hoofs of our mules drove up in thick clouds most painful to our eyes. The American river ran on our left. In the vast plain which extends to the foot of the Sierra Nevada, all was arid and covered with a coating of fine sand. We perceived here and there only a few parched-up plants, the *Centaurea solstitialis*, an *Erigeron*, two stunted composites with yellow flowers, a hispid boragewort, another smooth one, a clovewort deprived of its leaves, a spurgewort covered with stiff whitish hair, and a great *Rumex*.

We had barely gone a couple of leagues before several of our mules began to give us incessant trouble. One started from the rank and galloped across the plain, compelling us to take a long run to recover it. Another luxuriously rolled over in the dust without the slightest respect for its cargo. A third broke down under its burden, and seemed unable to recover its feet. This mule, the oldest of the lot, served us several times in the same manner. To get her on her feet again we had to lift her up by the head and tail at the same time. These accidents, common enough at the outset of a journey, not only fatigued us, but greatly hindered our march, in having to repair broken harness, and replacing our saddle-packs. Yet these frequent incidents did not prevent our taking note of the aspect of the country we were traversing. The scattered oaks appeared like large apple-trees. Presently we came to a more wooded country. The trees were covered with long *Usnea* and with a broad-leaved *Viscum*. The road became less dusty as we approached the banks of the river, which we followed as far as American Fork, where we arrived at six P.M. There our old mule came down once more, and this time there was no getting her up; she was evidently over-weighted, and we resolved to procure another to divide the burden with her.

---

* See Note I. at the end of the work.

Only those who have made expeditions such as ours will understand how annoyed, not to say discouraged, we were with these difficulties, and how the unpleasant warnings which had accompanied our departure began to present themselves to our minds. Fortunately an affectionate letter we had received but had not had time to read in the morning cheered us up. It was a letter from Captain Souville, one of the best of men, who, as he passed through San Francisco with Admiral Fourichon, on their return from the distant campaign of Petropolowski, sent us his good wishes and the Admiral's also. This letter was all the more welcome, since it was the first time we had met with any one favourable to our expedition. At nine the same night Mr. Brenchley set off in good heart for Sacramento to buy a mule, and with the intention to rejoin me as soon as possible. We had halted at an inn of very good appearance. The landlord was absent, and his daughter, a charming girl of eighteen, did the honours of the house very agreeably. The man who kept the bar bore the title of "doctor," a title which in the United States may belong to a retail dealer as well as to a medical practitioner. In the evening our hostess sang to us, accompanying herself on the pianoforte. I began to fancy myself in well-bred company, and the illusion would have been lasting had I not witnessed the next morning, at the table-d'hôte breakfast, a scene worth relating here as a specimen of American manners.

A Yankee guest, in taking his seat at table, had deposited his hat on the dining-room floor. Our hostess of the beautiful eyes with a kick sent the hat flying to the other end of the room; whereupon the proprietor of the innocent tile, in appearance a gentleman, replied to the politeness of the frolicsome young lady by kicking her. The game seemed over, after the combatants were seated side by side at table. But the Yankee gentleman's vengeance was not so easily satisfied; it was now his turn to assume the aggressive. Seizing a piece of fruit pie, he threw it on her plate of roast beef, when with her own fair hand she hurled it back upon the plate of the enemy. The harmless projectile, to the great amazement of the company, splashed floods of gravy over the trousers of the gallant knight, while the whole table, not excepting the victim, were in roars of laughter at these refined jokes.

To complete the picture of manners, I may be allowed to add, that at the same table a sumptuously dressed man was making a handkerchief of his fingers: either he had forgotten to put one in his pocket, or from excess of cleanliness thought it too elegant an article of luxury for so vile a service. In presence of such facts, one is sometimes tempted to say of the Americans (so estimable in other respects) what Napoleon said of the Emperor Alexander, "Scratch a Russian and you'll find a Tartar."

Awaiting the return of Mr. Brenchley, I wandered in the woods and by the banks of the river, where a simple plant, a poppy, delighted me more than all the rest of the flowers, for it reminded me of home, and because I had not seen one for six years. The Yedra (*Rhus Toxicodendron*) abounds in these districts as throughout Upper California. Miners dread this shrub like the plague, from the painful inflammation it causes in certain parts of the body. This property of the Yedra does not appear to affect every one. I have frequently crushed the leaves in my hands without the slightest inconvenience. I have also seen cows repeatedly feeding on the young shoots. A small species of *Eriogonum*, with the stem and leaves apparently parched up, was only just bursting into flower. A large *Usnea* used in making mattresses in the United States, covered the branches of the trees, and especially those of the oaks and the alders, with its long threads.

At the inn we were taken for Hawaiians who had made a little money in mining and had invested their profits in the purchase of mules and provisions to go and try their luck in some undiscovered placer. This supposition appears to have been thus founded. Mr. Brenchley and myself had been overheard speaking in the Hawaiian tongue, and its strange sounds had excited so much curiosity that we had been asked in what language we were speaking. When they were told it was that of the Sandwich Islands, they took it for our mother tongue, especially as my comrade and I made use of it habitually. We took care not to repudiate the nationality, which was precisely what we wanted, inasmuch as it implied in us no other riches than our animals.

Singularly enough, a fellow-countryman of mine shared the delusion. About dusk a Frenchman of the name of Vaillant arrived at the inn. He was a sort of misanthropist, not without a certain degree of information, who, believing and declaring himself to be the victim of the jealousy of his fellow-creatures, had carried out to the letter the project assigned to Alceste by Molière, and had fled to the desert to evade the perversity of man.

To believe his story, he had been the Governor of the Élysée National, Governor of the Society Islands, and entrusted by the Minister of the Interior with a mission to New Zealand. He had besides invented an inflammable projectile, by which he could have reduced Sebastopol in a few hours. Moreover he pretended to the honour of the gold-discoveries in Australia. Whatever the nature of these and other claims, M. Vaillant was unsuccessful in Californian mining; but he led the life of a philosopher, and its burden was relieved by a conscious superiority over his neighbours in the placer. We passed some amusing hours together, he in recounting his illusions, I in listening, and laughing a little, I must confess, at his mistaking me for an Hawaiian brought up in France.

Mr. Brenchley rejoined me on the 1st of August, at three in the morning, with the new mule he had bought. We occupied ourselves in making ready for a start, and at nine we were off once more, in the best of tempers. It was the same dusty road and the same arid plain, but vegetation was less rare than nearer Sacramento. The plain was covered with a pale rose-coloured *Eriogonum*, and with another species of the same genus, only larger, and in appearance like a *Statice*, about five or six feet in height. The open woods through which we passed at intervals, reminded us of the orchards at home, and sometimes of our English parks. These woods consisted principally of oak. Nimble squirrels full of frolic were taking their pastime upon the trunks of the trees and frequently curvetted across our path with tails turned up trumpetwise.

Beyond Monte Christo, a tavern about nine miles from our starting-point, are mines now almost deserted. They were the first we had fallen in with on our road. These mines consist of excavations in the bed of a little rivulet. Enormous heaps of earth are thrown up, and undergo a washing to extract the particles of gold which they contain.

As soon as you leave these mines the aspect of the country changes. The ground becomes more undulating, and the landscape more varied and picturesque. Different species of conifers are met with; on one of the large resinous species a pretty little *Viscum* grows, which from a distance might be taken for the male blossom of the tree.

We were soon at Texas-Hill, a post farm, located in the midst of the woods, and near which M. Vaillant resided.

We had intended to give our animals two hours' rest, and then to pursue our journey till evening; but when my countryman was informed of our arrival, he hastened to invite us to spend the day with him, for his misanthropy was evidently subject to sociable fits. We could not resist his pressing solicitations, and those of M. Marius and M. Armand, two other Frenchmen who resided with him. Leaving our animals and baggage in charge of the post-master, we started on foot for Vaillantville, a small hut about a mile from our halting-place. M. Marius and his wife had resided in Tahiti seven years before, and were delighted to fraternize with Oceanians who knew that beautiful island and spoke the language. We were received with an ovation, and while the banquet was getting ready, we went to visit M. Vaillant's mine. The shade and the humid soil through which our road lay, had preserved many plants in flower. Among others, beautiful sweet-scented Labiates, some *Eschscholtzia*, a superb pink-flowered gentian, some *Mimulus*, and other Linariads.

Having reached the auriferous ground which M. Vaillant proposed to work as soon as he had capital enough, we observed deposits of shingle to a great depth, and spread over a considerable space. The surface of these alluvial strata, produced by the American river, which has frequently shifted its bed, has already been turned up, but not a hundredth part of the gold-dust extracted. It is now proved beyond a doubt, that gold exists in all the alluvial deposits of California. This fact is easily explained. Gold in its normal stratum is found in the quartz rock which abounds in the Sierra Nevada mountains. These rocks, displaced, swept away, and worn by the constant action of water, break and split into fragments, which, as they crumble, loosen and set free their veins of gold. Hence the golden spangles in the river-beds. Hence also the double method of collecting gold, either from the alluvial deposits or from the quartz rocks, which must be crushed by powerful machinery. It is obvious enough, from the way the gold lies, that future adventurers will apply themselves to the quartz. The alluvial deposits will be abandoned, as requiring too much labour, and mills will be erected for crushing the auriferous rock.

As we were walking over the shingle, we came upon a small Indian encampment, composed of huts formed of willow branches stuck into the ground, and affording imperfect shelter from the rays of the sun. These Indians, who belong to the tribe called Diggers by the Californians, were busy cooking. They are a silent race, the women especially, who besides are hideous and far from clean. The food they were preparing consisted of elderberries, and of very small flat fish salted and dried. We saw an infant so thoroughly swaddled in turf that it could stir neither hand nor foot. One of these savages spoke a little English. He showed us, with a sort of pride, a bottle of villainous brandy, a liquor which all savages are too eager for, to admit of their being easily civilized. The arrows of these Indians are adorned with feathers and tipped with a sharp-edged flint. They use these weapons to kill the hares which abound in the neighbourhood. The Diggers have a large slit in their ears, through which they pass a stick decorated with porcelain beads or crockery of all colours. This ornament gives a singular expression to the countenance. Among the aliments of these savages I observed a paste of meal, seeds of conifers, and different sorts of not over-relishing fruits.

We did not leave the mine-country without washing a few pans of earth, from which we obtained a small quantity of gold-dust.

At nightfall we returned to Vaillantville, to partake of the feast prepared for us. Some French miners and a Portuguese neighbour spent the evening with us, and we kept it up till hard on midnight, with a round of toasts, and a complete repertory of the songs of Béranger, which M. Armand, an ex-medical student, appeared to have by heart.

Early next morning we had taken leave of our kind hosts, and our mules were already loaded, when M. Vaillant came to inform us that our presence had attracted visitors, and even ladies, from ten miles round, and that we should be cruel indeed to refuse the fête to which we were invited that day. We consented to accept the breakfast only, and we left our animals still loaded, and ready to be off immediately after. But the repast was so gay, the company so charming, that we were induced to devote the rest of the day to pleasure, lulling our consciences with the excuse that a little rest and good pasturage would do no harm to our animals at the outset of our long pilgrimage. An American fiddle scraped away at a lot of superannuated polkas, and one and all danced and sang. We could only steal a moment's respite to look after our animals, and Mr. Brenchley seized the opportunity to get a cartload of green cats at a mile from the house, and brought it back in triumph. Who will say after this that we were not first-rate miners? Dancing began again. New visitors dropped in, Americans, Swiss, and French. One of them, a true-born Parisian, gravely informed us that he was a descendant of La Vallière; that he had a son, an infant prodigy; and that he was accumulating money marvellously at the mines. Four French ladies, very respectable for Californians, exerted all their charms to make the two Hawaiians forget that one does not reach the Salt Lake the sooner for dancing at the mines. They were for a while successful, and it was not before two in the morning that the silence of the fiddle warned us to retire. M. Vaillant, who slept at my side, had, since our acquaintance, taken such a fancy to our islands, that he talked of making the Hawaiian government a present of his fulminating projectile, which would, on his showing, enable that country to defend itself against an enemy ten times as strong.

The morning of the 3rd of August caught us suffering from the fatigues of the last night's revels. We thought of making an early start, but there was so much leave-taking that breakfast-time came and we were not yet ready. We had formed many friendships in the country, and instead of the indifference we had a right to expect, we had met with hearty welcomes which we shall not easily forget.

At length, at half past three, we were ready to take the saddle, not without casting many a lingering, saddened look at that humble hut which we could not hope to see again, but which we did see once more the following spring, when we were happy to be able to tell our amiable fellow-countrymen how they had mistaken our country.

M. Vaillant accompanied us as far as the road; and when we parted, his eyes filled with tears. He thought, as we did, that it was sad to separate from congenial souls without a hope of ever meeting more. This man, whom, to all appearance, political opinions, and perhaps private embarrassments, had driven from France, bore, under an assumed misanthropy, a sterling heart that was sufficient to make more than amends for all his whims and oddities.

Our course lay over hills thick with dust. The same species of *Eriogonum* as those we had already met with, covered considerable tracts. We passed through some miry marsh land before we reached Mormon Island, a tolerably populous village, situated in the midst of a deep basin, with a fine iron bridge thrown across the valley from hill to hill. The place owes its name to a Mormon colony which established itself there after the discovery of a gold-mine. We made but a brief halt here, to give our animals the chance of refreshing their dusty mouths at the village wells. The darkness of night had overtaken us when we set out for Green Valley, where we arrived at nine o'clock, having made a march of fourteen miles.

Trusting to appearances, we put up at an hotel in Green Valley, where the servants left us to do their work, without even troubling themselves to show us the stables, so absorbed were they by the description that one of them was giving of an entertainment coming off next day. We were reduced to fastening our mules round a hay-rick. They served us up a dinner too detestable to touch. Our bedroom was a loft, with eight beds, all too narrow and too short, making us regret we had not camped out beneath the stars. There are but two ways of sleeping well, the one in a good clean bed, the other on the greensward. That evening deserved to be marked with a black stone. George confessed to me that he had two days before lost a pipe I had lent him, a Lama-wood pipe, made for me at Hawaii, a pipe endeared by a thousand recollections, a pipe that a king and a queen had carried to their august lips. What annoyed me most in the loss of this relic was, that George had not told me as soon as he missed it, as though he had determined to deprive me of all chance of its recovery. But no traveller is inconsolable, and is soon diverted from dwelling on these small mishaps.

The 4th of August we were on the road by half-past six, —the same choking dust everywhere as before. The ground was undulating, and we climbed a few small hills. In the surrounding valley and mountains were pyramidal pines, lending an Alpine aspect to the landscape. The rivulets, fringed with chestnut-trees, flowed in a yellow stream which announced the miners were at work. Towards midday the heat became stifling. A succession of small valleys led to Placerville, where we arrived at one.

Placerville is a tolerably important and very populous town, in the depths of a valley commanded by pine-crested eminences. The streets are winding, irregular, and cut up here and there by the excavations of the miners. This place is more commonly known among the inhabitants by the name of Hangtown, in commemoration of two Frenchmen* who were hanged there for their crimes. In the principal street a brisk trade is carried on. The population may be estimated at 3000. There is no public building worth notice, but there are many good private houses constructed of brick and stone. There is a daily American paper published here: most of the drinking-stores are kept by Frenchmen.

All our cattle suffering from lampass, we resolved to pass the rest of the day at Placerville to lance them, an operation we always preferred to cautery.

Next morning we were up betimes, but there was no starting before half-past ten. The heat was intense. An Irishman of the name of Murdoch, a farmer in the neighbourhood of Marysville, joined us as we rode along. He informed us that he was going to meet his brother, who was then making his way across the plains with a drove of cattle from the States. Murdoch, fearing he would run short of flour before he got to California, was taking him six horseloads. So we jogged on together. We began to climb the first steeps of the Sierra Nevada.

We traversed vast forests, for the most part of pine, fir, and oak. I measured a fir-tree on the roadside twenty-six feet in circumference. At every step we were struck with admiration of the fine tall trees with their straight columnar trunks. A *Rubus*, with its delicately carved leaves resembling those of the tansy, emitting a strong odour of musk, made a dense little forest of their own under the dome of the lofty trees. Another species of *Rubus*, with large angular leaves, proudly spread around its broad rose-tinted corollas. Among the various Onagrads which stocked both sides of the road, the most plentiful was a slender *Gayophytum*, resembling its namesake of Chili. Some *Monotropa* and small common Orchids pressed through the carpet of dead leaves that covered the earth. The *Symphoricarpus* here and there forms little thickets; and the blue *Polygala* is also to be met with.

---

* See Note II. at the end of the work.

Pursuing our way under these shady forests, surrounded by vegetation little varied but luxuriant, at six in the evening we arrived at the fork of the Carson Valley road. A miserable tavern, well supplied with water, brought us to a halt; but the filth of the hovel, and the unprepossessing appearance of the host, induced us to do our own cooking, and to sleep on the roadside, with our arms by us.

On the morrow we rose at four o'clock. Although the thermometer stood at 14° centigrade, we were nearly benumbed with cold; the change from the equable heat of the tropics was but too keenly sensible. It is a singular fact, that the habit of living in an almost even temperature makes you feel the cold even when the thermometer has fallen but a few degrees. At night, on the river Guayas, we were literally shivering at 18 degrees centigrade, accustomed as we were to a constant heat of 28 degrees day and night. While our cattle were taking a feed of grass, I examined the vegetation of the neighbourhood, and gathered an *Arum*, an orchid, and a *Polygonatum*.

At a quarter past eight we were off. Tired of leading our mules in a file, we left them at liberty, in the hope that they would follow our horses. At first they gave us some trouble, rushing into the underwood and down a ravine in search of water; presently, however, they became more quiet, and we had them perfectly at command. At half-past nine we reached the bottom of a deep and narrow alpine valley, traversed by the American river, which, at half-past nine, we crossed over on a wooden bridge. These limpid murmuring waters, hemmed in by heaps of rocks, and mirroring the trees and climbing plants, made us regret we had not pushed on the night before as far as the cabin of the toll-taker of the bridge. This man, a carpenter and a photographic artist, seemed to enjoy true happiness in that secluded spot, where he lived with his young and amiable wife. A creeper penetrated into the house through the crevices of the plank walls, and covered the room with its fresh and cheerful verdure. The infant child of this happy pair hid its little face in its mother's bosom in terror at our beards. There was something so touching in the contemplation of this family group in such a spot, that we could hardly tear ourselves away. Nature, by a fine setting, lends a potent charm to a moral picture. Hence is it, that the expression of a human face which interests us is all the more engaging when brought into relief by these two circumstances, isolation and the beauty of the surrounding scenery.

The heat became overpowering as we climbed the steep path on which a blue-flowered lupin grew in abundance. In the afternoon, in the thick of the forest, we crossed a small marsh, which had on us the effect of an oasis. *Veratrum*, *Rudbeckia*, and *Ranunculus* peered above the sward of this swampy meadow. A little further on, under the lofty firs, we came upon a streamlet bursting from a rock, and there we pitched our camp. Our meal of ham and rice was soon cooked over a splendid fire. Stretched at our ease on a carpet of moss, and rather fatigued, these overhanging woods gave us the feeling of being under the roof of a sumptuous palace. Around us were some *Monotropa*, *Pyrola*, *Asarum*, *Paris*, orange-tinted lilies, and *Ribes* of different species. At nightfall we made our beds at the foot of some firs. Our cattle, tethered along the brink of the stream, were eagerly browsing away the hours of rest.

We were afoot at four A.M. It took us till nine to load our mules. All day we were up and down pretty steep ascents and declivities. Water was not so scarce as on the previous days. Every now and then we met with small streams, in which we were glad enough to quench our thirst. The oak and pine forest was now often diversified with the alder and the poplar. From time to time we came to glades of rich grass, bright with flowers, and, among others, with a yellow-petaled *Pinguicula.* We came across a sinister-looking group of travellers, who seemed willing enough to give us a wide berth. Who knows but that in our strange costume *we* looked suspicious enough to them? Our road soon became so steep that our pack-mules suffered much. Their loads shifted on their backs as they struggled up the steep inclines, and we had not only to readjust the packs, but often to replace them when the animals stumbled and fell. Without having experienced it, no one can form an idea of the labour and trouble of setting to rights a pack that has slipped underneath the belly of the animal, or has even canted to one side. Much time is lost, and much strength expended, to get things once more into anything like order, and you may consider yourself lucky if nothing is damaged, and the backs of the mules escape without sores. We soon discovered, at a distance which it was next to impossible to calculate, the snow-capped summits of the Sierra Nevada.

We passed close to a hut, the suspicious-looking occupants whereof told us that their usual calling was that of bear-hunters. One almost instinctively felt as if an atmosphere of crime were overhanging that gloomy lair, where not the slightest evidence of a hunter's life was to be seen. An immense granite rock, more than a thousand feet in height, rose on the opposite side of a small river, the course of which we followed. A humble roof, then unoccupied, was situated on the edge of the stream. The absent owner had surrounded it with a few flowers, and had sent adrift upon the water a lilliputian frigate and two miniature canoes, which he had evidently cut, with his own hands, out of the wood of the forest. He was, no doubt, a sailor who had been tempted from his ship by the yellow locks of the Siren—Gold.

We climbed some dangerous granite rocks, affording but a slippery footing to our beasts. An immense precipice, with a river at the bottom, yawned beside us to our right, along the whole line of our track across the mountain. A few years hence, when American enterprise has cut a road through these rocky steeps, the traveller will hardly imagine the dangers and fatigues he is spared. Emerging without an accident from this fearful pass, our way lay over a prairie, in which we found an emigrant family encamped.

At half-past five we halted on the banks of a little river, in which we bathed in spite of the coldness of the stream. We were instantly seized by greedy mosquitoes, which savagely phlebotomized us as we sat and wrote our diaries. Even the night failed to rid us of these intolerable companions, and the fire we kept blazing in self-defence scarcely checked the fury of their attacks. George, to whom this life of labour and endurance was new, fairly went off to sleep on the grass without cleaning his plates and dishes. Happy fellow! We could not close our eyes, but summoned hopes and recollections to our aid to beguile the lagging hours.

On the 8th of August, at 4 A.M. the thermometer stood at one degree below zero on the banks of the stream, and at six, in the woods, it was only three degrees higher. Frost lay glistening upon the grass as far as the eye could reach. This severe temperature had prevented our taking an instant's sleep under the solitary woollen coverlet which constituted our bed, and our feet were almost frozen. As we could not collect our scattered cattle before seven, I had time to search for plants. Excepting the genus *Eriogonum* and a very few others, all I gathered belonged to genera indigenous to the north of Europe, which is easily accounted for by the altitude of the region we were in. There were *Populus*, *Salix*, *Corylus*, *Alnus*, *Ribes*, *Rubus*, *Symphytum*, *Potentilla*, *Angelica*, *Heracleum*, *Epilobium*, *Viola*, *Aconitum*, *Lilium*, *Polygonatum*, *Polygonum*, *Ranunculus*, *Pinguicula*, Linariads, *Hypericum*, *Rumex*, etc. In the river were *Fontinalis*, *Jungermannia*, *Marchantia*, and *Ranunculus aquatilis*.

At half-past seven we were off. The country was at first rather flat, and there was no road. Enormous trunks of firs half-burnt strewed the ground in all directions, and hindered our march, while they pointed out the track of colonists on their way to Carson Valley. Hundreds of squirrels, sprightly and graceful in all their movements, skipped across our path and over the trunks of the fallen trees. Occasionally we came upon a broken waggon, bearing painful witness to the efforts of emigrants to carry their Penates to the mines. The snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada rose before us within easy distance. The *Epilobium spicatum* darted up its beautiful rosy blossoms all along the borders of the brooks. Huge blocks of granite rose at every step, and we were treading earth in which particles of mica shone like gold. We marched onwards till we had reached the highest point we had to scale in the Sierra, at an absolute elevation of about 9500 feet. To our left, at a considerable distance, we caught sight of the loftiest peak of the chain. Our view over the mountains and the valleys was of vast extent, and we gazed with delight down into the richly wooded depths; blocks of granite, of schist, and of quartz were scattered on all sides.

From this high point we descended a rocky declivity more than one thousand feet deep vertically. The incline was so abrupt, and the stones so loose that we were obliged to effect the descent on foot. A thick bushy *Arbutus* was springing out of the midst of the rocks, and a pretty little *Eriogonum*, with flowers of a golden hue, covered the rocks over which we had to slide. Our cattle suffered greatly in this abrupt descent; several had their heels cut through by the stones, and their feet bleeding. Our pack-mules, drenched with sweat and wasted with fatigue, had their loads slipping round their necks, and it was impossible to find a spot where we could stop for an instant to tighten their girths. At length, however, without any severe mishap, we got to the foot of the descent, and found ourselves in a level plain that formed the bottom of the valley. A rivulet fringed with poplars and willows, freshened with its winding waters the green turf of this picturesque basin. A wood cabin, of rather elegant construction and in a lovely situation, struck us by its deserted air, which contrasted strangely with its elegance. We perceived indeed on the adjoining land a few farming implements, and the remnants of waggons, but not a living soul, and all the doors and windows were wide open. We entered. Stains of blood were visible on the floor and upon a table. The furniture was in disorder, and a few kitchen utensils only remained. We felt that a crime had been committed on the spot, and remembered hearing on the road of a double assassination in the neighbourhood. This house had been inhabited by two white men, who had been murdered a few days before, but the murderers had left no clue to their discovery behind them. It was only known that these unfortunate men possessed a little saving of about three hundred dollars, and it was presumed that this had been the inducement to the crime. We learned afterwards that the murdered men had lived on the spot about two years only, and that they earned an honest livelihood by breeding cattle and by selling refreshments and forage to the emigrants. The place would have given us excellent shelter for the night, but the stain of murder was on the hearth, and we were glad to lie down under the silent stars, and out of sight of this house of blood.

It was not yet noon. The charms of this rural spot, and the suffering our cattle had undergone in the descent, determined us to prolong our halt until the morrow. We therefore took up our quarters in a fir wood, where the trees were scattered enough to enable us to see an enemy from afar: for in such a place the enemy is every one you meet, animals, Indians, even the white man. Our animals found excellent pasturage in the prairie, and we had all we wanted for firing and shelter from the cold.

The prairie gave me an abundant crop of flowers peculiar to these mountains. Although we were then in the month of August, it was at this altitude but just the beginning of spring. The small quantity of paper I had brought with me soon became insufficient to contain my collection, but I devised means to double my stock, so as to leave nothing behind. From among the most numerous and remarkable plants were the *Senecio, Neottia, Viola, Nasturtium, Fragaria, Cirsium, Trifolium, Achillea, Solidago, Gentiana, Artemisia, Aster, Sisyrinchium, Veronica, Castilleja,* and pretty spicate Linariads, etc.

While I was pursuing my researches, Mr. Brenchley was not idle. He went carefully over all our baggage and harness, shifting and mending what was defective or broken. He was too busy even to light his pipe. George alone had an easy time of it; he had fallen asleep before his fire, in the act of cooking dried apples and ham.

We had several times during the last days two come across foot-prints of bears, and we were well aware that they were plentiful in these parts. Nevertheless I could not help feeling a little uncomfortable when I saw an enormous Bruin drinking on the opposite bank of the stream as I was collecting my plants. I was quite unarmed, and not a little annoyed at the idea of losing such a noble prey. I hurried back to our camp to seize my gun and give the alarm, but by the time I got again to the river the bear had moved off. I heard him still in the thick of the wood, cracking the dead fir-branches as he went. The dense creepers prevented me from pursuing him without exposing myself unreasonably. I followed slowly in its track, and ascertained that it was a she-bear, from the prints of little feet by her side. Prudence bade me draw back, and when Mr. Brenchley came up with his fire-arms, so much time had been lost that we were obliged to give up the pursuit of this magnificent prize.

Just before nightfall five Americans, who had come from Carson Valley, encamped beside us. They had been on the trail of some marauders who had stolen ten horses from them, which they had recovered, but the thieves had got off, thanks to the rough ground. We were rather disposed to think that the three fugitives we had seen when we were breaking up our camp in the morning were the culprits. We lit a large fire and laid ourselves down on the ground, recapitulating the day's adventures.

The cold at night in this high region was too sharp for sleep. We rose at four to light a fire. While I was chopping up the rotten trunk of a fir-tree, I suddenly felt the bite of a snake in the forehead, which darted out of its hole in the hollow of a tree in which it had lain concealed. I suffered intensely, but the pain subsided as inflammation spread. Luckily it turned out that the snake, though poisonous, was not deadly.

At six in the morning the thermometer stood at 6° centigrade. The sky was blue and cloudless; but a thin line of vapour was rising from the valley, which presently disappeared. While completing our preparations for departure, three Indians dropped suddenly upon us. We had not heard the slightest sound, and as we were always on the alert, we were not a little surprised. It is, in general, characteristic of the Indians of this part of America, not only to tread noiselessly, but always to speak in an undertone, or by signs. These Indians were clad in skins, coarsely sewn, and carried bows and arrows; one of them was even armed with a clumsy old rifle, which, from its bad state of preservation, promised to be infinitely more dangerous to its owner than to an enemy. They asked us by signs for tobacco, pipes, matches, and powder. They only obtained the two former. The presence of these people just as we were on the move caused us some uneasiness. It was so easy for them to steal something without our being aware of it. However, we experienced no greater annoyance than their dissatisfaction at our presents.

We were on the march by half-past seven. At first we followed the valley, in which, to our surprise, we saw a large Conifer, with small imbricated leaves, and a small fruit like that of the juniper. We next clambered up the spur of the valley through dense woods, in which we remarked some fine *Sequoia gigantea*, but which were far from attaining the colossal dimensions of those of Murphys.* Here and there little watercourses barred our road. The *Inula Helenium* appeared through the turf wherever we came to damp and open ground.

Arrived at the summit, we travelled for some time through a flat in the heart of a forest. The deer fled before us under the tall trees, and vanished out of reach ot even a chance shot. On our left was a lake in the bosom of the mountains. From the top of this elevated plateau is to be seen the valley of Carson,—a level plain forming the lowest part of a vast basin. We skirted a fenced enclosure, where we saw a number of dead horses; but we met no one who could explain the use of it. In default of any information on the spot, we conjectured the use of those enclosures from what we had seen in the Sandwich Islands. There it is customary to fence round half an acre, more or less, according to the size of the pen required.

* See Note III. at the end of the work.

The horses, including those in use, which are turned out every night, and the cattle, feed upon the uplands; the latter are driven in about once a fortnight or more, for the purpose of branding them, etc., which can only be done piecemeal, from the difficulty of getting them out of the bush. As to the former, whenever one or more is required, it is necessary to drive in the whole herd, or those that can be found, into one of these pens, when a man with a lasso catches those that are wanted.

We had then to make a rapid descent to reach the other side of the Sierra Nevada, which terminates at this point in the Carson valley. Some person, either mischievous or mad, had set fire to the forest. The huge firs, as each was charred by the fire, toppled over with a crash, and the trunks, as they strewed the ground, smouldered away, and threw out a stifling smoke. George's mule, which he was leading by the bridle, took fright at the flames, broke her reins, and gave him a long scramble to catch her upon the slopes. Halfway down, the rapidity of the descent became difficult in the extreme. We were obliged to wind down a hill-side by a narrow sandy path, beset with a thousand dangers. Every moment the passage was intercepted by blocks of granite: fragments of this rock contained crystals as green as peridote, and appeared as heavy as iron. A small *Asplenium* peeped out at intervals from the rocks; and its presence was the more notable because ferns had been everywhere so scarce throughout our journey. Our cattle gave us no little trouble during the descent. If their loads became loose, or slipped, they took fright, and rushed madly off in places full of precipices, where we had all the trouble in the world to get at them. However, we managed it somehow without any very serious accident, and arrived at last in the valley, where along the bottom of a ravine the water trickled softly down,—gratefully welcomed, you may believe, by our parched throats. We started an antelope close by us, at the moment we were debouching upon the plain of Carson. A species of *Ephedra* struck our attention at the foot of the Sierra Nevada, which we had just left behind us.

We discovered farms and hamlets in the plain. The hay in a cattle-pen by which we passed, proved so attractive to our mules, that it took us quite a quarter of an hour to get them away. We stopped a moment to light a cigar at an American grog-shop, at the door of which were some Indians armed with bows and arrows. Thence we rode along a fine broad level road skirting a marsh filled with rushes and *Typha*. Allured by the water, our mules rushed forward to drink, but instantly drew back with scalded mouths, for it was a hot spring. At four we pitched our camp upon a level piece of ground close to the establishment formed by the Mormons in this valley. A neighbouring brook supplied us with water for cooking. Our camp was situated about five hundred paces from the principal group of Mormon dwellings, belonging to which was a saw-mill erected at the foot of the hill. We let loose our animals to get what rest and food they might before undertaking the most difficult and the longest part of our journey. We purchased bread and meat from Colonel Reese, the storekeeper of the colony. The bread, at about a shilling a pound, was very bad. A Mormon missionary whom we met told us that there exists a road, known only to the settlers, by which you may travel from Carson Valley to the Salt Lake in thirteen days, while it takes thirty-five days by the ordinary route. He also told us that the Mormon population of Utah amounted to fifty thousand, and that of Carson Valley to five hundred. While we were talking about the Salt Lake, an Indian woman, filthily clad, stood eating elderberries at the door, without apparently taking any notice of us. When we had put our notes in order, and made our meal, we stretched ourselves upon the ground beside our baggage, hoping to make amends for many a sleepless night.

We were not disappointed. We had a capital night's rest, and rose at four, thoroughly refreshed. I set out on foot, in the direction of the hot springs noticed the day before, for the purpose of ascertaining their exact temperature. To reach them I had to go about three miles from our encampment. A vast morass, apparently fed by those springs, covered that portion of the valley. There I found *Scirpus lacustris*, *Typha*, *Potentilla*, *Chenopodium*, *Amarantus*, *Trifolium*, *Rumex*, *Lemna*, and *Aster*. I remarked more particularly a leafless Crucifer, which resembled the asphodel with its spike of delicate blue flowers. I also observed a humming-bird, apparently of the same species as those in the neighbourhood of San Francisco. Great numbers of lizards and snakes were hiding among the reeds. I noted also some *Hippuris* and *Veronica.*

These remarkable springs make their appearance in the plain, issuing from the foot of a hill which forms a spur of the Sierra Nevada chain. They flow in a continuous stream for about a mile, and form several ponds of tolerable depth before dispersing in the morass. They emit steam, and exhale an odour of sulphur. They deposit on the earth around a whitish, saline, soluble incrustation, in appearance like a slight fall of snow. Some *Scirpus*, *Typha*, and a large Umbellifer, grow in the water, where it is slightly cooled by the distance from its source. The thermometer, where I first dipped it in the water, showed 64° centigrade. In a rather larger pool it indicated 53° at an equal distance from either side. A little further on the heat was at 82°; here it was impossible to keep one's hand in the water. At last I came to a boiling spring, the temperature of which was 96°, that is, the temperature of boiling water at that altitude.* What struck me most in these boiling springs, was to see *Confervæ* flourishing luxuriantly in them, as if to demonstrate that there is no condition under which vegetation will not flourish.

---

* See Note IV. at the end of the work.

At the bottom was to be seen a great quantity of paludal shells, but they appeared to me to be all dead, as if they had succumbed to the superior force of vegetable life, which here and there in the morass exhibited itself under the form of *Marsilea*, *Erigeron*, *Gnaphalium*, and *Lepidium*.

On my return to our camp I turned with admiration to the lofty hills which shut in the valley on every side. They are covered with stunted firs, which have a good effect in the distance. The immense plain which forms the valley is cultivated at the sides only, the rest being a vast prairie, with a river running through it bordered with willow-bushes. The ground is full of particles of mica, glittering like golden spangles.

Colonel Reese, the head of the Mormon colony of Carson Valley, having advised us to add a horse to our caravan, Mr. Brenchley succeeded in purchasing one, which we called Riley, of Indian breed, a very powerful but savage-looking brute. It was intended to serve my companion as a relay, in order to give his mule an occasional rest. This purchase raised the number of our animals to ten. Riley was in some respects matchless, but with all his strength he was not worth the weakest of our mules. In the desert, under the exhausting pressure of long and weary journeys, hunger and thirst, the best horse visibly falls away and breaks down; while the mule keeps up, and holds out against all these hardships. The mule is the true dromedary of the

American deserts. Riley however had at least one great merit, and that was to act as a magnet to the others, and to keep them together. When he was tethered, the mules scarcely left his side, so that we had them always at hand; but if he managed to get loose, the troop followed in his wake. This attraction of the mule to the horse is incontestable, explain it who can. Is it the voice of nature? Is it the homage of villainage to nobility? Is it by virtue of the same laws which make men courtiers?

Our mules had each a name, to which they soon answered. The mule which Mr. Brenchley usually rode we called Jack. It was black, as tall as a horse, with fine, large, limpid eyes, wonderfully full of expression. You could almost imagine that a tender human soul had transmigrated into him. It was the gentlest and most intelligent of the lot. It often begged for biscuit and rice, and even drank the remains of our tea and coffee. My mule was called Campora; it was light-brown, middle-sized, but robust; at a moderate distance it would come to my call. George's mule was christened Jane; it was strong, and free from vice. The other mules were old painstaking Kate, Peké, the proud Djémi, Flora, Dick, and Piula. Djémi was a prodigy of a mule. She was the smallest of the whole, and might have been taken for a gigantic mouse. What with her coat, her round and neatly-moulded shape, her graceful and lively paces, her fine and beautifully-formed legs, she bore, making allowance for size, a striking resemblance to that animal. But if this little pet were the strongest, she was also the most troublesome. She had all the caprices of a true coquette, and would often rid herself of her pack and take a gallop across country on her own account.

We looked on all these animals as a sort of family. We tended them as lovingly as children. Not that they were always grateful for our care; they often forgot us to run away after their special favourite, the horse.* And yet, for all their pranks and infidelity, our attachment never slackened, but grew stronger every day.

At half-past eleven, as soon as the formalities of the bargain which made Riley ours were completed, we struck our camp in the presence of some very inoffensive Paiulee Indians, who had assembled to have a look at us, and also of a few Americans, who betted openly that the Shoshonès would never let us see civilized life again.

It was under these auguries that we left the last outpost, and struck into the great desert of Utah.

---

* Among the Mexicans, a mare is preferred, when the object is to keep together or lead the mules, and a white or grey one is found to answer best. At night, if the mare is tethered, the mules, even when not secured, will never abandon her, but, if she be allowed to roam at large, they would follow her were she to go off to any distance.

CHAPTER II.

FROM CARSON VALLEY TO HAWS'S RANCH.

THE COURSE OF THE CARSON RIVER.—PAIULEE INDIANS.—SNAKES.—RAG-TOWN.—THE GREAT DESERT.—HUMBOLDT RIVER.—DISTRESS.—HUMBOLDT LAKE.—DEATH OF A MULE.—THE SHOSHONÈS.—MURDER.—ALBERT.—WAR.—WANT OF WATER.—NO MORE ROADS.—AN INDIAN FARM.—A SCHISMATIC MORMON.—MANNERS OF THE SHOSHONÈS.—A FUNERAL.—SAVAGE MUSIC.—BIRTHS.

On leaving Carson Valley we followed a road traversed by various streamlets, and leading to several newly established farms. We soon left the great valley behind, after having descended an incline that led to a plain covered with dry, arid mounds, a true vestibule of the desert. Here and there broken waggons abandoned by the emigrants indicated the roadway, and we met with poles, wheels, and planks in all directions. On all sides of us also were skeletons and hides of oxen, the gloomy relics of poor animals which, exhausted by the desert, had died almost in sight of plenty. The vegetation around us was very meagre and with but little variety. We saw nothing but an *Artemisia* and a thorny frutescent *Atriplex*, resembling those met with on many seacoasts. One felt the desert, and a desert it was indeed already. The heat parched our throats, but as yet we from time to time found sufficient water to refresh us. We arrived at a vast plain covered with dried up mugwort. Numerous hares, disturbed in their seats by the passage of our caravan, invited us to the chase. We took a shot at them as we went on, with a view to accustoming our restive mules to the smell and report of powder.

At five o'clock we encamped on the Carson River; the water was warm, and sufficiently deep to render the temptation irresistible. We were soon swimming among *Potamogeton*, putting forth abundance of linear leaves. We then washed all our sorry clothing, with the expertness of men and travellers long accustomed to that useful and necessary practice. In the dried-up bed of a marsh close to our camp grew an *Alisma*. We saw not without satisfaction numerous signs of the vicinity of bears, and kept our arms in readiness in the hope of retrieving the opportunity we had lost in the Sierra Nevada. But the bears did not show, and we were compelled to content ourselves with gathering in the mire the large limneas which grew there in myriads. We met with a singular-looking, creeping Lobeliad for the first time on the borders of this marsh, which were embellished by its blue flowers, resembling the pansy.

Our cooking in the open air was soon over, and we had dined before night quite closed in. When darkness had overspread the earth, we heard in every direction cries most wonderfully resembling the human voice. It was the cry of the cayote, a species of wolf abounding in these countries, and attracted by our presence as to a prey. These voracious brutes, together with bears, eagles, snakes, and the formidable flies, which drank the blood of our horses and mules, gave to these localities, and to our situation, a charm from its very wildness, if I may so express myself, which the prospect of actual or possible danger only tended to enhance. We spread our blankets on the ground, under the shelter of the little willows, and lay down with the carelessness of Indians, smoking our pipes, and waiting for slumber to refresh our wearied limbs. If tobacco, that modern luxury, the advantages whereof are often disputed, can at any time be considered a blessing, it is after days of arduous and incessant labour, when nature requires, in the absence of reality, sweet and pleasant dreams to lull the intensity of present weariness, or the presentiment of approaching trial; and this the narcotic vapour miraculously effects, like the enchanted perfumes of our story-books which accomplished such magical results. The ancients, who made a god of sleep, would inevitably have deified tobacco had they known it, and would doubtless have bestowed on the new divinity passions to account for its always being so beneficent to travellers, while it is so often obnoxious to society. It would be superfluous to enlarge upon the subject. I have said sufficient to explain why it is I have several times referred to my pipe during the course of my narrative. Finding consolation and pleasure in smoking, why should we not point out this source of real enjoyment to those who desire to follow us in the desert? If a serious apology be ever made for tobacco, it will doubtless flow from the pen of a traveller. Let us leave this digression, to continue our journey.

The 11th of August we did not rise till five, so deep and refreshing was our sleep. The night had been magnificently starlight, and the milky-way was revealed in all its beauty. The morning was sufficiently cool to rid us of the mosquitoes which tormented us during the discordant concerts of the cayotes. At half-past six in the morning the thermometer stood at 13°. While we were at breakfast an Indian, accompanied by a dog, armed with a gun, and carrying a fish-spear, came upon us so stealthily, that we were unaware of his approach until he was actually leaning against our baggage.

At half-past seven, as we were leaving, we took three shots at some ducks, which immediately vanished in the marsh, without our being able to ascertain whether we had shot any. For some time we followed the downward course of the stream, until we again struck upon the track of the emigrants, indicated by dead cattle. We saw a cayote at a distance out of gunshot. We had gone several miles when we arrived at a hut, by the riverside, in which Dr. Winter, the son of a French father and a Dutch mother, dwelt. This man, who only spoke German and a little English, told us he had settled there on account of his health, after having broken his leg. He carried on a small trade with the Indians. An Indian friend of his daily caught some ten pounds of trout for him in the Carson. Dr. Winter was exceedingly polite to us; he even offered us a glass of port, doubtless to induce us to forget that we had paid him about fifteen pence a pound for rice; rather a high figure certainly, but which it would be perhaps unjust to call exorbitant. After half an hour's halt in this place, we rejoined our caravan, which had continued on the march. Our road was rough and stony, and overgrown with bushes of *Artemisia* and *Atriplex*. From time to time we met with conifers without fruit, which appeared to belong to the genus *Juniperus*. Black eagles soared above us. We frequently started hares, and saw very small mammifers running along the ground, marked longitudinally with dun and white stripes, and which in form and agility resembled dwarf squirrels. That day we met with two parties of emigrants who had quitted the Mississippi on the 1st of May. Their cattle were in a pitiable condition; some of them could hardly crawl after the convoy, and seemed on the point of drawing their last breath. In all directions the carcases of oxen strewed the ground; many still retained their hides, which were pierced with round holes, through which the cayotes had entered to devour the entrails. These putrid relics frightened our mules; mine in particular shied at them, and I was constantly in danger of being thrown by its sudden starts.

We frequently came upon the Carson River, its course being exceedingly tortuous, with steep banks on the side we were going. The alluvial ground on which we rode was almost barren and akin to the desert. There were no shrubs, except on the river-banks, and those merely stunted willows and poplars. This distressing sterility was at first oppressive from its strong contrast with the varied vegetation we had met with in the Sierra Nevada. Fortunately, as a compensation, the sky was always clear, and the atmosphere so light, it was delicious to inhale it. Our horizon to the right and left was bounded by low, arid mountains, which compensated for their nakedness by their outlines, ever varying as we proceeded.

We made a short halt at a mean habitation, composed of logs laid horizontally on each other, and the interstices filled up with mud cement. Log-house is the name given to this kind of dwelling in America. We afterwards continued to follow the course of the stream, in which, from time to time, we allayed our thirst during the great heat of the day. We met a small caravan of four waggons proceeding to California. Several negroes and a negress formed part of the convoy. In the rear of the caravan a Frenchman was stopping beside a dying bullock: we exchanged a few words with our fellow-countryman, who could not make up his mind to leave the poor beast to its fate. He told us he was from Franche-Comté, and was going to try his luck at the mines. He informed us that his party had been attacked by some hundred Indians in the neighbourhood of the Salt Lake. The Indians had fired upon them from a considerable distance, but had drawn off on seeing the bold front of the emigrants, after having received a well-directed fire. They had had two horses stolen by some savages, who pretended to be friendly; he also added, that the loss of a portion of their draft-oxen had compelled them to leave several of their waggons by the way.

During the remainder of our march we continued to follow the course of the river. At one of its bends we saw a hut, apparently uninhabited. At half-past three we made a halt, encamping under a large poplar. The ground was dry in spite of its vicinity to the stream. The vegetation consisted merely of blue sow-thistles, yellow *Œnothera*, *Equisetum*, *Marsilea* in fruit, *Atriplex*, *Chenopodium*, *Polygonatum*, willow-bushes, a sweet-scented yellow branchy composite, and an *Artemisia*. Feeling rather fatigued, we threw ourselves upon the sand to get our dinner, as soon as we had made our arrangements for camping. Three ragged Indians, armed with arrows, one even possessing a gun, came and squatted near us. Their tribe was a branch of the Paiulee, and spoke a dialect the name of which we were unable to ascertain. The following are a few words of this idiom, as far as I could catch them :*—

Soko,	horse.	*Chuiep*,	nose.
Pacha,	book.	*Tutu*,	hand.
Tusi,	knife.	*Och*,	hat.
Paloat,	gun.	*Opele*,	water.
Etmokapou,	percussion-cap.	*Uikes*,	trousers.
Taiuch,	hair.	*Melio*,	belt.
Tiak,	teeth.	*Atago*,	no.
Uike,	eyes.	*Ape*,	yes.
Anga,	mouth.		

One of these savages told us, partly by signs and partly in English, that he had seen us at Sacramento. If this were true, it must be confessed he was not a bad walker. This visit bored us greatly: they wanted us to sell them percussion-caps and a blanket, showing, to tempt us, a ten-dollar piece; but force alone would have induced us to part with either, and we refused. At last they went away, after pestering us with their importunities.

At dusk, while we were cutting some grass to make our couch somewhat softer, our animals entirely disappeared, either having been driven off by Indians, or having wandered back on their own account, in search of the more luxuriant pasturage of Carson Valley. While George and Mr. Brenchley went in pursuit, in spite of the duskiness, I lit a fire as a rallying-point, at the same time keeping a good look-out on our baggage for fear of Indian thieves and cayotes. The frogs deafened us with their croaking, as if

---

* The *u* is pronounced as in Italian.

they had held their peace for a week, and were trying to make up for lost time. In a couple of hours my companions returned to camp without having fallen upon the tracks of our animals, the obscurity rendering all further search impossible.

About five next morning, after a good night's rest under our poplar-tree, my companions started in search of the animals, and found them about ten miles from camp in a spot better supplied with pasturage. I discovered on rising that a snake had slept under my head. I killed it with a stick, and recovered somewhat from the fright it gave me on discovering that the reptile was toothless. I made ready some chocolate and rice for breakfast, and at ten, our cattle having got back, we resumed our journey.

We followed the banks of the river, the heat being overpowering, yet at half past two in the shade it did not exceed 33°. A yellow-flowered *Cleome*, a very large blue Crucifer, a smaller yellow one, a ligneous thorny *Chenopodium*, a *Salicornia*, a species of *Ephedra*, a white *Malva*, a *Mesembryanthemum* with small red flowers, a yellow *Portulaca*, were the plants we observed in the salt lands. On the banks of the river we only met with the willow, the poplar, the *Typha*, and the *Scirpus lacustris*. The stony hills at the foot of which we passed were composed of rock, and had the appearance of being of volcanic formation. The ground we trod was covered with a whitish efflorescence, overrun with large lizards, and with others much smaller in size, of an earthy colour, with flat bodies and thorny tails. Eagles and birds resembling our magpie flew on all sides.

To avoid harassing our animals, which had taken so useless a run the previous night, and finding them apparently knocked up by the mid-day heat, we resolved not to make a long stage, and stopped at half past one camping in a meadow by the river-side. This early halt gave us time to put our affairs in order, to write our notes, to attend to our collections, and even to shoot and fish. Our herborizing was soon over; there was nothing but a *Mentha*, a blue *Sonchus*, and a few Grasses. I took some very small fish with the fly. A snake marked with long yellow lines seemed to delight in the water; locusts in myriads devoured the leaves of the willows, and the mosquitoes buzzed about us most unpleasantly. While washing our clothing we saw a hare running on the other side of the river, with enormously long ears and lank body. We were asleep on the grass by nightfall.

The 13th of August, we were afoot by half past four; beautiful clouds gracefully bordered the horizon, and charmed our eyes deliciously, but soon disappeared, as if in file behind the mountains. Already we began to feel the heat, and hurriedly prepared our rice for breakfast, to get an early start. We were quite ready and our animals loaded, when one of our horses, which was attached to an old trunk of a fallen tree, took fright—why we could not imagine—and bolted, trailing the tree after him. He crossed the river, and thus managed to get to the top of a tolerably steep mountain. This incident greatly delayed us, and we could not start before a quarter to ten.

We left the banks of the river to strike to the north; the plain we crossed appeared alluvial; it had probably been the bottom of a lake; and even in our time, in winter, it was inundated in some places. The earth was white, sandy, and trying to the eyes. A red mallow-wort and a kind of bushy, thorny *Dalea* with rose-coloured flowers, were the only plants we met with. On all sides were to be seen bare hills. After a hasty march of three hours and a half we struck a new bend of the river, where we decided to camp, fearing the distance would be too great before we should meet with another spot offering pasturage and water. This mode of travelling, however slow it may appear, is nevertheless the most prudent and safe, but it is also the most tedious, for you must make up your mind to an indefinite stay in a not over-attractive locality, in order to ensure the best opportunities of keeping in good condition the animals which are to the pilgrim of the desert what his ship is to the mariner.

Our camp under the willows was one of the most agreeable we had yet met with. The river was deep at the bend, and rather extensive prairies bordered it on either side. The water looked inviting enough, and we were soon swimming in it, in spite of the presence of numerous snakes, which were bathing with their heads above water, their gracefully undulating bodies distinctly visible. It was really a pleasure to watch the pretty swimming movements of the snakes, and in our admiration we quite lost that feeling of horror these reptiles generally cause. While George, who was already much fatigued with the journey from Carson Valley, languidly got our dinner ready, we herborized and did our washing.

George, who had laid himself down a few minutes before us, was just dropping asleep on a heap of branches, when all at once feeling something cold on his right arm, he instinctively moved his left hand and found it was a snake, which was coiling itself there. The flurry caused by this event had not quite subsided, when Mr. Brenchley, who had laid himself upon a bed he had made of leaves, felt in his turn a snake under his feet. He gave it a smart kick, and the unfortunate reptile falling upon me, I killed it by dashing it against a tree. Our turmoil soon gave way to merriment, and we dropped off to sleep very calmly, in spite of our venomous bedfellows.

We rose at half past four next morning, after a sleep which, satisfactory as it had been, had not prevented our hearing throughout the night the howls of the cayotes. On folding up our blankets, we found several snakes, evidently of exceedingly pacific intentions, if one might judge from the slowness with which they moved off. Early in the morning I pursued several cayotes, but though they are far from possessing the swiftness of the hare, I could not get within shot of them. These animals, which we then got a good sight of for the first time, resemble more the fox and wolf than anything else; it is the *Vulpes macrurus* of zoologists. We did not start till five minutes past ten, on account of meeting once more with Murdoch, who was by no means in so great a hurry as ourselves, and whose animals (all horses) were already greatly exhausted from insufficiency of food. We met some emigrants who had come from Ohio; they had followed a track along which they had seen no Indians. The ground we were treading was very broken. We found on it a kind of molten lava, which was exceedingly curious, from the strange shapes it assumed. We soon arrived at a solitary hut, called "Perrin's station." We staid there for a moment to take a glass of detestable port, and once more started on our rocky road. The dust was occasionally thick, and when the wind rose it greatly inconvenienced us. Mr. Brenchley, who had been unlucky enough to break his pipe-stem during his sleep, amused himself by the way in cutting out a new one from the tip of a bullock's horn; he succeeded most artistically after two hours' patient labour. We soon found the ground again covered with a whitish efflorescence; and, at one o'clock, we crossed the river to make a halt on the opposite side in grass affording excellent feed for our animals. Murdoch, who accompanied us, endeavoured to persuade us to remain the night there; but the pasturage was soon thoroughly cleared off by our hungry mules, and we considered the halt had sufficiently refreshed them to enable them to push on somewhat further. At twenty-five minutes past five we left Murdoch, and re-crossed the river, hoping by nightfall to reach Ragtown, which we believed to be a large village at least. While we were on the road, an Indian shot a hare with a single ball. We passed a company of emigrants, encamped under tents; and a little further on, saw some suspicious-looking white men, encamped, in company with some Indians, under a shelter of dead leaves. We felt saddened at the sight of three tombs beside the river, each surmounted by a small plank bearing an inscription. They were the tombs of three emigrants, who had left the States, where they were living in comfort, to seek a precarious fortune in the land of Eldorado. One of the three tombs was a woman's, whom her children, perchance, had had the agony of leaving behind them in this inhospitable country. The desolate aspect of the landscape, the shades of evening which already began to close around, gave to these exiled tombs, if I may so express myself, a mournful colouring which cast a cloud over our spirits.

"Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt."

At nightfall we were joined by two Indians, who accompanied us without uttering a word. George slept as he rode along, and seemed thoroughly exhausted. His body for the last few days resembled nothing so much as a piece of worn-out machinery. It seemed as though the desert had paralyzed him. He was incapable of thought, and did not speak two words during the whole day. When he learned we were approaching a town he rallied a little, as if he thought all his miseries were about to end. He ceased to sway on his mule, and began to cheer up. We rode as rapidly as our animals could go.

It was twenty-five minutes past eight when we entered Ragtown. The night was exceedingly dark. We proceeded towards a habitation indicated by a light; it was the dwelling of a solitary American, named Brown, who kept a small grocery store. We shut our animals in a small enclosure, where there was abundance of hay. That attended to, we sat down to a box of sardines, which was all we could get for supper; and we slept as we were, on the side of a haycock, which served us for a mattress.

The morning of the 15th of August caught us sleeping on the haycock in the open air. Fatigue had prevented my feeling a horse-bone among the hay on which I had been lying, and which had half-dislocated my right shoulder-blade. When I awoke, at five o'clock, a dog was lying asleep on my legs, and seemed from that day to adopt me as his master.

This splendid city of Ragtown, which we had been unable to see on our arrival, consisted wholly of three huts, formed of poles covered with rotten canvas full of holes. One was the property of our host; the second belonged to an American blacksmith, the father of four children; and the third was inhabited by a Pole, who had only arrived there three days before, and whose business consisted in bartering with the Indians and in selling the emigrants a few provisions. The buildings of the city are worthy of the country in which it is situate. The Carson River hereabout flows through a parched and arid country, where nothing grows but a few poplars on its banks, a few wild rose-trees, the *Erigeron canadense*, and a *Helianthus.*

The well dug by the inhabitants in the market-place of the *city*, only yields a milky brackish water, with a more strongly alkaline taste even than the stream. As far as the eye can reach, there are nothing but sterile plains in the neighbourhood. In the morning we bathed in the river, which is shallow, and swarms with snakes and frogs.

The future of this city in embryo entirely depends on American emigration. Situated at the entrance of a desert forty miles in extent in its narrowest part, Ragtown seems destined to a certain degree of importance, which it will assuredly attain if emigrants adopt that route. The humble start of the city should not raise a prejudice against its destiny: on looking at the source of a stream, the traveller can never foretell the proportions it will assume at its mouth.

When we had breakfasted off a box of oysters, we saw to the shoeing of our animals,—a lengthy operation, on account of the paucity of the blacksmith's utensils. The heat and the flies, though we could hardly keep our eyes open, hindered our getting the rest we were anxious for, in order to be in good case for passing the desert the following night.

An old Indian chief, with an honest expression of face, came to see us. From him I obtained the following words of his language, in which the *u* and the other vowels are pronounced as in Italian:—

Pihi, breast.
Arapp, cheek.
Kima, come here.
Paa, water.
Tabiui, knife.
Toich, pipe.
Nobi, house.
Noregua, woman.
Apio, to sleep.
Henhen, yes.
Aza, no.
Cocko, match.
Muchu, beard.

Mubi, nose.
Neumenga, belly.
Uo, hair.
Naka, ear.
Mai, hand.
Tama, teeth.
Iecko, tongue.
Kuta, neck.
Noro, throat.
Kegu, foot.
Uicha, leg.
Chotua, hat.
Pichè, good.

The old Indian repeated the name of his nation (Paiulee) before each word, so that at first I thought it was an expression used before each sentence; but I soon gathered that he simply meant to say, "*We Paiulees say in our tongue.*" I made him dine with us. He was so sensible of the honour and a few other marks of kindness, that tears fell from his eyes at our departure. To see me writing down the words as he uttered them, and repeating them long afterwards without a mistake, seemed especially to astonish him.

We could not get ready till six o'clock P.M. The Pole gave us a stirrup-cup of whisky, and we left in excellent spirits, hoping to get over the forty miles of desert during the night.

The plain we crossed was sterile and sandy. At first we met with a few bushes of *Atriplex* and *Salicornia*, and afterwards not a vestige of vegetation. We left, at about a league's distance to our right, a deep lake about a mile and a half in diameter. The Indians, who believe the lake to be bottomless, allege that at certain periods a wonderful fish appears on its surface, and spouts the water to a prodigious height.

We hurried on our cattle, now in good condition, as fast as they would go. When night overtook us, the moon, which was just entering into her first quarter, soon setting, left us in absolute darkness. We came upon a drove of eight hundred head of cattle on their way from Ohio, and lying in all directions in our road, at about twelve miles from Ragtown, luckily without injury to ourselves or them. The ground had become so hard that it resounded like iron under our feet. Several times we feared we were deviating from our course, and the only indications we had to assure us we were in the right direction were, first, ascertaining that the ground was covered with bones; secondly, listening to the sound of the hoofs of our animals, which showed us whether or not we were on a beaten track. Mr. Brenchley rode at the head of our troop, mounted on a mule, and leading his horse. George, who seemed, at first, somewhat revived by twenty hours' sleep, again gave way to his constitutional somnolence, and fell asleep on his mule, having first secured himself to the pommel of his saddle with a strap passed round his loins.

We rode all night over uneven ground, sometimes covered with rocky fragments, but for the most part sandy. The silence and darkness sent us almost to sleep, and to shake off drowsiness I was frequently obliged to jump from my mule and follow our caravan on foot. About two in the morning we witnessed a very singular effect of nocturnal mirage; it still remaining almost as dark as it was, the heavens seemed to mingle on all sides with the earth, so as not to present the slightest trace of the natural horizon, which was now refracted into a circle around us, the radius of which did not exceed from nine to twelve feet.

The 16th of August, at three o'clock in the morning, we were stopped by a river with swampy banks, which it was impossible for us to cross in the dark. We halted for half an hour, and smoked our pipes while waiting for the dawn. At half-past three, when the day, beginning to break, permitted us to catch a glimpse of the outlines of the neighbouring mountains, we resolved to ford the river. It was the Humboldt river, which, like the Carson, disappears suddenly in the desert after a course of over two hundred and fifty miles. It is a remarkable fact that both these rivers should sink within the same basin, after having each formed a lake a few miles above the point of their complete disappearance.* The one, the Carson, flows from the west, and the other, the Humboldt, from the east; thus burying in the same sandy ocean the waters of the Rocky Mountains, and those of the Sierra Nevada.

Until six o'clock we continued to cross most desolate and arid tracts, in a kind of wide basin, bordered with mountains which, from their form and colour, were evidently volcanic. A whitish efflorescence, similar to that we had already met with, covered the ground as with a crust of hoar-frost, which crunched beneath our feet. A narrow strip of meadow extended along the banks of the river and followed its windings, still keeping the same width. We here met a party of Americans encamped, with a drove of seven or eight hundred head of cattle. The captain and owner of this convoy, Mr. Gibson, had been killed on the road by some Indians, who came up pretending to wish to shake hands with him. We selected a spot at a little distance from these people, and fixed our quarters at eight o'clock close to the edge of the Humboldt, in the middle of a lean salt pasture which appeared to be the best in the vicinity. Our mules, as soon as they were unpacked, rolled in the sandy earth on the edge of the marsh with such evident enjoyment that we almost envied them.

---

* See Note V. at the end of the work.

The heat became so intolerable towards the middle of the day that we could not remain in camp without shelter. It was impossible to find in the whole neighbourhood a branch of sufficient size to enable us to stretch a blanket to shield us from the burning rays of the sun. We succeeded however in obtaining a little shade by fixing a piece of stuff by its four corners to the pack-saddles of our mules, notwithstanding which we were still in a heat of 37° 5′, although the air could fan us from the four cardinal points. George did not wait for the erection of this tent; he no sooner arrived than he fell asleep on the grass, with his head covered with a handkerchief.

The waters of the Humboldt at this point of its course, a little below the lake of the same name, which is formed by its expansion, were slimy, fetid, and as white as soapsuds from the soda with which the floating *Potamogeton* were incrusted. The stream was so sluggish that there was no perceptible current. Thousands of dead fish, destroyed by the prevalence of alkaline salts, floated on the surface of the water, which they contributed to render still more fetid. Vast flocks of piscivorous birds of many species incessantly beat the air with their noisy wings. Musk-rats, about the size of a leveret and not unlike small beavers, continually furrowed the surface of the river, making use of their flattened tails for rudders.

The most disadvantageous feature of our camp was, that although seated on the banks of a deep river, we were entirely without drinkable water. We were, however, ultimately compelled by thirst to overcome our repugnance, and put up with what we could get. We made the water somewhat less nauseous by the admixture of a few spoonfuls of ground roasted beans, which had been sold to us at Sacramento for ground coffee. As soon as the drove of cattle, which were lower down the river, had moved off to pass the desert we had just crossed, we perceived two very suspicious-looking Americans coming towards us, who lived in the vicinity among predatory Indians, with whom they associated to rob the emigrants of whatever excited their cupidity. These men had the impertinence to overhaul our traps, and importuned us to give them many things that were absolutely indispensable for our journey. They so insolently refused to return a fleam they had laid hands on, and which they seemed determined to keep, that we were obliged to use threats of resorting to violence if they did not restore it, and take themselves off at once. They did so after trying to convince us they had only been joking. When they had gone, some armed Indians approached us with a familiarity evidently assumed for a purpose. We kept them at a distance, and they disappeared.

As we were desirous of only giving a day's rest to our animals and being off next morning, I made all haste to look about me for plants of the desert and of the river-bank, while Mr. Brenchley was occupied in looking after the cattle, following them so as to allow of their feeding freely without scattering.

Everything around us was almost dried up. On the alkaline and sandy soils alone, were to be found the *Atriplex, Chenopodium, Salicornia,* a scented, thorny, glandulous *Dalea,* an aphyllous, stiff-looking, fetid Capparid, with yellow flowers, and on the banks of the river, some *Scirpus, Chenopodium, Atriplex, Ficaria, Mesembryanthemum,* and a smooth Boragewort, resembling that which grows on the shores of the Sandwich Islands (*Steenhammera ?*). The prairie appeared to owe its meagre condition to the locusts which still hung in numerous clouds over the neighbourhood.

About six in the evening I had done exploring and returned to camp. While I was pressing my plants, Mr. Brenchley came in with the animals, woke George to deliver them into his charge, and set himself to work to mend his trousers, which were torn halfway up the leg. At dusk, while I was busy cooking, he went to George, whom he found again asleep and the animals allowed to stray where they pleased. They had all disappeared, in which direction it was impossible to divine, and two hours' search in the dark proved fruitless. We supped late and without our usual gaiety, on account of the annoyance we felt at George's culpable apathy, who was already stoically snoring before we had hardly begun our repast.

Mr. Brenchley, whom anxiety about our animals prevented sleeping, rose at two in the morning, smoked his pipe before daybreak, and started about three o'clock without bite or sip, in company with George, in pursuit of the runaways. I remained till four in camp unable to sleep, musing on the country and my position, while the cayotes indulged in their last howls before dawn. I had considerable difficulty in procuring wherewith to make a fire for cooking, so poor and sterile was the soil. At five o'clock, when the sun rose, the thermometer stood at 12°·3; and at mid-day, under the little shelter I had made from the sun, it reached 38°·5, while in the open air it rose to 45°. I found on the ground a largish white scorpion, which I instinctively crushed. The sky was dappled with some beautiful white clouds. I perceived whirlwinds of dust in the distance, caused by a succession of squalls. Their rushing sound was to be heard from afar, and occasionally they reached me, following the winding course of the Humboldt, and ruffling its surface as they passed.

Towards mid-day, as Mr. Brenchley had not returned, and I saw no signs of him, I made up my mind that I should again have to pass the day in this spot, and I resolved to fix my instruments in an open-air observatory, and afterwards tried to amuse myself with my gun. I first shot a palmiped, to obtain which, I was obliged to swim to the middle of the river, where it fell. This bird resembled a beautiful duck, although it had not the beak of one. The temperature of the water was so agreeable that I prolonged my bath. Birds as large and as white as swans flew noisily over my head *remigio alarum*. I collected a few *Coleoptera* which I thought remarkable. While silently seated on the banks of the river, I saw musk-rats coming out of the water, whose flattened tails were as long as their bodies. I wounded several, which fell into the water, and was obliged to swim for them. Their coat is grey, very thick, and silky as that of the beaver. Their ears are small, their teeth strong, their feet are rather wide, and armed with long claws. A black-coloured bird croaked round me like a raven, while another bird of a different kind barked like a dog. Getting into the marshes, I fired into a flight of small birds, four of which I killed, and which had yellow plumage round the throat. These pretty little creatures build their nests, which are tolerably large, with the leaves of grasses, which they suspend to the flexible stalk of the *Scirpus lacustris*, beside, and as it were, in the shade of the large *Phalaris*, which divides the marsh with the former plant. I killed on the opposite bank of the river two large birds with long feet, very long and slightly spatulate beaks, and brilliant bronzed plumage. They are piscivorous, but not palmipeds. They fly in flocks and are easily killed. I had for the third time to swim to get them. The water was deep and muddy, and did not appear to run more than a mile in the twenty-four hours. Seeing some Indians in the distance on the top of a sandbank facing our camp, it induced me to return to our baggage, and their suspicious movements would not allow of my leaving it again. I cut some reeds (*Scirpus lacustris*) to make my bed somewhat softer. These herbs are very large, there are some even ten feet in height. I then collected some roots to warm the coffee against Mr. Brenchley's return, but he did not make his appearance. I saw sheet lightning in the distance to the east; the air was infected with disagreeable miasmata, developed by the putrid emanations from the numerous remains of cattle, and from the dead fish which floated among the *Potamogeton* on either bank of the Humboldt. This country is so unhealthy that it would be dangerous to pass even a week there. The odour of the marshes, the miasmata, the putrid water, the burning heat, the want of fresh meat, the absence of vegetables, would soon engender malignant fevers.

I waited in vain for my absent companions, mounting guard until ten o'clock, and I began to be seriously uneasy on their account. I then resigned myself to my blanket, and still continued on the watch, but in a more comfortable position. I found another scorpion, white like the first, in a fold of my blanket, and could hear near me the well-known sound of the rattlesnake. I was in utter solitude, and though I had camped out many a night in the open air, I had never yet found myself in so critical and painful a position. The cayotes howled in every direction; in the water invisible animals at intervals frolicked and splashed. Birds flew about, flapping their wings, sometimes without uttering a single note, sometimes giving vent to hoarse and startling sounds. To these strange noises was added the fear of being surprised by Indian thieves, and, with a view of keeping them at a respectful distance, from time to time I fired my gun. But what I most of all feared was, the two scampish Americans, who might have perceived my isolated position, and whom I dreaded from their appearance. I thought if my family and friends could see my position at this critical moment, they would be even more frightened than I was, and give me up for lost. I soon strove to change the current of my thoughts, and was not long before I fell asleep and had dreams which were not of the most agreeable nature.

The 18th of August, I woke at four in the morning, after having slept tolerably well in spite of all, under the auspices of the Spirit of the desert. I first set about collecting a provision of roots to cook breakfast. I then had a thorough wash, and skinned the animals I had killed the previous evening. Still no Mr. Brenchley. To give a turn to my thoughts, I went shooting in the neighbourhood, taking good care however never to lose sight of my camp. I killed some musk-rats and two large piscivorous birds, of the colour of our common brown owl, standing on long feet, and armed with a thick beak, long, pointed, and at the end of a long neck. These birds stood bolt upright on the river-banks. The skin of their necks was very full and flabby, which led me to imagine they fed upon large fish. They were so fully feathered, that they had all the appearance of being large and plump, but they turned out excessively skinny. Their flight was heavy, awkward, and slow. I saw another large piscivorous bird, whitish, compact as a penguin, with short bill and neck. He kept hovering over the river, but did not approach me. I sent a ball, unsuccessfully however, at a large black eagle which kept at a distance. I saw besides several species of ducks, water-hens, and other smaller birds. I returned to camp loaded with a rich collection, which I was busy skinning when, about half-past two, I heard thunder and saw lightning in the west. A storm was evidently approaching. I hastily collected all my traps to put them and our baggage under cover of our blankets. I placed all our pots so as to catch the rain, which fell, but not so heavily as I could have wished for my supply of water. However, as it continued some time, I obtained sufficient to quench my thirst and to spare. Soon the shelter under which I had crept, to smoke the first pipe I had yet had that day, so occupied had I been till then, no longer protected me. The blanket which formed my tent was thoroughly soaked, and let the water through in all directions as if through a sieve. I was obliged to turn out of my nest and proudly brave the storm. Numerous whirlwinds, formed by gusts, were visible on all sides. Frogs, fish, rats, birds, uproariously contended with each other which could make the most noise in and along the river.

Towards six in the evening, distant shouts announced the arrival or the presence of human beings. At first I thought they were my companions, but I soon perceived that it was a party of emigrants, who were descending the hill, and approaching the prairie where I was encamped. Taking my gun, I went to meet them, and killed by the way a long-eared hare, among some bushes of *Atriplex*. The emigrants were twenty-eight in number, men, women, and children included. They had five waggons, and thirty yoke of oxen to draw them. Their captain had been murdered by the Indians on the banks of the Platte. At night they camped about a mile below me, on the edge of the marsh.

The rain continued to fall slowly, but incessantly. I kept moving about as long as possible, to avoid a chill, and still hoping from one moment to another, that Mr. Brenchley would arrive. But, alas! he did not yet appear. Had anything happened to him? I at last came to the conclusion to turn in on my saturated rush bed. Naturally enough, being unable to sleep, I thought of my position, of my country, and, with that tenacity of hope which never leaves us, of the delight I should one day experience in the recollection of these hours of terrible solitude.

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

I thought, above all, of my friend who had left me on foot the morning of the preceding day, without having taken any provision, or other weapon than his knife. "What,' I said to myself, "have they to allay their hunger and thirst? Is not their position as painful as mine is dangerous? Have they not themselves also dangers to encounter? And what shall we do if we cannot find our mules? It is impossible to dream of continuing our journey on foot; the distance to the Salt Lake is far too great to think of carrying on our shoulders the food indispensable for the journey. But my greatest grief would be to retrace our steps without having seen the curious country of the Mormons; my disappointment and regret would be greater even than the fear of remaining in my present solitude for some days longer, although I may have good reason to fear for my life." Turning over all these thoughts in my mind, I at last fell asleep on my wet couch.

The day following I awoke numbed by the rain, which had continued all night, and, after redoubling its force at daybreak, ceased only about seven. I walked about to dry myself, and smoked a pipe. The ground had become so muddy that I lost my shoes in it. My neighbours, the emigrants, struck their camp at eight o'clock, and continued their course towards California. I had another washing-up, to occupy my time as much as to cleanse the things which had been soiled by the storm.

The sky soon brightened, the sun appeared, and a breeze sprang up which soon dried the prairie. I spread out all our travelling gear in the open air, and commenced cooking my hare, which I found exceedingly tender and delicious. While I was taking my solitary repast, some musk-rats squatted down in the middle of a marsh, where they appeared to be cleaning their paws after the fashion of cats and rabbits. About mid-day a waggon accompanied by four persons, among which was an old woman, passed at some distance from me. I went to meet them. They told me that they left Missouri early in May, and had travelled without accident till they reached the banks of the river Platte, where they were attacked and severely ransacked by the Indians.

But still Mr. Brenchley did not come! To enable me to overlook a more extensive country, I again ascended the course of the river, and then mounted a kind of lofty down. The height was covered with small blue, black, and red stones, sometimes united in conglomerates, and sometimes detached. I there saw a parched, frutescent Composite, with branches bristling with strong thorns, and with nothing but its involucres to enable me to recognize its family. I caught a magnificent lizard, large and flat, with a sort of horns on its head.* From the top of the hill I discovered the Humboldt lake, which had all the appearance of a small sea, skirted by mountains to the right and left, but principally toward the south-east. The river, which runs through this lake and probably feeds it, passes out through a dip in the hill, which resembles a defile. The summit of this hill forms a small narrow plateau, on which are conglomerates of small black pebbles united by a kind of quartz or of silica. I also met with a schist in irregular prisms. Near, and just before me, I discovered a plank hut on which an American flag was flying. I proceeded thither, and recognized two pale-faces engaged in card-playing. They were the two visitors who had worried us at our encampment. One of them, whose type was that of an Italian bandit, did not live in this house; he was on a visit to his fellow-countryman, and had resided since the spring on the other side of the mountains. He withdrew when I arrived, and left me with the owner of the hut, who offered me the only chair he possessed, and seated himself upon his bed, after taking my gun to examine it. I did not feel at ease, but when he wanted to try the locks, I stopped him, and said there was something peculiar in the triggers, and that they were likely to break if he pulled them. Once more in possession of my weapon, I was quite determined not to give it up again. My host then put his hand under his pillow, and drew out an enormous loaded revolver, which he cocked as he pointed it at me. "Let me see," said I, "that wonderful weapon;" and I laid hold of it with an air of indifference, notwithstanding my inward trepidation. Having examined his pistol, I returned it to him; at the same time keeping my gun in a slanting position between my legs, and, as the American seemed bent upon mischief with his revolver, I cocked my gun, bringing the muzzles to bear upon him with the fixed determination of having the first shot. Fortunately he withdrew his weapon, and pretended to laugh, as if he wished to pass it off as a joke. It occurred to me afterward that I should have run great risk in killing this man: for his comrade, who had retired behind the hut, could have shot me without my being able to see him. I quitted this cut-throat place, keeping a good look-out behind me, and regained the summit of the hill, with some doubts however in my mind as to the real intentions of these men. But I soon convinced myself that my imagination could not have been playing me any trick as to their designs against me, when I came to think that such practical jokes as these are not to be put up with when played by strangers, fugitives from society for the purpose of plundering the pilgrims of the desert with impunity. Moreover, what we afterwards learned respecting these fellows convinced me that I had narrowly escaped a serious encounter.

---

* See Note VI. at the end of the work.

From the top of the hill to which I had returned, I could perceive another smaller hut on a track which skirted the northern side of the lake. Beyond this cabin I saw some Indians shooting hares with bows and arrows. Having returned to my camp by the bank of the river, I began a letter to my mother, under the influence of a presentiment that I should never see her again; but in writing from so great a distance my last farewell, I strove to support her with hopes I was far from entertaining myself. It appeared to me probable, if not evident, that the two

Americans would take advantage of the night to rid themselves of one who might denounce them.

Before long, however, I saw Murdoch approaching, who, independent of the assistance he might render me in difficulty, was thrice welcome from the news he brought. The previous evening he had left Mr. Brenchley and George at Ragtown, in good health, but much fatigued, and making preparations to return with the mules, which they had tracked. This cheering message was quite sufficient to restore my spirits, and I set about my occupations singing.

The heat had been excessive during the middle of the day. About four o'clock there was thunder and lightning in the south-west. Another storm was brewing. I hastened to collect all our effects, which I had spread out to dry: but it was labour lost. A few drops merely fell, the storm having divided into two parts which followed the mountains. I continued my writing, but in a much more cheerful state of mind.

The surrounding mountains present the same volcanic aspect as those of the Hawaiian Archipelago. They appear to have been formed from the successive and irregular subsidence of the plains, which expand into broad alluvial valleys at their base.

A few minutes before sunset, miasms, so fetid that they were almost insupportable, spread around my camp. I was feverish, a burning thirst consumed me, but from motives of prudence I abstained from drinking the water of the river by itself, and the coffee which I had made in the morning had been disposed of by Murdoch on his arrival. At nightfall, while making some fresh coffee, I paid a flying visit to the camp of my bearer of good news, and then returned to my bed, which did not appear to have dried in the least. I could not contrive to sleep, for the damp, together with the anxieties of the day, combined to fan the fever in my veins. The dismal howls of the cayotes, and the cries of birds, irritated me dreadfully. I also frequently heard sounds in the distance as of some one shouting. At last, however, towards midnight, I fell into a doze, when Mr. Brenchley and George arrived, overcome with thirst and fatigue. They drank copiously the coffee, but they could not eat, notwithstanding my roast hare was uncommonly savoury. Although pretty well knocked up with fever, and very faint, Mr. Brenchley would not attempt to sleep till he had given me an account of his campaign.

It was now seventy hours since he had left me to go in search of our beasts. The first day he had walked until ten in the morning, when George, who had been long supported by his arm during the journey, at length, exhausted with fatigue, heat, and thirst, sank upon the ground unable to proceed, a mere insensible log. The two travellers experienced excessive noise in their ears while exposed to the influence of the sun in a desert, which is considered impassable on foot by day. They only reached Ragtown the morning of the following day, having neither eaten nor drunk since the evening of the two days previous, and having walked nearly fifty-four miles on foot. They had suffered so severely from the sun, that they could not walk steadily, or rise easily after lying down. Mr. Brenchley, whose feet were swollen by the burning heat of the sand, was obliged to slit his boots open to get relief. Our animals had arrived at Ragtown on the 17th, before daybreak, having thus crossed the desert in less than a night, with such courage had the bait of good cheer inspired them. The honest inhabitants of Ragtown had already appropriated them; and now surrendered them with a very bad grace, at the same time exacting a sum of fifteen dollars, to indemnify them for their keep, for which amount Murdoch became surety. The altercations on the subject lasted some time, and it was not till the afternoon of the 19th that the accounts were squared. It was about two o'clock before they got off, and as the animals were unencumbered, they started them off at a trot. The want of saddles and bridles rendered equitation by no means an easy task with mules most reluctantly turning their backs on good pasturage. About ten at night, when it was very dark, the animals became restive; Mr. Brenchley's mule fell with him, and in the scuffle he received a kick on the nose from a horse, which fractured the bone. George, who was fast asleep on his beast, could not keep the animals together, and away they went, leaving the wounded man on the ground. Although smothered with blood, Mr. Brenchley at once perceived that no time was to be lost. With immense determination, he went in pursuit of the fugitives, overtook them, with difficulty got them together again, and succeeded in bringing them back, not without breaking out at the provoking apathy of George.

The accident that had befallen Mr. Brenchley, and which I had not discovered owing to the darkness of the night, was serious, inasmuch as it was accompanied with fever and exhaustion caused by fatigue and loss of blood. I lit a candle, and could not withhold an exclamation of surprise and pain, on seeing his face covered with blood. The wound was carefully washed, and we were greatly relieved to find that the kick had injured only the bone of the nose. The only dressing the wound received was frequent bathing, and the fracture healed of itself in six weeks.

We rose at five on the 20th of August, without having been able to sleep, both on account of the damp and the strange noises, more than usually frequent, made by the animals in the desert.

I dissected a fish which I had taken in a dying state from the edge of the river, to endeavour to ascertain the cause of its morbid state. The viscera were swollen, inflated, and inflamed. I could perceive no other symptom, and I attributed it to the action of the great proportion of alkali contained in the waters of the Humboldt.

Murdoch, having heard indirectly that his brother's convoy had been attacked by the Indians, came early to bid us farewell, and started before us. Mr. Brenchley was still suffering from fever, which however did not prevent his bathing as soon as he had done ample justice to the breakfast which I had prepared. Four ragged Indians came pestering us. Although we were all in a more or less febrile state, we resolved not to prolong our stay in this unhealthy locality. We therefore arranged our baggage, and were so debilitated, that we had some difficulty in loading our mules. We accomplished it however, and resumed our march at a quarter past ten, feeling intense satisfaction in leaving an encampment which had proved so fruitful in misfortunes.

We followed the eastern bank of the Humboldt lake, leaving it to our left. High arid mountains flanked the valley on either side. Thousands of white birds, larger than swans, swam majestically on the calm and oily water of the lake. Their beaks were large and somewhat long. Their wings were tipped with a black line at the extremity of the pinions. Before they could rise on the wing, they were obliged to take a long run on the water. We were thoroughly absorbed by this spectacle, which seemed to repay us somewhat for our past misadventures, when we perceived that one of our best pack-mules—that which we had named Péké—did not seem so vigorous as usual, and could no longer keep pace with the rest. As she appeared to be suffering from the gripes, I unpacked her to afford her relief. However, she soon dropped, and began to swell at the stomach. Mr. Brenchley, who was in advance, returned, and endeavouring to bleed the poor animal, broke his fleam, and could only obtain a small quantity of thick black blood. About a quarter past one, Péké breathed her last, thus depriving us most abruptly of her useful and important services. To avoid further delay in arranging the baggage in another manner, we placed the load of the beast we had just lost on Jack, a powerful mule, which Mr. Brenchley rode alternately with his horse. But he, being unaccustomed to carry a pack, and apparently considering it an indignity, resisted our efforts and took to his heels. George, who held my mule while I assisted Mr. Brenchley to load Jack, was clumsy enough to break my bridle, so that I had not the means wherewith to pursue the fugitive. We were losing time, and therefore George was obliged, while we were keeping the other animals together, to mount the horse and go after Jack, but as he went sluggishly along at a trot after the mule, which had started in a gallop, I was compelled to jump upon my mule, whose bridle by this time Mr. Brenchley had repaired, and I succeeded in bringing back the runaway Jack, while George was still in search of him. At last, at two o'clock, we were enabled to resume our journey. I found, as we were about to start, that my powder-flask had broken loose from the pommel of my saddle during the run I had been obliged to take on my good mule Campora. I was compelled to return on my track, and had the good fortune to recover it. As I passed near the carcase of Péké, the ravens were already at work upon it, and the cayotes were approaching to contend with them for the prey. I remarked with surprise the cunning way in which they concealed themselves behind the rocks, in order to prevent my seeing them.

The level of the lake had fallen within a few days, as was evident from the withered *Potamogeton* which lay scattered on the pebbles of the bank. The vegetation was meagrely represented by a few *Atriplex*, *Chenopodium*, and *Poa*. Since our departure from Ragtown, we had not met with a single shrub. Having reached the north-east extremity of the lake, we advanced along the border of a broad and extensive prairie, traversed by the Humboldt, and covered with rushes, reeds, and *Scirpus*. We made a short halt without unloading, to allow our animals to feed in a little nook where the pasturage was unusually good, and then continued on our way until seven in the evening, without finding water, or meeting with the smallest trace of Murdoch. We camped in a spongy marsh within a short distance of quite a forest of the *Scirpus lacustris* and the gigantic *Phalaris*. We tethered our animals, to prevent their wandering from our sight, and for still greater security I fastened my mule to a picket-pin, round which she could move within a radius of twenty-five feet. As we could not possibly procure water, we lay down to rest supperless. Mr. Brenchley was still feverish and felt very weak. The damp, marshy, and consequently unhealthy spot in which we were encamped, contributed not a little to keep up my friend's feverish tendency; but we were compelled to remain, to avoid the risk of finding no pasture elsewhere. Before we fell asleep we mused upon the picturesque lake beside which we had travelled. We thought, above all, if a few *Pandanus* were planted on its bank, and would but grow there, what a lovely spot it would become, even worthy to be compared with the charming scenery of the tropics.

We passed a bad night, during which, George did not cease dreaming of robbers, and screaming without waking. We rose at half past three, drenched with dew. I proceeded as far as three miles from our camp to collect some plants. The spongy ground I had to pass over was covered in all directions with a whitish efflorescence. An articulate *Salicornia*, growing in little bushes, of a violaceous green, together with a *Chenopodium*, were the only plants that struck my attention. I penetrated into the middle of the rushes, at the same time sinking till I was knee-deep in the mud. These rushes were eight feet in height, and formed a sort of forest; noisy birds sported in the openings, and snakes crept in every direction on the mire, among the shells of dead mollusks. By sinking a hole in the marsh, I obtained some drinkable though somewhat muddy water.

I returned to the camp thoroughly refreshed, and with the idea that my companions would also have obtained wherewith to quench their thirst. But they had not been so fortunate. I had sent George into the marsh early in the morning in search of water, but he had returned in a few minutes and had lain down again, saying he could not make his way through the reeds. So that Mr. Brenchley, who was still suffering from his wound and from fever, had been unable to allay his thirst. I took a pail and hastened back to the precious source I had discovered; George decided on following me. The unfortunate captain was afraid of the snakes, and this it was that prevented him from going in among the tall reeds, preferring rather to suffer from thirst than come to close quarters with a few reptiles. As we were entirely without anything combustible with which to perform our culinary operations, we satisfied our hunger with biscuit and raw salt pork which we moistened with cold coffee.

At ten o'clock we started. While crossing the prairie we met two Indians, and perceived three others who were hiding themselves in the reeds. We saw some of the habitations of these savages; they consisted solely of a few reeds stuck into the ground in such a manner as to afford a little shelter from the mid-day sun. On arriving at a place where I imagined we should find sufficient water for our mules, I penetrated into the marsh amidst the reeds, and although I had advanced more than a mile, I could find nothing but mud. Large *Typha*, together with a tall Umbellifer, formed a compact and almost impenetrable mass.

In an opening, I saw a small round meadow in which grew some *Scirpus lacustris*, some *Phalaris*, a small *Juncus*, a *Schœnus*, an *Alisma*, a rather singular *Lemna*, and a *Castilleja* with yellow flowers. I experienced much difficulty in retracing my steps, and only brought back a very small quantity of water in my two pails, barely sufficient to allay Mr. Brenchley's feverish thirst. The heat was suffocating among the reeds, and I was in an intense perspiration. We proceeded on our way, continuing to follow the side of the marsh, on ground which the trampling of cattle had rendered very rough. As far as the eye could reach, not a tree, however small, could be seen. The mountains, still of the same volcanic aspect, were naked from top to bottom. We followed the marsh to its northern extremity, and afterwards quitted it to ascend a small sandy dyke, on the summit of which were six wigwams, all of them crammed full of women and naked children. These wigwams, solely composed of rushes set upright in a line, to form a shelter from the mid-day sun, were roofless and without the slightest protection to the south, east, and west. A rush mat propped up lengthwise, pointing east and west, and suspended almost vertically, gives the best idea of these primitive habitations. We asked the inhabitants of the village for some water. The women rose and pointed in the direction in which we could find it. In fact, at a short distance we heard as it were the sound of a waterfall. It was the water of the marsh falling perpendicularly into a small hole in the midst of some *Typha*. There we found an Indian, who, for a little tobacco, descended into the reservoir, and with a pail got as much water as was necessary to refresh our animals. We obtained from the bottom of the water some living *Unio* of considerable size. This Indian, who spoke a a few words of English, gave us to understand that about five miles further on we should again meet with the river. We afterwards rode over sand through a bare and uneven country. We saw, running about under the bushes of the *Salicornia*, small black and white mammifers, about the size of a rat, but more compact, and so nimble that we were unable to procure any. Our animals were so excessively parched with thirst, that it was useless to try to prevent their drinking the thick mud which the late rains had formed in the inequalities of the ground. The loss we had sustained in our poor Péké began to tell seriously on our animals, which were now overburdened; nevertheless we could not yet make up our minds to abandon our collections to diminish the weight of their load. Mr. Brenchley's Indian horse could no longer carry his master. As I was lighter, I rode him and gave Campora in exchange; but Riley (the horse) became so restive and unmanageable as soon as he found he had changed his rider, that I had the utmost difficulty in mastering him. I was worn out with fatigue and even dreadfully chafed; indeed that day was one of the most fatiguing I had experienced.

The mountains which now rose to the right and left were quite as barren as any we had passed, but the varied tints of the rocks agreeably attracted our attention. We arrived at a part of the river where the banks were steep, sandy, and formed of alluvial deposits. Although not very clear, it was running water, and really drinkable. Our animals drank their fill, and with an eagerness that almost partook of ferocity. We forded the river in search of pasturage on the opposite bank, but finding nothing save a few small widely scattered willows, we returned upon our steps and continued our route in the desert.

Night came without our having seen a single blade of grass. Everywhere the skeletons of cattle, and, occasionally, of horses, indicated that we were still in the track followed by the emigrants. We pushed on our mules. At sunset the mountains were clad with exquisite tints; some illuminated by the twilight presented shades of a delicate rose-colour, while others were of a lovely blue. The setting sun moreover was wrapt in magnificently golden clouds, blended with others of a rosy hue of inexpressible beauty. The moon gave us sufficient light to allow us to perceive, as we traversed the desert, a few withered bushes of *Artemisia* and *Atriplex*. We again came upon the river in a spot where it ran into a deep basin, bounded on all sides by steep wall-like precipices, which we could not possibly descend. We continued our course in the sand, which fatigued me dreadfully. At last, about nine at night, after getting into a narrow steep ravine, we again came to the Humboldt, and encamped near it on some wretched grass, which our animals however had to make the most of. A splendid moonshine illuminated our camping operations. Although Mr. Brenchley was still suffering from fever, he showed us that he was not to be beat. He undertook the cooking when George had declared he was too exhausted to do anything but sleep, while I myself was of opinion that we had better defer the supper till the next morning. Mr. Brenchley's example put me upon my mettle, and I insisted on making tea. The slender willow-boughs, our only fuel, made cooking a tedious process, and we could not go to rest till eleven; to crown all, our beverage, by some accident, contained quite as much pepper as tea! Travelling, like life, has its little mishaps.

The 22nd of August we rose at five, having slept well, although we were rather wet with the dew. At half past six the thermometer stood at 16°·5. We at last resolved to lighten our baggage of everything that was not absolutely necessary, for it was impossible to replace the mule we had lost. Our entire collection of skins, with the case which contained it, was left behind. We likewise abandoned all our specimens of rocks, three-fourths of our arsenical soap, and all our alcohol, except one bottle. It was a painful sacrifice, but absolutely necessary to enable us to proceed, and especially to preserve our collection of plants, the most important of all, in our estimation, and which was beginning to assume considerable dimensions. Thus relieved of about a hundred and fifty pounds weight, we were able to proceed as if we had not lost the useful Péké.

While we were occupied with these arrangements, we received the visit of two Indians and three squaws, who came up and accosted us. One of these savages, armed with a rusty old rifle, begged us to give him a pair of boots that he saw among our baggage, and which were the identical ones that Mr. Brenchley had cut open some days before. We told him he should have them if he would fetch us a pail of water from the river,—not a very easy task on account of the steepness of the slopes, but which was far from impossible, as we had done it even in the dark. He cast many a longing look at the object of his desires before he could make up his mind to strike the bargain. Ultimately he consented, and the moment he became possessor of the old boots, put them on, and ordered one of his wives to bring him a tough little horse, on which he sprang barebacked, and started off at a gallop across the steep slopes. These Indians dwell on the crest of the hills, in order to obtain a better view of whatever is going on around them. They resemble eagles on the watch for their prey; and it is a very difficult matter to escape their piercing eyes. They sell their wives for horses, and appear to treat them as slaves. They are very rigid in their morals; and the fidelity of the women is assured by the fear of vengeance from husbands and relatives. They are not given to prostitution with the emigrants, as is the case with the women of other savage countries.

The river ran between two high banks of alluvium. On its borders I saw a few small willows, an *Artemisia*, a *Rosa*, a *Leguminosa* with flowers resembling the indigo, a *Helianthus*, an *Atriplex*, a *Salicornia*, and a bushy frutescent *Composita*. While I was collecting some of the plants which I had not yet in my possession, I perceived three young Indians, who moved off as I approached, without saying a word, and at the same time pretending not to look at me.

We resumed our march at half past ten. We had barely started when George, who was drowsy already, fell from his mule, which took fright, started off, and gave him great trouble to catch again. For some time we rode in the deep bed of a river enclosed between steep banks and entirely dried up. We there saw a *Ribes*, and raised a cloud of dust in procuring it. We afterwards found ourselves again in a desert, which was but a continuation of that of the day previous. We constantly trampled upon the carcases of cattle and horses, until our eyes, wearied with this vast charnel, sought relief in the lofty mountains which environed us, painfully arid as they were. The Humboldt ran a few miles to our left, in a narrow deep ravine which did not allow of our seeing its waters. Numerous *quebradas* (fissures), sterile as everything which surrounded us, ran at right-angles with the principal ravine formed by the river. The heat was stifling and intolerable. About four o'clock, while it was still intense, we deviated from our course to approach the Humboldt, where we hoped to find a little pasturage. But alas! the prairie was almost entirely dried up. Nothing grew on the winding banks of the river, but a few small willows, a *Helianthus*, and several species of *Artemisia*. After convincing ourselves we could do no better elsewhere, we fixed our camp in this spot. We took a bath in clear water, separated from us by a thick bed of mud, which our animals had considerable difficulty in wading through to enable them to drink. There were barely two feet of water in the river; the bottom of which was covered with an ash-coloured sand, beneath which lay a gravel bed formed of all kinds of crumbled rock, among which were thin glittering fragments of a glassy brightness. Snakes and frogs everywhere abounded in the vicinity. We caught a handsome lizard, of an elliptic, flattened shape, which had horns at the back of its head. The grass took fire while we were making pancakes for our dinner, and it was so dry that we had great difficulty in extinguishing it. Thoroughly tired, we went early to rest on grass so stiff and sharp-pointed that it pierced through our blankets like so many thorns. The unfortunate George especially was tormented by them, and having, in addition to this, lost his second pipe, looked like a man demented with distress and despair.

We passed a tolerably good night, and rose at four to do some washing. Our Indian friend of the day previous, the man of the slit boots, gave us quite an early call. He was on his way on horseback to the trading-post of a certain Captain Jones, a few miles distant. We saw him start gun in hand, following the principal ravine. We at first feared that he had gone in search of friends to aid him in plundering us. I gathered a few *Potentilla*, *Rumex*, and *Rosa*. The atmosphere was so dry, that my plants broke in the paper. In packing up our baggage we found snakes luxuriously coiled on our blankets. This sort of incident, which at first gave us some uneasiness, had become so familiar to us that we now scarcely noticed it. We were on the point of starting, when Djémi, one of our pack-mules, broke loose from his picket, cast his load into the mud, and bolted over hill and dale. We had so much trouble in finding him that it was a quarter to four in the afternoon before we could resume our journey. We re-ascended the bank of the river, and crossed a desert, which might have been green enough in the spring, but was then absolutely bare. We could see nothing but small dried-up *Eriogonum*, dead mallowworts, and here and there a *Cactus* of the genus *Opuntia*. The heat, which had been at 37° at two o'clock, continued intense and overpowering. To this we attributed the slight haze which covered the mountains. On our way we saw Captain Jones's grog-shop, which was merely a hut of willow-branches, situate in a most arid locality. The

Captain was absent. Two Americans had charge of the bar, and sold the emigrants a spurious kind of whisky. Four most suspicious-looking Indians seemed to be quite at home there. We quitted the hovel at half-past six, after half an hour's halt. We marched as rapidly as possible in the midst of the desert, while we had the light of the moon to guide us through a dry fog. About eleven we descended to the banks of the Humboldt and camped in a very rugged place. We had some difficulty in finding the bed of the river, which we imagined to be close at hand; moreover we had much trouble in procuring water from it. We dropped off to sleep, despite the howls of the cayotes.

We passed a bad night on the broken ground, which racked our backs. The morning was cold. When day broke, we found our camp was rather agreeably situated, near a willow wood and a verdant meadow. We decided on passing the day there, to attend to our collections, and to refresh our cattle. We were surrounded by some *Œnothera*, *Polygonum*, *Artemisia*, *Potentilla*, *Phalaris*, *Scirpus lacustris*, and a *Castilleja* with orange-red bracts, which appeared to me the same as that of the Sierra Nevada. Three mounted Indians approached us, but afterwards withdrew without coming to a parley. I went shooting in the vicinity, and found some birds in size and shape resembling pigeons. A party of emigrants passed near us in the morning, while I was herborizing on the skirt of the desert. These people, among whom was an Alsacian, took us for merchants who were going on a trading expedition to the Salt Lake. I collected a small *Eriogonum*, a *Cleome* with yellow flowers, and a large plant so thoroughly dried-up that it is impossible to say to what species it belonged. I then joined Mr. Brenchley, who was fishing in the river. He handed me his rod, and in less than an hour I took sixty-four fish with locusts, and sometimes even with the bare hook. I continued my miraculous angling until I had lost my hook among the willow-branches. All these fish were of the same species, and the biggest barely weighed half a pound. We were surrounded by a veritable legion of locusts. They seemed to live by preference on the rushes, leaving the pith untouched, which gave to some parts of the prairie a very odd appearance. Our repast was all the more delicious from not having eaten anything but salt meat for a long time. It was not, however, on account of the fine flavour of the fish, for it savoured too much of the mud. Towards evening, I fished in another part of the river, and killed forty fish in a very short time, but soon became tired of such easy sport, although when I began I was almost wild with delight.

George slept through the whole day; our animals fed luxuriously, while Mr. Brenchley and I prolonged our evening till midnight, chatting on various subjects. We fancied we could pass our lives in a spot which supplied with so little exertion a sufficiency for the maintenance of man. It seemed too, considering the brief span of life, useless to worry oneself about that which may happen, or the place of our abode. Nothing so tends to a philosophical mood, or induces one to be content with little, as these happy intervals which follow a long series of privations and painful events.

The 25th of August we rose at three, after a much better night's rest than the preceding. The cayotes gloriously indulged in their nightly concerts, and seemed howling in response to each other from all points of the horizon. The dilatoriness of George in preparing our coffee while we packed the mules, prevented our starting before half past six. We followed the desert for some time, and then returned to the steep banks of the Humboldt, sinuous in its course, and always deeply imbedded. A sort of haze, diffused over the higher regions of the atmosphere, imparted a greyish tint to the firmament, to which we were quite unaccustomed. We perceived an Indian hut on an eminence. As we rode along we found a bundle of live locusts tied up in a cloth. It was, no doubt, the commissariat of some hunter; for the Indians, like the islanders of Oceania, make no scruple to feed upon locusts.* At noon we halted to let our animals feed. I killed forty fish in half an hour, and among them I found a trout weighing about four ounces. We again set out at one. I killed on an arid soil a bird (tetraonid) resembling a hen, feathered to the feet, weighing four or five pounds, and which the Americans call grouse. This lucky shot was the cause of a mishap to poor George, who had attached my game to the crupper of his saddle. The bird fluttered in its last struggle, and so thoroughly startled the mule that it made one leap and threw its rider in the most comical manner imaginable. We had afterwards some trouble in catching the affrighted mule. We shortly after met a large train of emigrants, from whom we learned that Captain Jones had been treacherously murdered three days before by the Shoshonès Indians, on whose territory we were about entering. Mackay, Captain Jones's companion, who had joined the convoy, informed us he was by the side of his associate when slain by the Indians. He added that he had himself received several balls from four mounted Indians close behind him, armed with rifles. The details he gave of the affair were almost incredible. According to his account, the Indians, who had long known Jones and treated him as a friend, gave him a ball the evening before the murder. The following day, as they were on their way back to the trading-post, the Captain and Mackay were suddenly beset by the Shoshonès as they were crossing the Humboldt. These Indians, without uttering a word, seized Mackay's horse; but he managed to spring upon that of his friend, in order to make the best of his way off. This latter incident more especially raised a doubt as to Mackay's veracity, for it was difficult to understand that he could, if severely wounded, have been able to escape the enemy which surrounded him. He certainly laid great stress on the slowness with which the Indians reloaded their arms, to explain how he found time to get safely off. However, be this as it may, the truth of the matter was that the emigrants had found Jones's body and had paid it the last tribute of respect. But there was another occurrence worthy of note. The captain of the train informed us that sixty Indians had come up with him, and without exchanging a word had examined his whole troop and all his waggons, as though in search of somebody. Were they not seeking for Mackay? and was it not probable that Mackay, who at that moment was several miles in advance of the convoy, had been the Captain's accomplice in some offence given to the Indians? Had not the two guests, during the ball of the night preceding the catastrophe, offered some insult to the Indian women? Such were the suspicions which flashed across our minds on hearing the facts of the case. Nevertheless the emigrants strongly urged us to join them and return to California, rather than risk becoming, from our small number, such an easy prey to the savages. We certainly felt the force of these arguments, but could not come to the decision to recede before actually encountering hostility, and we left them on their way to the west, while we continued ours to the east. They heard our determination with regret, especially Mackay, who solemnly declared we should never reach the source of the Humboldt.

---

* See Note VII. at the end of the work.

The river, to which we still kept pretty close, was fringed by quantities of small willows, which afforded ample hiding-ground for evil-disposed Indians. We certainly were not entirely free from apprehension, but relied upon our arms, which henceforth we kept always in readiness. The arid mountains which we had left behind us, were succeeded by hills bearing some traces of vegetation, and somewhat resembling those in Oceania. An *Aster*, an *Eriogonum*, and a small fleshy plant, formed the only vegetation that drew our attention thereabout. A mounted Indian, quitting the bushes, turned and galloped off as soon as he saw us. This certainly looked like hostility. We took the hint, and resolved to camp at five in the most favourable spot for defence. We located ourselves on the grass about twenty paces from the river, in a small plain, bounded to the south-east by a hill which commanded our position, but whose summit was beyond rifle range. While Mr. Brenchley watched, rifle in hand, over our animals, I, with my gun beside me, caught ten fish in the river. I afterwards plucked my grouse and served up two dishes of fresh meat for dinner. The hen of the desert, with its red flesh, was pronounced delicious. At nightfall George became so paralyzed with fear as to be absolutely useless. Mr. Brenchley and I then agreed to divide the night into two watches. The first fell to my lot. I watched vigilantly till midnight, the moon shining brightly, and I experienced no annoyance except from the howling of the cayotes. At midnight I awoke Mr. Brenchley, who mounted guard in his turn.

I rose at three in the morning, and we made ready for a start before the heat commenced. The morning was very cool. While we were getting the animals ready, we supposed that George had prepared breakfast, but he was so frightened, and so thoroughly torpid, that he had not even ventured to go to the river for water. He was not only useless, but had become a source of danger to us, under the circumstances in which we were actually placed. He could not even kindle a fire, and all thought seemed to have abandoned him. He had not only lost our pipes, but even our forks, ropes, Mr. Brenchley's powder-flask, a water-gourd, etc. He would have lost himself had we not been there to look after and guide him; and all without any ill-will, but through the continuous impressions he had received from the privations and dangers of a life in the desert. We began, alas! too late, to repent of having departed from our original intention of setting out alone.

We could not get off before six o'clock, considerably out of temper with poor George, who, however, to speak the truth, was not so much to be blamed as pitied for his over-confidence in his own powers. We quitted the dangerous vicinage of the river, to get out into the desert. We saw here and there huge crows perched on the carcases of cattle, which they tore with their powerful beaks. We came across a caravan of a hundred and thirty Americans, who informed us that the Indians did not cease to be hostile for forty leagues from the spot in which we then were. They had heard of the death of Captain Jones, and had the evening before met with a considerable number of armed Indians, who had retired without making known their intentions, as they had doubtless considered they were not numerous enough to attack them with any prospect of success. These emigrants strongly urged us to retrace our steps. When they found it was our fixed determination to proceed, they advised us to travel only by night, without making fires, and saw us continue on our way with an expression of countenance which plainly said, "Poor fools! you are lost men." Perhaps they were right; but if man drew back at the first obstacle that stopped him in his career, would he ever succeed in the smallest undertaking?

We pursued therefore our journey, not indeed without some uneasiness it must be confessed. Some Indians on foot crossed straight before us. Our mules seemed to smell and wind them as though they were enemies, for they strove to run away, and we noticed that they always showed the same inclination under similar circumstances all the way to the Salt Lake. We often remarked this instinct. Our mules from the time of that meeting never could endure the vicinity or presence of Indians. It would appear as though the brute had a keener instinctive knowledge than man of danger, or of an enemy. Just as I had fired my gun at some immense black crows, two Indians started out of the bushes by the river and took to flight. I felt that our shooting must cease for the future, as it attracted the attention of the Indians. The mountains, which were at some distance from either side of our way, although generally arid, showed some traces of vegetation at the bottom of the large ravines. Not far from the river we met with signs of Indian cultivation in the *Atriplex*, with pale pink leaves and of a salt taste. In the desert we saw heaps of them, collected by the Indians. The seed of this Chenopod is used in making a paste which serves them as a substitute for bread, and resembles the *Quinoa* of the equatorial Cordilleras. We crossed, amidst clouds of dust, a desert several miles in extent, where bushes of the *Artemisia* grew to the height of four or five feet.

The mountains to our right and left hemmed in the desert we were crossing, so as to give it the appearance of a broad level valley, with the river Humboldt running nearly in the centre, whose course was indicated by willows, here and there forming tolerably dense thickets. We kept nearer to the river than to the base of the mountains. In this locality we were soon convinced that we were being watched by the Indians. As fast as we advanced, they gave notice of our position, by signal-fires to the right and left on the crest of the mountains. These fires, which have so sinister an aspect to the traveller who is being tracked like a wild-beast, not only point out to the warriors the position of the enemy, but also serve to call in those at a distance to the point of attack. We were evidently in danger. The river, at this point, flows in one of those defiles which the Americans call a *cañon*. It was in this spot that the Indians, knowing we could take no other road, hoped to surprise and attack us. A small willow wood afforded them excellent shelter from observation. We could see their village at a distance, in the centre of a prairie on the other side of the river; some of them were to be seen galloping, crouching down on their horses. One of them, concealed behind a bush, was watching us without imagining that we had perceived him. Profiting by the experience acquired by Mr. Brenchley while traversing the Sioux country, we retired from the river, where the enemy lay in ambush, and bore to the right, without however approaching near enough to the mountain to be within range of their downward fire. When the Indians perceived our manœuvre, they raised a shout, and did not seem inclined to molest us. Nevertheless we were far from feeling comfortable. The space between the mountain and the river converged more and more, and although we purposely kept midway in order to be less within range of balls and arrows, we were not long in discovering that we were between two fires, distant no doubt, but which could reach us if the Indian rifles were worth anything. Our only hope was based on getting through the pass before the Indians mustered courage to attack us. We held our weapons in readiness, and kept a sharp look-out on all sheltered places. George saw nothing, heard nothing; fear had paralyzed him. He allowed his mule to follow after the convoy at its own pace. Mr. Brenchley went in front, and I in the rear, in order to keep our animals between us. The Indians rarely attack except by surprise and when under cover. This made us most ardently long to get quickly to the plain which we had in view about a mile further on. We were very uneasy; but yet each minute increased our hopes. The enemy seemed no longer in motion; but, with the telescope, we could see the women of the village all looking towards a point close by us. Suddenly we received a discharge from the bushes; we gave them four shots in return; we heard their yells, and presently a score of horsemen galloped off towards the village. Had our fire told? We shall never know. Mr. Brenchley had received an arrow in his neck, and I had been struck with five buck-shot, only one of which had penetrated to any depth. The arms of the Indians were not good enough for the distance: our wounds were slight. The arrow by which Mr. Brenchley had been hit was not poisoned, and its iron head had only penetrated an inch, without touching any important artery. We dressed each other's wounds before resuming our march. My mule had received a small bullet in the abdomen, which drew blood; I succeeded in extracting it, and she did not appear to suffer further.

This baptism of fire had made us pugnacious. We were hardly safe from this serious danger, than we began to regret we had not to continue the struggle. We felt proud at the flight of our enemies, and of the way in which we had so fortunately escaped with our lives. We felt much inclined to pursue the Indians, but prudence would not allow of it. There is a strange fascination in peril, and man seems to be so constituted, that no sooner has he escaped from a dreaded danger, than he longs to encounter it again.

George alone was unwounded. He owed this chance to the position he occupied among the baggage-mules, from which in the distance the Indians doubtless could not distinguish him. He did not even seem conscious of what had taken place, and we never mentioned it to him. We found with regret that the slight deafness which had affected him since the commencement of our journey in the desert, had made frightful progress. We thought he was deranged, and from that time we felt more pity for his weakness, than displeasure at his want of energy and courage. We did not lose much time in this necessary halt, but pushed on for the plain, where alone we considered ourselves in safety. We camped at one o'clock, in the middle of a barren prairie, where we might see the enemy arrive from any quarter, if, indeed, they were not already in ambush among the willows which at intervals bordered the river. We hoped to get a little rest; but before closing his eyes, Mr. Brenchley perceived that George, on whom we had relied to watch the animals, as he had had his full dose of sleep the last few days, could not resist a morbid drowsiness, and he was obliged to remain awake in spite of his fatigue. Uneasy myself on account of our animals, I did not prolong my sleep. I washed my clothing in the river, and afterwards, at six o'clock, we dined upon pancakes and ham. At night we noticed a magnificent moonrise. The willow-bushes which skirted the river were a source of fear to us; they might serve to screen Indians on the look-out to surprise us. We felt that we could not pass the night in this dangerous locality. We resolved to make a march of twenty-three miles under the cover of the darkness. We set off at eight o'clock by the light of the full moon, leaving our fire well supplied with bushes, to induce the Shoshonès to believe we were still in our camp. George could not saddle his horse, we were obliged to do it for him. We entered another valley more to the east. All was still around us. At half past ten we turned to the right upon the tracks of emigrants, which led us into the middle of a desert towards two hills, and then suddenly ceased there. We passed over rocks covered with a few bushes. We had wandered from our course. We rode across the country, endeavouring to meet with some trace of the emigrants; but as we did not know the course of the river, we mistook our direction. We crossed the dry bed of a stream, and had to climb a very steep hill. Mr. Brenchley led the way, and George, being unable to urge on his mule with sufficient vigour, was constantly so much in the rear, that we were obliged to wait for him. We had to force our way through the bushes. If we should fall into the hands of the enemy! The birds and cayotes vied with each other in their cries. We feared, as is frequently the case, that the howl of the cayote was counterfeited by Indians in the hope of entrapping us. The ground was dreadful to the feet of the mules, which frequently stumbled over the large rolling stones. We met with several Indian trails, and thought we could distinguish huts in the distance. We also had several ditches to cross. Large *Artemisia* frequently obstructed our path. We saw a Composite in external appearance like the *Spartium*, whose capitula were small and yellow.

At one in the morning we once more struck on emigrant tracks.

Our cattle with difficulty ascended a mountain covered with *Artemisia* and *Atriplex*. The summit of this mountain was intersected by a small valley, whose right side we scaled, to seek a resting-place where the Indians could not perceive us. At four in the morning we fixed our camp in a hollow, on the summit of the mountain, at a great height above the waters of the Humboldt. The sun rose soon after. We were distressed to find that our cattle had nothing to feed on but a dried-up woody *Artemisia*, which the Americans call *Sagebush*, and a few Crucifers and

Cloveworts, long since dead. The ground was covered with stones; I could not find a better place to lie down than the dry bed of a torrent, where the gravel was tolerably fine. I slept a little until the intense heat woke me. I was dying from thirst; a violent fever greatly prostrated my strength. I almost gave way to despair. We had not the least chance of obtaining a drop of water. I strove to rally myself by calling to mind the pleasant incidents of my travels. But the fever mastered me. I could hardly rise, and my knees bent under me when I attempted to stand upright. My mouth was parched, my legs were cramped, and there was a disagreeable humming in my ears. Mr. Brenchley stated that the latter sensation was exactly the same as that he had experienced in the desert near Ragtown. And thus the day went by. In the evening, I left Mr. Brenchley to do all the packing by himself. He was even obliged to place me on my mule, and at eight o'clock we resumed our march by the light of the full moon.

We followed the valley of the summit, and noticed to our left a natural cave full a hundred feet above us. We then descended the mountains, and came upon a long, arid, sandy plain, producing some *Salicornia*. I was suffering dreadfully from fatigue, rendered intense by the want of water, and the absence of sleep. After several hours' march, we saw on our left a small prairie traversed by the dry bed of a river. We deviated somewhat from our course in the hope of finding water. We found some, indeed, in a marsh, but it was frightfully impregnated with alkali and the odour of marshy plants. In spite of that, we each drank a couple of quarts without its quenching our thirst. George, as usual, was asleep on his horse, and saw nothing. We were obliged to give him a sound shaking before we could rouse him sufficiently to participate in our good luck. We endeavoured to rid him of his somnolency, and make him of some use, by sending him to the front to lead the way, thus permitting of our riding together, scheming as we went on, and even by turns taking a wider sweep in order to examine the vicinity of our route without losing time. But here, in his new functions, George tried our temper more than ever. He was continually getting out of the line we had pointed out to him, and we were compelled to gallop up to him to set him right again; for either from drowsiness or great deafness, he paid no attention to our whistling. The most delicate woman would not have occasioned us so much trouble. We would willingly have abandoned him to his fate, but humanity forbade it.

At one in the morning, we again met with the well-defined track made by the emigrants. We followed it till a quarter past three, when we deviated to the left in search of pasturage, which we met with in the vicinity of a small wood. We camped at four A.M. under some small willows, beside a marsh, the water of which was tolerably clear and cool, but unpalatable, alkaline, filled with *Ceratophyllum*, insects, frogs, and snakes. The depth of mud did not admit of our animals approaching to drink the water; we had to water them slowly with the pail. The weather was cold. I threw myself down fatigued and parched with fever, while Mr. Brenchley mounted guard. I slept till five, and then explored the neighbourhood. It appeared to me that the Indians could not discover us in this spot, which was some little distance from the river. I took the watch at nine. Mr. Brenchley made himself a shelter of willow-boughs, after the Indian fashion, and lay down hoping to get a nap, but did not succeed; the miasms of the place, and the putrid water we had drunk, made us feverish. The morning was very warm; in spite of the repugnance with which the fetid water inspired me, I could not overcome my longing for a bath; it is such a luxury to the dusty traveller to refresh his body, and more especially his head. The vegetation in our vicinity was tolerably varied; I met with a *Potentilla* of the form *anserina*, without flowers, a small Clovewort with pink flowers, a *Gaura*, a *Hordeum*, *Polygonum*, a *Phalaris*, *Castilleja*, two *Asteroideæ*, the *Scirpus lacustris*. Water-fleas slid on the water, and large water-beetles, green on the wing-sheaths and reddish under the abdomen, swam at the bottom. Dragon-flies, mosquitoes, and immense flies hovered round us, and with snakes and frogs contributed to form our society. In the water of the marsh also were some very small fish resembling sticklebacks.

At a quarter past three, our mules suddenly broke loose from their pickets and fled in terror. We were at a loss to account for their panic, when I perceived two Indians among the bushes. These unwelcome visitors made off as soon as they recognized that the mules by their flight had drawn my attention to them. We had made no fire lest the smoke should reveal our position, but finding we were discovered, we set about cooking, with the intention of being off. The water had imparted such an unpleasant flavour to our food that we were unable to eat it. Happy mortals, who, though they may have nothing but water in their cellars, yet never know the lack of that! Ours was poisonous; in the first place, it did not quench our thirst; it was also ill-flavoured and fetid; moreover, it produced diarrhœa; and finally, it caused alkaline eructations. However, in default of better we made tolerable tea with it.

By night I was almost well; Mr. Brenchley too had gradually recovered his strength. We got our animals ready, including George's horse, which we were obliged to saddle for him, and at a quarter past eight broke up our camp, fully convinced that the Indians intended favouring us with an attack. We left a good fire to serve them as a target, and were not long getting clear of the bushes. We soon discovered to our left a fire not far from our own, round which the Indians were smoking their *kinikinik* (a substitute for tobacco). We went on at a round pace in a parallel line with the Humboldt, which ran at about a league's distance from us. The desert was covered with Sagebush and *Salicornia*. At some distance to our left were woods, from which we feared danger. We kept a sharp look-out, and our arms handy. We were approaching the spot we considered most dangerous, where the Shoshonès had murdered Captain Jones five or six days previously. At midnight the nature of the ground compelled us to pass quite close to the river, which was thereabout skirted by rather bushy willows. This was the fatal place pointed out to us by the emigrants. We sought to avoid this ford as one would the plague, and bore to the right, with the intention of crossing the Humboldt ten miles higher up. But our pack-mules having scented the water, sprang madly into it, and to avoid increasing the noise they made in this movement, we did not attempt to stop them. We kept watch over them gun in hand. All passed off quietly; as soon as they had drunk their fill, they at once went on again, and we stole away as silently as possible. We passed over a crust of alkali resembling hoar-frost, on a road leading from the woods. Gradually we gained confidence, feeling as if we had escaped a serious danger, when we left the scene of the murder behind. It was very cold, my feet were almost frozen, and so intense was my longing for sleep that I could barely keep my seat on my mule. I followed on foot to overcome my drowsiness, admiring Mr. Brenchley, whom neither fatigue, wind nor weather seemed able to subdue.

The 29th of August, at half past four in the morning, fearing to be overtaken by daylight, we made a detour of two miles across a prairie intersected by dry watercourses, in order to camp as near as possible to water. We halted at five, close to the river, on the opposite bank of which was a wood of large and rather bushy willows. Beside us were some deserted Indian huts. We there met with the skins and horns of antelopes. Believing we had nothing more to fear from the Shoshonès, we made a good fire to cook by. But we were soon a prey to fresh anxiety. We thought such thick woods and so vast a prairie might shelter numerous foes. The pasturage was excellent, and that was the only advantage. We had never met with so gloomy an encampment; we were surprised and alarmed, so that we could hardly conceive what momentary illusion had induced us to hail it with pleasure. However, we did not think it expedient to leave it, and we put our trust in Providence.

The mountains which bounded the horizon on the opposite side of the Humboldt presented a singular aspect. They had all the appearance of extinct craters that had fallen in, or monumental ruins. We saw a few antelopes running. In spite of the remonstrances of Mr. Brenchley, who considered it imprudent of me to enter the woods, I could not overcome the desire to collect a few plants. I saw a curious Labiate, an *Epilobium*, two *Œnothera*, the one acaulous, the other resembling those we had already met with on our route; a flaxy Asclepiad, with binary fruit, containing a long white silk; a *Helianthus*, with straight stalks and beautiful yellow flowers, another species with a plainer stalk, scarcely ramified; a *Polygonum* without fruit or flower, etc.

The water of the river had become clearer and more agreeable to drink than hitherto. I tried fishing, but could not get a single bite. The prairie was alive with snakes, and in some places the ground was literally covered with the sloughs they had cast. We several times fancied we heard the tread of Indians among the dry wood close by. It was enough to make one shudder. Perhaps it was merely the wind among the large dead boughs of the willows. About two o'clock the alarm was given in our camp; a horseman was approaching. It was Murdoch's brother, who was riding in advance of his convoy, which consisted of cattle, waggons, and thirty people. He was glad to hear news of his brother, and told us the Indians had appeared friendly on the route, that we must not trust them, but keep them at a distance. We informed him of the hostile disposition of the Shoshonès, but he considered his party sufficiently numerous to overawe them. He left us after recommending us to keep a very sharp look-out, the more necessary on account of our small number. The day passed without our being able to sleep, except George, who seemed to consider it a duty to sleep for the party. However, we felt stronger and in better spirits: this arose from the quality of the water, better living, and a purer air than we had met with in our recent encampments. We were off at half past five P.M. We recrossed the prairie to get back to the emigrant trail. We ascended with difficulty rocky hills, frequently covered with thick dust. We came to a spot remarkable for its strange geological formation, and night overtook us amidst a fresh landscape. We walked apace, keeping the river still to the left, and fell in with it at intervals. Mr. Brenchley dropped his steel, and, although moonlight, could not find it in the deep dust. This accident, caused by George's indolence in letting his pipe out so repeatedly while sleeping, and always preferring to beg a light from us rather than strike one for himself, disturbed my friend's usual equanimity, and recalling to mind the trouble George constantly gave him, he actually roused him from his apathy, by giving him a good sound rowing, to which he could make no reply, and which he very soon forgot in another doze. It was severely cold; I was obliged to walk to keep myself warm. The landscape again had changed; we were on much higher ground, and the mountains seemed less lofty and less varied in outline. Relieved from the fever I had for several days been suffering from, I felt in excellent spirits, and as I walked along gave way to my imagination. I thought also of my poor mother and her love for me, of her age, which had doubtless blanched her hair, and of her anxiety at my prolonged absence. These images, these recollections, these bursts of affection, soon gave way to an irresistible desire to sleep. On my mule and on foot I slept; I actually slept as I walked; I slept while smoking, and without letting my pipe out; and however firmly I resisted, I always dropped off to sleep again. I am less surprised at it now, when I think that for eight days I had not shut my eyes. As day dawned the cold was more intense and the desire to sleep more pressing; Mr. Brenchley however withstood it better than myself. At four in the morning we stopped on the banks of the Humboldt, whose waters had become thoroughly clear, rapid, and drinkable. We fixed our quarters on some scanty grass, near a small willow wood, in a valley confined by low hills. As soon as our animals were unloaded and made fast, Mr. Brenchley and myself went in search of fire-wood to cook with, having thoroughly made up our minds to rely no more on George. We made an excellent breakfast, and felt somewhat relieved from the anxieties of the last few days. At seven I fell asleep on the turf on which I had seated myself to smoke my pipe, and I did not wake till eleven o'clock; I then took the watch, and Mr. Brenchley his turn to rest. It blew a fresh breeze from the west. In the afternoon it increased in intensity and blew off Mr. Brenchley's hat, on which was wound our last fishing-line, which, getting detached from it, was lost to us, together with all hope of fishing for the future. We saw numerous whirlwinds in the distance, and birds hovered around us. The heat of the sun was no longer powerful; everything tended to give us repose. While on my watch I stitched, mended, and washed; I also killed a rattle-snake, which we cooked for our dinner, after carefully beheading it, and found it as sweet as an eel. Towards evening, we suffered much from the cold; even Mr. Brenchley seemed as though he could not get warm, although beside a pretty good fire. Our animals having caused us some trouble, we could not strike camp till twenty minutes past ten at night.

We continued to follow the left bank of the Humboldt, although we found more numerous tracks of the emigrants on the right bank. We ascended rocky hills, on which it appeared to us carriages could with difficulty venture. We saw on these steep hills a sort of *Juniperus*, forming a bushy tree. George, who slept in advance of the caravan, leaving his mule to follow its own course, misled us by following on the tracks of a camp which, losing itself on the banks of a river, brought us into a kind of blind path without issue. We at first imagined this to be a fording-place of the Humboldt, but on the other side we met with steep hills perfectly insurmountable. We followed the bank of the river for a mile, and were stopped by a mountain, on which we found an Indian trail, where our mules got into a complete fix, and from which we could only release them by first unloading their packs, a part of these even rolling down the declivity. We then discovered that we ought to have crossed the river earlier, and retraced our steps to seek an egress. The moon yielded us an insufficient light. When we had reached the bottom of this blind path, we thought we could see the track of wheels on the left, and we followed them.

Although we entertained some regret at having abandoned the route generally followed by the emigrants, we made up our minds to push on, rather than expose ourselves to the loss of time in making back-track. The traces we at first saw became gradually less distinct. We encountered some rather steep declivities. We crossed many small and somewhat muddy ditches, containing a little vegetation, but of what nature we could not ascertain in the dark.

The 31st of August, after having surmounted a long and tolerably steep ascent, we reached one of the principal heights in the vicinity. It was four in the morning. We halted to breathe our animals. The sun rose with a majesty never seen to advantage but among the mountains. Our aneroid had long since reached 640, which was the extreme range of the instrument, and we had unluckily no time to get out our barometers. We lit a large fire of sagebush.* Some of the stems of this plant were enormous. I counted fifty rings in one, which indicated an age of half a century. This wood burns with a wonderful heat and rapidity, doubtless from the essential aromatic oil it contains. All vegetation in the vicinity was burnt up with the sun; the soil was full of quartz and schist. After two hours' rest, we resumed our course, and descended by some pretty steep hills. The heat increasing, we had the good fortune to meet with small watercourses at the bottom of the gorges. We passed over a stony soil composed of numerous kinds of rock. We also met with a great variety of plants, but they were all dead. I however noticed a Composite, with capitula surrounded by three or four broad white ligules. Our mules, evidently fatigued, were constantly going astray, and gave us much trouble.

---

* *Artemisia tridentata*, Nutt.

On the banks of a little rill, we saw some beautiful *Aster* in flower, some rushes, *Epilobium spicatum*, a pretty *Œnothera* with large white flowers. After following the summit of a long sloping hill, we descended into an extensive plain, watered by a small river. The mountains seemed as if covered with a forest of the species of *Juniperus* we have already described. Finding we were not in the valley of the Humboldt, we felt somewhat discouraged. We ascended the stream which was on our left, and perceived, here and there in the sand, footsteps apparently quite fresh, which rendered us somewhat uneasy. After having kept near the river for three miles, we crossed it at a spot where it became a mere rill, and followed down its right bank, to ascend straight up the mountain by a narrow valley, in which was the dry bed of a stream, skirted with willows and the *Helianthus annuus.* We met with freshly cut stems of *Helianthus* here and there on the gravel, all placed in one direction on the ground, in such a manner as to appear to us like an Indian sign. The few birds we met with did not appear very shy. We came into another valley flanked by odd-looking rocks, resembling antique ruins, and mostly composed of conglomerate. Our animals were tired, especially the mule ridden by Mr. Brenchley; but we could not dream of camping in such a cut-throat place. As soon as we had arrived at the bottom of the valley, we found ourselves arrested by a precipitous mountain, which we at first despaired of surmounting. We held a council to decide whether we should retrace our steps. The hope of meeting with the Humboldt on the other side of the mountain decided us to scale it at all risk. After a few minutes' halt, we resumed our march on foot, driving our animals briskly before us. One mule rolled over with its load as it ascended the acclivity, but nimbly regaining its feet, set once more vigorously to work. After a thousand difficulties, we succeeded in reaching the summit of this diabolical ascent without any accident worth mentioning. The girths of our mules slipped back to their hind-quarters with their burdens, which gave us enough to do to set them right again; and we only arrived in time to save our baggage from rolling down the heights and being destroyed. We were greatly surprised to find broken cases, and the remains of waggons, on the summit of this ascent. It was evident that emigrants had already attempted to surmount this pass.

> ". . . . Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
> Auri sacra fames?

We still had to climb a long but not over-steep ascent, and then arrived at a broad plateau, commanded on the right by an enormous lofty peak, clad in a dark mantle of *Juniperus*. On this plateau we encountered a severe storm. The thunder pealed with fearful loudness, and we were presently soaked to the skin. A high wind soon rose, which drove off the rain and thoroughly dried us. On all sides the ground was covered with the *Inula Helenium*, on whose withered leaves our mules browsed. After we had walked on this plateau for some hours, we discovered an immense valley before us, stretching far as the eye could reach, bounded on one side by curious pyramidal hills rising in gradation and forming a mountain range. Was this the valley of the Humboldt? We gradually began to descend the plateau with some degree of hope in our minds. At four o'clock, we reached a very small rivulet running from a narrow gorge, amidst tolerable pasturage. We encamped, intending to establish an observatory, and to pass the morrow in determining our geographical position; for the compass, which had hitherto been our only guide, did not in our present state of uneasiness seem sufficient to pilot us to the Salt Lake. We employed the rest of the day in building a shelter with the branches of two kinds of willow which we found in our vicinity, and in preparing our instruments for the next day's observations. Overcome with fatigue, we took to our blankets early, leaving our animals to graze in freedom about us, merely hobbling them, and leaving them to enjoy the fortune of a good repast.

We rose very early on the 1st of September. The cold, the humidity of the night, and a troublesome mule, had scarcely allowed us to get a wink of sleep. This mule kept incessantly roaming round us in our blankets to pick up a few fragments of biscuit, and continually returned to the charge, in spite of all we could do to keep it away. We hastened to collect a large quantity of the wood of the *Artemisia*, and lit a good fire to warm ourselves. We then commenced our astronomical observations, which we continued throughout the day. According to our calculations we were in latitude 40° 25′ north, and in longitude 118° 30′ west of the meridian of Paris. The barometer was at 638. Allowing for an error of a few minutes, or even of a degree, in our observations, we were in a direct line for the Salt Lake, and the sources of the Humboldt should be to the north of us. We resolved to lose no more time in seeking for the emigrant trail, but on leaving camp to make directly for the south point of the Salt Lake.

The little rivulet which had decided us to take up our quarters in this spot, took its source close to us; but the supply of water was so scanty that we were obliged to dig a little well to enable us to procure a sufficient quantity.

Mr. Brenchley took a short turn in search of game, and brought back a splendid grouse, which he cooked with some rice, making us a plentiful and nutritious meal. This tetraonid fed on locusts, if we might judge from the quantity of them we found in its ample parchment-like stomach.

During my walks about our camp, I collected a tolerable variety of plants, among others two *Helianthus*, two *Sium*, two *Epilobium*, two *Artemisia*, an *Aster*, a *Rosa*, *Hypericum*, *Populus*, *Viola*, *Nasturtium*, *Gentiana*, *Geranium*, *Carex*, *Prunus*, *Eriogonum*, *Solidago*, *Ribes*, *Œnothera*, *Mimulus*, a withered Lilywort, a Boragewort, some Crucifers, some dead Cloveworts and Linariads, a withered thistle, and a *Juniperus*. Our rivulet was full of *Fontinalis*, of *Epilobium*, and Umbellifers.

We had a hearty laugh at an accident which befell George. Two days before, he had lost his hunting-knife, and since then, not daring to own it, he had been obliged to do without his pipe for want of something to cut his tobacco with.

We rose at five on the 2nd of September, having been unable to sleep after midnight on account of the coldness of our feet. The thermometer stood only at 7° at half past eight, the weather being clear. After we had repacked our instruments, and Mr. Brenchley had sewn two large pieces on the torn knees of his trousers, we started at a quarter to ten, almost regretting to leave the pretty hut we had erected. We continued to descend the little valley at the head of which we had encamped. We saw our rivulet disappear in the ground, and we observed a few plants, such as the *Aster*, *Solidago*, *Chenopodium*, and in those parts which remained wet in winter, a reddish Knotwort, smooth, with drooping outspread branches. We afterwards crossed an immense basin, with an uneven surface, and even slight hillocks, which we had to ascend. Lofty mountains rose before us. The *Juniperus* became common, and were of much larger dimensions. We ascended a sandy hill so thickly covered with them that we were frequently obliged to cut our way with our axes. We came upon a small river, which we followed for a few hundred paces till we came to a bridge made of poplar trunks thrown across it. Wheel-tracks were faintly traceable up to this bridge; we followed them, leading us across a desert covered with *Artemisia*, back to the point of the river from which we started. We ceased following this phantom road, and turned at an acute angle from the river. The load of one of the mules became loose, which caused us incredible trouble to set right again. She resisted so stubbornly that Mr. Brenchley was obliged to cast her to obtain the mastery over her, a process familiar to those who have seen Mr. Rarey, and which my friend had practised many years with excellent effect.

After some few minutes of indecision, we determined to make for the river again and descend the stream. We crossed one of its tributaries, which was intercepted in its course and fringed with a sinuous line of willows and poplars. For some time our path lay over a verdant prairie, which however led to a precipice. We then bent our course to the east, at right-angles to the mountains, and crossed some arid sandy ground, between two rows of hillocks covered with *Artemisia.* It seemed as if we scarcely advanced, and as if the foot of the mountains was ever at the same distance. When we reached the extremity of one hollow we came upon its fellow, which we had also to cross. It was so discouraging that we regretted we had not gone back and followed the emigrant's trail. We thought at one time of retracing on the morrow our road for the last two days, rather than continue to lose time in seeking for a passage which possibly did not exist. When night set in, we perceived fires among the mountains, and we resolved to encamp to avoid getting into too close quarters with the enemy. It was seven o'clock; the ground around us was arid, pastureless, and destitute of water. We made a fire with the sagebush, and took our rest, though rather disheartened, on the uneven lumpy ground.

We passed a good night, and did not rise till eight in the morning, writing our journals leisurely as we lay. I recollected it was my birthday, and was greatly amused, indeed, at not having even a glass of water to celebrate it with. A boil on my knee was so inflamed that it rendered me feverish. We thoroughly made up our minds that we would no longer seek the emigrant trail, but direct our course east-north-east, taking our time to overcome such obstacles as we might encounter, and that we would trust to the chase for sustenance, should our provisions run short before we could replace them.

We started at ten o'clock without giving ourselves time to breakfast. My boil almost made me ill; I could only limp along, and could not sit firmly in my saddle. We followed the foot of the mountains, which are very curiously shaped; one could almost have taken them for ancient castles, with bastions, towers, battlements, and chimneys. We perceived snow in some hollows of the summit. An immense fire seemed extending over the heights. We met with several small streams of water, skirted with bushes, and with prairies, in which grew Umbellifers, a *Geranium*, some *Equisetum*, *Viola*, *Epilobium spicatum*. We eagerly quenched our thirst in the waters of the prairie. Before us was a huge valley hidden by a kind of haze. In the distance, to the left, we noticed a sinuous line of small trees, doubtless indicating the course of some river. We then traversed a considerable tract of desert country; a vast expanse of ground had been laid waste by fire. The Indians, to assist them in hunting, thus destroy the vegetation even to the summit of the mountains. We perceived Indian footprints, and saw seven horses grazing at liberty near a small wood to the left. This discovery caused us to be on the look-out. There were Indians there: were they hostile? We certainly did not feel at all easy about the matter. Shortly after, in descending a slight hill, we perceived a long wooden cabin with two large chimneys. We also perceived two smaller huts in its vicinity. What could it be? Was it the residence of an Indian chief? A Mission, perhaps?—or was it not rather the abode of some wretched pale-face, located among the savages to urge them on to plunder for his benefit? We were naturally very much puzzled. We however directed our steps towards the settlement, and soon found ourselves on a narrow pathway leading to it. We passed close to a garden freshly railed in, and noticed a field of maize, which could only be the work of a civilized being. A small wood, mowed meadows, brooks which had been cleared out, and a herd of cattle: all this appeared like a dream. We were already near enough to distinguish Indians squatting on the roof of the house. We saw nothing to indicate hostility, and therefore approached the dwelling. A stout, good-natured-looking man, of about fifty years of age, with a rather dignified expression of countenance, came out of the cabin, and informed us that we were about thirty miles from the source of the Humboldt, and that the course we had taken, instead of leading us away from the Salt Lake, had considerably curtailed the distance.

This man, whose name was Peter Haws, had established himself in this secluded spot fifteen months before. His cordiality inspired us with confidence, and we asked his hospitality, which he most freely accorded. It was three o'clock; we left our mules to feed at liberty in the meadow with the cattle of our host, who undertook to answer for them. An empty room, without a window, full of dust, and open to the weather on all sides, and situated at the extremity of the house, was placed at our disposal. Mrs. Haws, who appeared about the same age as her husband, soon prepared us a repast to which we did ample justice. It consisted of bread, salt beef, butter, cheese, tea and cream, potatoes, turnips, and a fruit tart. Only conceive the delight of a hungry soul at meeting with such luxuries in the desert!

Our host was the father of three children, but he had only a little girl ten years of age, named Harriet, with him. Another daughter had married an American, and his son was seeking his fortune in California. Mr. Haws carried on the fur trade with the Indians, tended his garden, and bred cattle. He spoke favourably to the character of the Indians in the valley, who were perfectly inoffensive, thanks to the pacific disposition of their young chief, who was just then absent on a hunting expedition. These Indians, belonging to the tribe of the Shoshonès, or Snakes, whose territory extends very far to the north, are, according to our host, honest and trustworthy, but lazy and dirty. Mr. Haws positively asserts that the women are exceedingly virtuous. The Shoshonès are a nomadic tribe; they sleep on a bed of leaves upon the ground, and their food consists of wild fruits, roots, and game. They are dressed in rags, and a few of them in filthy antelope-skins. Their hair is long, generally black, harsh, coarse, frequently braided and decorated with steel, copper, iron, or glass trinkets. They have large mouths, manly countenances, are not so dark as the Oceanians, but their features are more delicate, and their noses less wide. They are generally taciturn, notwithstanding which they may often be heard singing throughout the night.

The day of our arrival, I was anxious to sketch a young Indian who appeared to me the most interesting of all those who were attracted to Haws's by our presence; but not comprehending the diabolic art of drawing, the poor savage trembled so, that I was obliged to give up the idea of taking his portrait.

The Shoshonès have made a treaty of alliance with the American Government, through the mediation of Dr. Hurt, the Indian agent for the territory of Utah. Mr. Haws told us he had been authorized by him to call upon the Indians to punish those emigrants who should commit any offence against the natives. The relations of the agent with the Indians amounts to nothing; they are almost confined to making treaties with the chiefs, and the distribution of presents, the more frequently consisting of clothing, in the name of the Federal Government.

The Shoshonès' language is difficult for the European to acquire. Mr. Haws did not know ten words of it; he could only speak to them through his daughter, who acted as his interpreter. Here are a few chance words, which I noted down after having thoroughly satisfied myself that I had caught the pronunciation. It must be borne in mind that the vowels are always pronounced as in Italian.

Uo, yes.
Ké, no.
Deviti chante, good, very good.
Choapè, man.
Angua, woman.
Umbói, eyes.
Mópi, nose.
Dempe, mouth.
Nanki, ears.
Bambi, hair.
Moazo, beard.
Nangoch, head.
Masoaki, hand.
Nampi, feet.
Dauep, knees.
Oo, calf of the leg.
Pá, water.
Takapi, snow.
Toiabi, mountain.
Poe, road.
Hópi, tree.
Apoidoe, to sleep.
Baonawikk, to eat.
Mahan, to walk.
Mabun, attention.
Kima, come here.
Kona, fire.
Kuipi, smoke.
Dooia, horse.
Uidhop, trousers.
Ongoa, ox.
Detsoae, hat.
Manpa, shoes.
Bajo, tobacco.
Loe, pipe.
Sohividoe, to drink.
Sooguaio, hare.
Guahât, antelope.
Ondoati, child.
Heubitichi, old man.
Kapita, chief.[*]
Tukane, night.
Dabhe, day.
Chimakapi, to-morrow.
Kekapi, yesterday.
Chomiti, one.
Uato, two.
Baite, three.
Uatchuiti, four.
Manikt, five.
Navait, six.
Datsuiti, seven.
Uosuiti, eight.
Séúomhent, nine.
Séimanut, ten.

I could not discover the name of God in the Shoshonès' language, and Mr. Haws assured me that they have no kind of worship. I am reluctant, however, to admit such an assertion when I call to mind their long addresses to the spirits, in the time of sickness, or when suffering from famine. Mr. Haws likewise assured me that the women have no names, and this was moreover confirmed by his daughter Harriet, who knew enough of the ordinary language to have ascertained the names of the women she was friendly with, if they had any.

---

[*] It is probable that this word is derived from the English.

As among the Hawaiians, so with this race, child-birth takes place without pain, and without any medical aid. When a woman feels she is in labour, she retires to a bye place, is confined in complete solitude, and remains five days entirely sequestered, having to provide for her own wants, and to seek the roots requisite for her food. The husband, during the same period, is bound also to remain in seclusion, away from every one, and even from his wife.

I once had an opportunity of verifying the existence of these strange customs, having one day, in spite of warning, entered a wood in which I learned from Harriet that a squaw had that morning retired in labour. I found the young mother cooking roots on a fire she was keeping up with bushes. She made a sign to me not to approach, and pointed to her child, which lay upon the ground by the side of a pool of blood, on a triangular piece of wickerwork, to which it was firmly attached in a swathe of deerskin. The piece of wickerwork was framed with two laths supporting a small wooden trellis, intended as an awning to shelter the infant's head. To this primitive cradle a strap was attached, by which it could be borne on the shoulders like a knapsack. Apparently reassured by the interest I manifested in looking at her baby, the Indian unswathed it, and permitted me to see, but still at a respectful distance, that it was born with only one hand. I afterwards went in search of the husband, and found him about two miles off, squatting on the ground. He beckoned to me, as he rose and retired, not to approach him. The children remain naked till the age of puberty, except when it is cold; and then, like the men and women, they simply gird an antelope-skin about their body. On a day of festivity, or in a dance, the Shoshonès are frequently decorated with a belt of various coloured feathers. They delight, the men as well as the women, in painting themselves red, and daubing their faces, and round their eyes, with many colours, which thus imparts to them a frightful look. They frequently powder a part of their hair, and trim the remainder according to their fancy; they generally cut it straight across the forehead, leaving it to fall from the temples to the neck, and adorn it with all sorts of pieces of old iron, as if they intentionally sought to make themselves particularly ridiculous.

The Shoshonès neglect the old and the sick. They only respect those who can hunt; and that is their sole occupation. The women do all the other work; they it is who bring back on their shoulders the game killed by their husbands, who seek the fruits and roots, who prepare the food, tan the hides, pound the grain, make the clothing and moccassins, take the horses to pasture, and saddle them for their lords. And although looked upon as slaves, they appear tolerably at their ease with their husbands. They are at liberty to take another husband when they dislike the first, and yet they are a kind of mercantile commodity in the hands of their masters. Polygamy prevails among the chiefs, but the number of wives is not unlimited.

The Shoshonès do not appear to possess much respect for their chiefs. Their obedience continues merely during war-time. The Shoshonès nation forms, as it were, a species of federal republic, divided into numerous tribes, each acknowledging an independent chief.

The Shoshonès hunt both on horseback and on foot, and they make use of arrows tipped with iron. Some of them, more particularly the chiefs, make use of rifles also, which they obtain by barter. They do not follow the chase for food alone, but also for peltries. The most difficult animal to approach is the antelope. It is taken by stratagem. The hunter wears a head of the same animal, decked with its horns, and puts on some red cloth; attracted by curiosity the antelope approaches within bow or gun shot. Their other game consists of deer, the lynx, the fox, the wolf, the minx (*Putorius Bison*, Lin.), white ermine, mountain sheep (*Ovis montana*, Desm.), grouse (*Tetrao*), crows, magpies, ringdoves, and a few other animals. Bears are not common in the valley.*

---

* See Note VIII. at the end of the work.

The Shoshonès, being nomads, have no fixed settlement or place of encampment. They are ever roving, and live by hunting as they proceed on their way; they never remain long in any place except the spot suits their fancy, nor do they build themselves huts. In winter they seek shelter in caves.

They eat the seed of two species of Conifers, one about the size of a hazel-nut, the other much smaller. They also eat a small stone-fruit, somewhat red or black in colour, and rather insipid; different berries, among others, those of a *Vaccinium*. They collect the seed of the *Atriplex* and the *Chenopodium*, and occasionally some grasses. Among roots, they highly value that of a bushy, yellowish, and tolerably large broomrape, which they cook or dry with the base, or root-stock, which is enlarged, and constitutes the most nutritious part. They also gather the napiform root of a *Cirsium acaule*, which they eat raw or cooked; when cooked, it becomes quite black, resinous as pitch, and rather succulent; when raw, it is whitish, soft, and of a pleasant flavour. They moreover include among their aliments trout, locusts, and game. Their appetite is very voracious. Mrs. Haws assured me she had seen an Indian consume fifty pounds of beef in a day, which little surprised me, having seen seven Hawaiian servants of mine devour a bullock in a day.

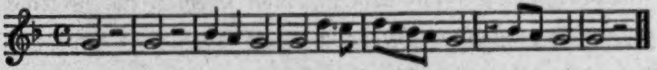
The Shoshonès have a great fancy for our tobacco, which, however, they find rather strong, and prefer their own kinikinik, which is much milder. This they obtain from three different plants. One is a *Cornus*, resembling our *Cornus sanguinea;* after having detached the epidermic cuticle, they scrape the bark and dry it, when it is ready for use. Another is a *Vaccinium* with red berries; they gather the leaves to smoke them when dry. The third is a small shrub, the fruit and flower of which I have never seen, but resembles certain species of Daphnads (particularly that of Kauai), the leaves of which are in like manner smoked. The pipes of these Indians are either made of wood or of red earth; sometimes these earthen pipes are exceedingly valuable, and Indians have been known to give a horse in exchange for one of them. They like to puff the smoke of the tobacco out through their nostrils.

The Shoshonès pass a great deal of their time, especially the nights, in games of chance, of which they are passionately fond. They stake all they possess, even their wives, and so pay down their gambling debts. One of their favourite games is played by four persons. They sit down after the fashion of the Kanakas, one couple facing another, go through rapid movements with their arms and legs, and sing in different tones, passing from the bass to the treble, and shaking two kinds of sticks in their hands, some large, rough, and shapeless, the others small, carved with a knife, and capable of concealment in the closed hand. During the game their gravity is imperturbable. It is difficult to understand how they play this game; perhaps it is simply requisite to guess in which hand the stick is hidden, which they pass about under the blanket or skin that covers their knees.

Their funeral rites are at once affecting and shocking. During our stay with Haws, we were present at the burial of a petty chief. According to usage, they slew one of his wives and two of his best horses on his tomb, to keep him company, the Indians say, in "the happy hunting-grounds," the distant land whither his soul had fled to the chase of unknown game. The deceased had selected his prettiest wife to accompany him on his last journey. After two horses had been sacrificed, the unfortunate young woman stepped without flinching on the tomb of her husband, whose brother forthwith cut off her hair, and then shot her through the heart. We shuddered at the spectacle, but the Indians remained unmoved; so thoroughly does habit, aided by prejudice, render us indifferent to everything, even death itself! Earth was heaped over the two bodies, the horses were buried beside them, and, after hiding the victim's hair at some little distance, all was over. In the evening Mr. Brenchley went and got the hair, which he still preserves in his museum. The funeral customs naturally reminded us of similar usages among the Germans, the details of which Tacitus has handed down to us.* The mother of the dead chief was the only one who appeared inconsolable at the loss of her son. Every evening we saw her go and prostrate herself on his grave, and heard her sing a wild air, certainly expressive of grief. It was a touching spectacle to any feeling mind to see this poor old haggard woman, whose only covering was a narrow girdle about her loins, tearing her face with her hands, kissing the earth which covered the grave of her son, and singing with a tremulous voice, weeping the while, a chant whereof it was impossible to catch the words, but of which this was the air:

---

* See Note IX. at the end of the work.



The indifference of the Indians around her, who still continued their sports while the poor mother was giving vent to her grief and affliction, formed a distressing contrast, which made a most painful impression on us.

The Shoshonès have an accurate perception of musical cadence, which is exceedingly rare among savage nations;* but their music consists, with the exception of two or three airs, in imitating the howling of wild-beasts, and it is generally in the middle of the night that they indulge in their frightful concerts and enjoy their dances; then one is roused from sleep by the noise of their powerful voices imitating the bellowing of the buffalo, the roaring of tigers, the bleating of the mountain sheep, the howling of wolves, the cry of the cayotes, the neigh of the horse, the croaking of the raven, the barking of dogs, the yelping of foxes, in a word, the cries of all animals, imitated with an amazing accuracy. One is the more astonished and alarmed at these infernal concerts, in that it is only on these occasions the Shoshonès let you know they have voices, for among themselves they speak exceedingly low, as if they were always apprehensive of attracting the attention of an enemy.

---

* See Note X. at the end of the work.

The sentiment of gratitude appears to be unknown to the Shoshonès; if you are generous and kind to them, they quickly abuse it, and endeavour to exact by force or threats a continuation of benefits once conferred. Mrs. Haws was required by an Indian, in the absence of her husband, abruptly, to furnish him with whatever food he desired, or the alternative of receiving a bullet through her head. The intrepid woman made up her mind to submit to neither, but seizing a revolver, she pointed it at the savage, saying she would shoot him the first movement he made, and the Indian took to his heels and never appeared again.

The valley in which Mr. Haws had fixed his quarters was hemmed in from east to west; on the northern side by high mountains whose summits are capped with snow nearly throughout the year. Huge rocks of granite, porphyry, and schist crop out in some places, and their tops are covered with firs of the edible species. To the south the mountains which form the other side of the valley are less lofty and precipitous. This valley is of great length, and in many parts not less than three leagues in width; a river waters it throughout its length, and its banks, visible from a distance, are traced along the level plain by a narrow sinuous line of verdure. Peter Haws had fixed his farm at the foot of the highest mountains, close to a clear little brook which runs at right-angles into the main stream, flowing through a prairie here and there dotted with clumps of willows and poplars. The soil is fertile for several square leagues. The climate of the valley is healthy, but cold in winter. When the ground is covered with snow, the wolves frequently descend from the mountains and commit fearful havoc among Peter's cattle. He is then obliged to watch day and night with his dogs to keep the enemy from approaching his house.

The neighbouring torrents bring down a little gold-dust. We have several times met with this precious metal, as well as with garnets and small rubies of little value. Among the plants which grow in the prairie, the most common are a *Parnassia*, a *Geranium*, a *Cistus* with yellow flowers, two *Epilobium*, the *Cirsium virginianum*, without a stalk but with a succulent root, a *Crucifer*, some *Carex*, a *Euphrasia* with yellow flowers, *Rosa*, *Scorzonera*, *Œnothera*, *Artemisia*, *Juncus*, Borageworts, *Polygonum aviculare*, blue Lupine, *Galium*, *Mahonia*, two Asclepiads, *Ranunculus aquatilis*, *Solidago*, *Potentilla*, a *Lemna* with lanceolate leaves, two *Salix*, *Cornus*, two *Aster*, *Vaccinium*, two *Ribes*, *Cyperus*, *Gentiana*, some Linariads, *Hypericum*, *Achillea*, *Sambucus*, *Viola*, *Eriogonum*, *Castilleja*, *Symphoricarpus*, *Fontinalis*, *Mar-*

chantia, some grasses, etc. All the Monocotyledons were dead, as well as many other plants, at the time of our passing. We still saw here and there the *Valeriana edulis*, the root of which the Shoshonès eat, calling it *Kuia*. In the spring there is an abundance of a Lilywort (*Camassia esculenta*), the bulb of which the Indians eat, calling it *Camash*. The mountain vegetation also comprised a *Veratrum*, a *Symphytum* with blue flowers, three *Ribes*, several Composites with yellow flowers, an *Actæa* with red fruit, an Umbellifer, a *Sambucus*, a globular thorny *Cactus*, etc. The Conifer, the seeds of which are eatable (*Pinus monophyllus* of Torrey), is very common on the mountains. The Indians gather in the cones for their winter provision, and preserve them in caverns.

The poplars which abound on the banks of the stream are sufficiently large for building purposes. Haws built his place with them. One of these poplars, which had been cut horizontally three feet from the ground, shot out a head of branches which sprang from between the bark and the wood. I carefully removed the bark, and discovered at the root of each branch a bunch of fibres in irregular clusters, tending to descend towards the base of the tree, an interesting fact which would seem to favour M. Gaudichaud's theory of phytons.

Haws has erected a stone hut close to his house, intending it for the chief of the valley, hoping thus to keep the roaming Indian with him and gradually change his habits;

but the desert and life in the open air have too great a charm for the savage. The king felt smothered when he slept in this cage, and therefore he has abandoned it.

Our host's garden was very large and in good order. It was surrounded with a strong fence, and a trench supplied it with water from the stream. It contained potatoes, maize, gerkins, cucumbers, water-melons, gourds, melons, pumpkins, peas, beans, turnips, onions, wheat, salad, etc. I also noticed the edible *Orobanche,* which grew naturally; this species is branchy and very thick towards the root, which is the part eaten by the Indians. The ground was covered with an alkaline deposit, which seemed injurious to vegetation. Clouds of locusts made fearful havoc in the plantation of the colonist, who however endured his misfortune patiently, and hoped for a better state of things next year.

There was a large pen at the back of the house to confine the cattle and sheep at night. The horses always remained at liberty to roam on the plain. Everything about this farm bore an aspect of prosperity and comfort, which it was delightful to meet with in a region two hundred and fifty miles distant from the nearest house. Looking at what Peter had accomplished in two years, his success seemed certain, and he really deserved it. But to make plans or form desires, is no safer in the desert than elsewhere. This house, which we left in so thriving a condition, and which had been of such eminent service to us, was abandoned shortly after we left it. Doubtless at the present time it would be difficult to find a vestige of it which has escaped the ravages of the Indians. The following is the dreadful narrative of the facts which compelled Peter Haws to abandon his home in the desert and retire into California.

He had a daughter, who was thick-set, short, with enormous hips, rather an ugly face, and eyes with a disagreeable expression. An American named Carlos Murray, a young man rather under-sized, a fresh ruddy complexion, and almost red beard, saw this girl, was captivated by her charms, and married her. The young couple lived in a tent, at the extreme end of the valley, professedly for the purpose of trading with the emigrants. Carlos, at the time we were there, had come nearer to his father-in-law, under pretence of making hay, and camped in the prairie nine miles distant from us. He had frequent relations with the aborigines, and spoke their language with some degree of fluency, and had contrived to inspire them if not with attachment, at least with respect, to such an extent that he had on slight provocation killed a Shoshonès, without experiencing himself any disagreeable result. But Carlos, from what we learned at the Salt Lake, did not confine himself to killing Indians; he had murdered two pale-faces to secure their money, and the Mormons suspected that more than one other victim attributed to the Shoshonès should be laid to his charge. Ourselves, even, when we did not make our appearance at the Salt Lake at the time they reckoned we should be there, were supposed to have fallen victims to the much dreaded Carlos. Towards the end of 1855, after our departure for Lower California, twenty-five Mormons were sent in pursuit of Murray. He was taken, not being apprised of their approach, and was brought before the Court of Assize at Fillmore. Although he had undoubtedly committed several murders, he was acquitted, in the absence of legal proof, through the influence of his uncle, Heber Kimball, the second President of the Church. This acquittal was granted upon one condition, that of his becoming a Mormon. Carlos agreed, and returned to his tent. He had scarcely reached it when the Shoshonès massacred him, his wife, and companion. Peter Haws, dismayed at the threats of these same savages, collected all his effects on his waggon and withdrew, with his wife and Harriet, to the State of California, where we believe him to be settled at this moment. There is every reason to suppose that, till the day of the trial, Haws was unaware that his son-in-law was such a ruffian.

Haws was the advanced sentinel, as it were, of Mormonism in the desert; for he was of that creed, as we soon ascertained. He gave us an extempore prayer every evening, and made use of certain expressions which belonged to no creed we knew of. This induced us to believe he professed the new religion. We told him our thoughts on the subject, and he admitted indeed that he had the good fortune to be a Latter-Day Saint. His history is brief, and may not perhaps be out of place here.

Haws was born at Kingston, in Canada. In his youth he had resided in Montreal, a place in which many Protestant sects came in contact with Catholicism. He had there contracted the habit of indifference sometimes imparted by religious or theological discussions. He then began to think that all religions were merely human inventions, and no longer respected anything but the Bible, which he believed was no better practised than understood. He was at this point in his religious opinions when the first Mormon missionaries appeared in Canada. He listened to them, weighed their doctrines, and, to make use of the language, at once ironical and illustrative, in which he addressed us, "he was fool enough to believe that all the Mormon truths were as plain as the five fingers of his hand." He was therefore baptized, and soon afterwards went to reside near Joseph Smith the Prophet, who at first employed him as a missionary, and subsequently re-called him, after he had given sufficient evidence of his zeal. Haws lived with the Prophet till his death, shared all the miseries of his sect, and was among the first to emigrate to the Salt Lake, where he earned his livelihood for several years by making whisky. A dispute he had with the new Prophet, Brigham Young, disgusted him, and he resolved to withdraw from the society to entertain the holy doctrines in his own way, without having to bow to the authority of the President of the Church. Nevertheless, Haws was far from being an apostate. He remained true to the doctrines of the founder, but refused a blind obedience to his successor. He was still a Mormon even to fanaticism, and his sermons every evening gave us ample proof of it. Whatever might be the nature of his belief, Peter Haws was worthy of admiration for the fervour he displayed in his sermons, when he explained to us the dogmas of his religion. He not only believed, but also practised his professions with a rigour worthy of a better creed. His sincerity was manifest; it moved and inspired us with respect. We listened to him most attentively when he declared his creed and opinions, which we will shortly sketch, as a preamble to the general dissertation we shall later have occasion to make.

He maintained that the Saints alone possess the truth, that they alone have the privilege of being perfectly intelligent, and by virtue of this intelligence are able to understand and explain all that appears obscure to us in the Holy Scriptures. He was disposed to admit that each religion contains a particle of the truth, but that none of them possess it wholly, except Mormonism, to which the gods (these are his own words) have revealed all truths. According to him, the Catholic religion is the least in error, because it comprises a greater number of truths than any other; but it is none the less false, inasmuch as it does not know them all; and that moreover it has deviated from tradition, in not retaining either Apostles, High Priests, or Prophets. All the ancient prophecies have been fulfilled, and as the world cannot remain without prophecies, new prophecies and new prophets are required. On this account the gods had raised up Joseph Smith. Haws prophesied that in less than thirty years Jerusalem would have a king; that the Indians of America, who are really the chosen people of the gods, and the successors of the Israelites, would soon resume their importance in the world; that they would unite with the Mormons to form the new Church of Jesus Christ, and the ruling nation of the earth. The gold plates found and deciphered by Joseph Smith do not contain the whole purpose of the gods; others will yet be discovered, which will be translated by the aid of the Urim and Thummim. On this occasion Peter Haws, who had seen us make use of hypsometrical instruments, said, in his practical way: "By the assistance of the Urim and Thummim, it is as easy for any man to read every language and to decipher every imaginable character, as for you to measure mountains by the aid of the barometer." The promulgation of the truth professed by the Mormon Church, he told us, had a long while struck all rational minds. He added that the Prophet had fulfilled by his death the accomplishment of the prophecies, which assert that prophets will be massacred because they are prophets. The murderers of this holy man, he said, are well known; they were recently in California, but the Mormon chiefs forbade their co-religionists ever seeking to avenge his death, because these things would never thus have happened without the consent of the gods. All men are eternal, but liable to changes and transformation. We existed before inhabiting our tabernacles or carnal bodies. Whoever is humble and pure in faith can invoke spirits and perform prodigies.

Peter said that the gods had permitted him, even him, the humblest of the missionaries, to work miracles in defence of the truth. He also stated, when we pushed him hard on this point, that the ancients having practised polygamy with the consent of God, there is no reason why we should not now do what heretofore was done. Mr. Haws, however, will not practise polygamy, and does not believe it necessary. He interpreted dreams; and once, when I related a dream to him, in which I had seen nymphs pouring me out champagne, he told me that it signified that the Mormon doctrine would penetrate like sweet nectar into my soul, and that I should soon be baptized.

Mr. Haws, who had renounced his allegiance to the British crown to become a naturalized American, had in fact no other feeling of nationality than that which he derived from his religious opinions; that is to say, he was neither English nor American, but solely and simply Mormon. Far from vaunting the American nation as the first in the world, he took pleasure in undervaluing it, and predicted the disruption of the Union on account of the depravity of its Government. There was nothing possible or good upon the earth save a theocratic government, which the Mormons alone possess; so that they have at the same time the full truth and the perfection of political systems. It must be understood that, in so speaking, Peter did not include his quarrels with Brigham Young.

The portrait our host gave us of Joseph Smith was very flattering. He never spoke of him but with enthusiasm and profound veneration. Mrs. Haws, when her husband spoke of the Prophet, went into a kind of ecstasy, and thanked the gods for having allowed her to know one perfect man on the earth. She was so thoroughly filled with admiration of her Prophet, that she let her pipe out when she spoke of him, a circumstance which never otherwise happened to her, except when she sat down to table. This species of adoration we considered exaggerated; but when we heard at the Salt Lake all those who had known the Prophet speak of him in the same terms, we were compelled to admit that Joseph Smith must have been such as they represented him to us; and this the more readily, inasmuch as it is contrary to reason to believe that a man who has done very great, if not very good, things, could have had but an ordinary mind. I will here give the portrait of the Prophet which our conversations with our hosts enable us to sketch.

Joseph Smith was of large build, he was more than six feet in height, and weighed 212 pounds. Well-proportioned, handsome, young, amiable, and unassuming, he won the hearts of all those around him. Gentle and artless as a child, his kindness to his friends was paternal; to his enemies, his magnanimity was remarkable. Intelligent and witty, he was at the same time endowed with political and religious courage, and possessed a profound knowledge of the human heart. His activity was indefatigable. Every day he devoted fourteen hours to business, dictating to his secretary laws, revelations, letters, and translations. Every day also he took two hours' recreation. His favourite pastime was playing at ball with children. He possessed every good quality; in education alone was he wanting, but his faith was so great that it supplied that deficiency. Besides, he was looked upon as a man inspired by the gods. All who had once met him, felt attracted towards him as if by an irresistible magnet. It frequently happened that persons who had sought the Prophet with guilty designs, left him vowing eternal affection, and wondering how they ever could have borne hatred against a man so worthy of being beloved.

Could the portrait we have just sketched from the lips of our Mormon friends be true? Many facts, now historical, prove the accuracy of this picture.

When Haws, in his evening conferences, expounded his doctrines to us, beside his fire of poplar wood, he became as animated as a preacher in the pulpit; his stentorian voice occasionally rose to such a pitch as to astound the Indians encamped in the vicinity. Moreover, it so happened, one night, that, carried away by the intensity of his zeal, Peter held forth with the whole force of his lungs, as though he had had an audience of ten thousand people; and the Indians, believing he had gone mad, raised a tumult round the house as though they had been devils let loose from hell. To calm them, we were obliged to get Harriet to say that our orator was engaged in exorcising evil spirits.

We had intended leaving Haws's hospitable roof on the 7th of September, when, at the time fixed for our departure, George was suddenly taken ill, so that we could not start. The evening of the same day, an old savage informed us that the Indians, instigated by the spirit of plunder, and encouraged by the small number of emigrants who were crossing the plain that year, were ruthlessly attacking all white travellers and blockading the route to the Salt Lake. They had endeavoured to pillage all emigrant convoys in the neighbourhood of Goose Creek, and they had just completely stripped a caravan of seventeen Mexicans. They had also murdered several Americans. This by no means encouraging news induced us indefinitely to postpone our departure. Haws sent a messenger to Sokopitz, the chief of the valley, begging him to come and see him. The chief soon arrived with his band of hunters. He was a man of about twenty-five years of age, rather small, thin, well-made for one of his race, and possessing some intelligence. His countenance indicated cunning and ferocity, notwithstanding which, Mr. and Mrs. Haws were well satisfied of his gentleness. He had no distinctive characteristics, except that he was perhaps more reserved than the generality of Indians. His hair, worn long, as is their custom, hung in plaits at the side of his head. His entire clothing consisted in a coloured shirt, black pantaloons, and a felt hat, and a revolver was suspended from his belt. He was the husband of the two best-made women of the tribe. He knew a few words of English, and invariably answered Mrs. Haws, "*Yes, Sir!*" The other Indians did not appear to show any deference whatever to him. He was constantly accompanied by a younger brother, who was remarkably stout. Some Canadian trappers, with whom this brother had passed several years beaver-hunting, had given him the name of "Bourgeois," and he was known by no other. More careful of his person than his brother, he was dressed in a blue blanket and deer-skin trousers; his hair was ornamented with trinkets and a copper disk, a sign of his rank. His white horse was also handsomer than those of the others. He frequently wore a cap of rabbit-skin, to which were suspended several tails of that animal; and he was excessively fond of painting his face.

Mr. Haws proposed to Sokopitz that he should raise a small force, and set out to punish the Indians who had been murdering and plundering. He replied that he had

W. Edwards sculp.

SÔKÔPITZ

Chef d'une des tribus de la grande nation des Shoshonés

Chief of one of the tribes of the great Shoshones nation

Imp. F. Chardon aîné 30 r. Hautefeuille Paris

nothing to do with the guilty Shoshonès, but could rely on the Indians of his district. We then asked him whether he would accompany us as far as the Salt Lake. He requested two days to consider the proposal. We granted them; and at the expiration of that time he intimated to us, that he would take advantage of our company to pay a visit to the United States' Indian Agent, although he had not originally intended doing so till the next spring. The company of the chief was so far fortunate for us, inasmuch as his presence might be a protection.

We were again detained at Haws's by sudden and unaccountable attacks of indisposition. George nearly died of a malady greatly resembling a violent and sudden attack of cholera. He had the colic so violently that his shrieks were dreadful; his face was sadly drawn up, and he appeared as though he had been ill for months. I too experienced a slight attack of dysentery, and one evening Mrs. Haws found me in a swoon, and by great care brought me to; and even Mr. Brenchley did not get off without indisposition. Ipecacuanha, which had already several times proved a wonderfully efficacious remedy during our travels in Polynesia, and with which we were always provided, was again our friend on this occasion.

Mr. Haws, wishing to take advantage of our caravan and the escort of Sokopitz, resolved to accompany us. He set to work and repaired an old waggon, and we determined to take a direct line to the southern point of the

Salt Lake, without trying to follow the usual emigrant track. We hoped thus to avoid hostile Indians, and even to shorten our route considerably. If we might believe the statement of Mr. Haws, an American with three mules had accomplished the journey from Sacramento to Haws's Ranch in eight days, and from thence to the Salt Lake in four. During this wonderful journey, the American had never made more than two hours' halt, and had never troubled himself to follow in the steps of those who had gone before him.

We passed eleven days under the roof of this worthy and honest Mormon, during which we had rested from our fatigues, healed our wounds, put our notes in order, studied the manners of the Indians as much as possible, gained an insight into the customs of the Mormons, and made a series of meteorological and geographical observations. The time had flown quickly in spite of the epidemic which had attacked us, and to which must be added the appearance of painful boils and primary symptoms of rheumatism, which fortunately never returned. Although the knowledge we have since obtained of the dangers we ran from the vicinity of the assassin Carlos Murray somewhat darkens the retrospect, the remembrance of our stay with Haws is even yet dear and pleasant to us, and we shall ever reckon his name among those of the worthiest men that we have met with in the course of our wandering life. It is not however to the good Haws alone that we should be grateful; we have also need to thank God, whose Providence often saves us by the very disappointments which assail us, although we too often rashly blame him for them. When we wandered across the mountains, we looked upon it as a misfortune; and yet, by that means, Heaven led us away from the Indians, who were assembled near the sources of the Humboldt, where we thought of passing.

If our intentions had not been frustrated, we should certainly have been stripped of everything by these rapacious hordes, and, even allowing that they had spared our lives, we should most probably have been unable to withstand the privations to which we should have been exposed in an immense desert, where the most indispensable means of existence would have been wanting. Whatever may be the philosophy one adopts, it must be admitted that events we look upon as unfortunate frequently turn out for our good. Had it not been for George's illness, which seized him at the very time of our departure, we should have left Peter's hospitable roof on the 7th of September, without entertaining the least anxiety on account of the Indians, whom at that time we believed to be thoroughly inoffensive, and we should have fallen like helpless sheep into the jaws of the wolf. George's illness, by delaying our departure, gave us time to receive the unwelcome intelligence, and thus enabled us to adopt means of avoiding the dangers which threatened us. Consequently this further experience confirmed this principle of our philosophy as travellers: misfortunes should be borne without a murmur, for they often produce good and preserve us from evil. Our life is full of incidents which corroborate this axiom.

There are reflections of another kind which we can with difficulty avoid, as they result from the impressions we carried away with us from the dwelling of the worthy Haws. We do not forget that we are born in old Europe, and that the land of our birth has virtues peculiar to itself, and which do not yield the palm to those of any other. But may we not be permitted once more to illustrate that energy, that power of initiation, and I may also add, of self-government, which characterizes the Anglo-American race? Haws is a rare example of this, worthy of being cited and admired. Here is a man who, conscientiously convinced of the truth of a new faith, goes, accompanied only by a wife and daughter, to seize on the desert, to expose himself amidst savage tribes to every danger, and who lays, far from every civilized habitation, the foundation of a colony which might have developed itself, had not unforeseen events untowardly interposed to prevent it! All must admire the soldier who on the battle-field braves death for the honour of his flag; but is not this also entitled to our admiration, the courage of these simple and resolute pioneers who, without being dismayed at the perils with which they are daily threatened by nature and man, open new ways for themselves, and work out their destiny apart, far from all their fellows, under the safeguard alone of their conscience and their God?

In the immense plains and countless valleys of America, where so much virgin soil only awaits the fertilizing hand of labour to open its bosom, where millions of individuals whom the crowding of cities transforms into the pariahs of society, could find their place in the sunshine of independence and fortune, one occasionally meets with scenes which recall to mind the lives of the ancient patriarchs of Asia. Haws in his desert was the king of all creation, and esteemed himself happier than on a throne. He reminded us of the good old man of Œbalia, whom Virgil has depicted in such charming colours.

> "Regum æquabat opes animo; serâque revertens
> Nocte domum, dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis."

CHAPTER III.

FROM HAWS'S RANCH TO THE NEW JERUSALEM.

OVER HILL AND DALE.—CONSTRUCTION OF A BRIDGE.—A MEETING.—SALT DESERT.—MIRAGE.—DANGEROUS PASS.—MORE RATTLESNAKES.—GRANTSVILLE.—THE SALT LAKE.—VIEW OF THE HOLY CITY.—THE JORDAN.

The 15th of September, at half past ten in the morning, after receiving the affectionate farewell and the blessing of Mrs. Haws, we once more set out upon our journey. Our caravan consisted of Haws's waggon, drawn by two horses and a mule, of six saddle-horses, and of eight pack and saddle mules. Haws, Sokopitz, and Bourgeois accompanied us, and George also, our hosts having refused to take charge of him. Carlos Murray came in the capacity of guide, to point out to us the least difficult pass of the mountain. Mr. Brenchley's charger, with a very sore back, followed us loose, and George rode a horse which Haws had given him in exchange for one of our mules which was put to his waggon.

We crossed several rivulets as we followed the foot of the mountain, and passed along the borders of parched-up pastures. We met with grouse, but beyond ball range for our Indians. When we reached a little valley on our right, we commenced a steep ascent, that no carriage had ever traversed before. It was as difficult to mount as to descend, and we were frequently obliged to place ourselves at the wheels to serve either as a drag, or to propel the waggon. Independent of the difficulties presented by the declivity, the slope of the mountains was covered with loose stones which rolled beneath the feet of our animals, and jolted our waggon in a wonderful way. At one time we had almost made up our minds to abandon it, fearing we might not be able to surmount other obstacles which we foresaw we should have to encounter on our route.

At four o'clock, our animals being tired out, we encamped in a gorge on the heights, where we found a small brook and a little grass. A grove of poplars and willows afforded us shelter. Some *Helianthus* and *Epilobium* grew around us. We heard the call of grouse near us; Carlos Murray was anxious to go in pursuit of them, and under this pretext he borrowed my gun, made by Lepage, although he had a very good one of his own. I unthinkingly let him have it. All at once his movements aroused my suspicion. Instead of going off in pursuit of game, he hid himself in a thicket close by, and seemed watching us. I then seized hold of his gun, which he had left in the waggon, and pointed it at him.

Finding himself discovered, he started off on his errand. Although we had at that time no idea that Carlos was a dangerous assassin, and although nothing till then had occurred to make us suspect him, from that moment we experienced unaccountable aversion for the man, who appeared always to be watching our movements, and had also during the day, stolen a lasso from us, which we had refused to give him because we valued it from its association with our travels. Carlos returned to the camp without game and without shame; we purposely avoided alluding to the gun. Supper was now being prepared; the two Indian chiefs made themselves useful, and Haws soon did the cooking, the whole time jeering at poor George, who was indeed a drone, even in the eyes of the Indians. This opinion of him, even while we regretted it, on account of the interest we felt in the honest fellow, was in some degree satisfactory to us, inasmuch as it showed that it was not our ill-temper which had made us consider the poor shipwrecked man as in some degree worse than useless. We slept with one eye open on the grass, at the foot of Mount Ketengua, which darted its sharp and crenellated cone far into the starry heavens.

The following day we started at seven, after having killed two black birds with red pinions. We had barely got away, when George fell from his horse on a steep slope, and let it go, as well as the one he was leading. The unhorsed rider was unhurt, but thoroughly bewildered, could not find his horse, and we were obliged to delay our march to pursue the runaways. We were obliged to exert all our strength, to get the waggon to the summit of the pass. We then descended a rapid declivity, leading to a beautiful prairie, watered by a stream. George, being unable to keep up with the main body of the caravan, had fallen to the rear, leading the sore-backed horse, which he could not get over the brook. As the horse he rode was quiet and tractable, we did not feel much uneasiness on his account. But when we had advanced several miles ahead of him, we thought it advisable to look for him. He was a long distance behind, on the other side of the stream, trotting behind the horse which he had permitted to go at large, and was driving it in an exactly opposite direction to our course. Mr. Brenchley, seeing the difficulty he was in, started in pursuit of his steed, and brought it back in an hour's time. George, instead of keeping up with him and the horse, jogged so leisurely along as entirely to lose sight of us, without even having sense enough to guide himself by the tracks of our waggon. For four hours we lost him, and we began to think he had made up his mind to return to Haws's farm, where we should have been glad to have left him, when we again perceived him at a great distance on the summit of a hill. Moved by compassion we waited till he rejoined us, though it would have been no cause of regret to us had he returned to Haws's Ranch.

The weather was dull; heavy clouds cast a gloom over the day, and on our spirits also. At a quarter past three we stopped at the extremity of the prairie, resolving to encamp there before entering the desert before us. We were without water, but by digging a hole in the dry bed of a torrent, we obtained sufficient for our immediate wants. While there, three Indian hunters paid us a visit, and bartered three antelope-haunches with us for eight rifle bullets. One of these hunters wore a kind of helmet made of the head of an antelope, with its horns, which gave him an appearance at once fierce and ridiculous. Soon after camping, we were overtaken by a heavy storm of rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning; but it only lasted half an hour, the weather clearing under the effect of a boisterous freezing wind. We sheltered the waggon behind some willows, and had the greatest difficulty in lighting a brushwood fire. I was almost immediately attacked with inflammation in the throat, which prevented my speaking, and was attended with great pain in the tonsils.

About nine at night the rain commenced again, and it continued to fall till nearly daylight. We were lying on the ground, and were drenched through our blankets; in the morning it froze hard, and our clothes were stiffened with ice. We could not sleep in such a bitter atmosphere; we shivered in our saturated clothes, and we rose at five. George, more favoured than ourselves, beneath the waggon under which he had slept, had scarcely felt the wet. At six o'clock the thermometer stood at 2°·1 below zero; we hastened to light a large fire and dry our dripping clothes. Carlos, being no longer of any use to us, returned after pestering us dreadfully for articles we could not part with. We experienced considerable relief when we saw his back turned, and felt thoroughly convinced that the storm had done us good service in not allowing us to close our eyes all night, during which he had doubtless meant to plunder us.

The lofty mountains around us were white with rime and snow. On the summit of the mountain to the west of us, was a large lake abounding with fish, where the Indians occasionally go to catch them. A little further on, at the foot of the mountain, the chief Sokopitz informed us there was a hot spring.

At eight o'clock, after making our breakfast off ham, we again started. We followed the plain, and crossed a desert, where we merely saw some *Artemisia* and a few Chenopods, and among them, a *Fremontia*. We cut at right-angles across a wheel-track, on which waggons had evidently passed a few years before. We had scarcely entered another valley, arid as the preceding one, before we encountered a fine sleety rain. The bottom of this valley was wide and level; we saw in all directions, on the ground, long lines of stones or dry grass, resembling ridges about thirty-three feet apart. We crossed these ridges at right-angles, without being able to account for their formation. The cold was intense, and chilled us from head to foot; George especially seemed to suffer from it, and dispensed with his pipe, his hands being so benumbed as to make it troublesome to cut his tobacco. We rode all day without stopping, and at half-past six, when night had closed in, we encamped beside a marsh, where we procured water from among the rushes. We made a fire of *Grease-wood* (Composite), to warm ourselves and cook our victuals. Mr. Haws, feeling unwell, went to rest without his supper. A little sleety rain continued falling. The inflammation in my throat still remained, and my nose was bleeding and painful; Mr. Brenchley also suffered from the cold, and we began seriously to fear that the season was too far advanced to permit our carrying out our plan of visiting the Mormons. Our two Indians alone seemed free from suffering. We however shook off the depression caused by our physical sufferings, and set gaily to work to dry our blankets, smoking our pipes the while.

Although I had lain down in the waggon, I could not sleep for the cold, but I escaped the wet. We rose at five; the rain had ceased, and the sky became clear. George, whose turn it was to look after the animals in the morning, neglected his duty, and let them stray to the other side of the rushes, where we had some trouble to get at them. In the water of the marsh was a small *Aster*, two *Cichoraceæ* with fusiform roots, a *Viola*, a *Lemna*, a *Gentiana*. We started at nine, and climbed a hill which brought us subsequently to an immense valley. There were some *Juniperus* and *Pinus* on all the hills in the vicinity; and snow glistened on the summit of the mountains. From the desert we were crossing, we could see on our right a vast and beautiful plain extending as far as the eye could reach, covered with short grass, on which herds of antelopes were grazing.

In the desert, we here and there met with a small *Cactus* of the *Opuntia* shape, and occasionally, on the heights, we travelled through thickets of *Juniperus*. These trees, the highest of which do not exceed twenty-three feet, grow very slowly; and their wood is exceedingly hard from the thinness of the ligneous layers. They are branchy, and the largest stems are not two feet in diameter; we counted five hundred and nine rings in the radius of one of these trees, which was only a foot in diameter, and eighteen feet in height; it was therefore five hundred and nine years old.

At half past two we came to a small stream which purled through the grass, watering some willows, roses, a gentian with large blue flowers, some yellow Composites, a *Heuchera*, a *Lemna*, a *Linum* with blue petals, and a small fleshy plant of the shape of marsh-grown Primworts. We allowed our thirsty animals to drink as we passed. We heard claps of thunder in the distance, but the storm passed over without the rain reaching us. We afterwards crossed three small rivulets pretty close together, on whose banks we saw a Rosewort with small white flowers, with bipinnatifid leaves like those of the *Achillea*, and with a large fusiform tap-root. We had a hearty laugh at George on crossing one of these rivulets, which was barely three feet wide, but with a muddy bottom. After he had spurred his horse, he checked him as he was taking his leap, and they both fell into the middle of the mud. We again entered a desert, on the borders of which was a plain, level as the sea. We pushed on rapidly, and frequently even kept our animals at a trot; the ground was irregularly cracked by the rain; on the sides of the fissures we observed small stones resembling water-worn gravel, which had been thrown up by small burrowing mammifers. At eight in the evening, after we had made an excellent day's march of over forty miles, we encamped among sage-bush (*Artemisia*). We at once lit a good fire, while Bourgeois started off in search of water, but he did not return, and neither ourselves nor our animals had anything to drink. Notwithstanding that, we dined gaily and with good appetites, being somewhat enlivened by the milder temperature, and satisfied with the rapid advance we had made. Stretched on the sand round a crackling fire, we listened, as we luxuriously smoked our pipes, to Haws's theological dissertations.

The good old man related with a wonderful air of sincerity the miracles he had performed in the State of Alabama, when he was preaching his doctrine as a missionary of Joseph Smith. By the efficacy of his prayers, and the simple application of olive oil, he had cured many of the sick, restored sight to a blind old man, and the use of her limbs to an old woman who had been lame for years. "It is thus," he exclaimed in a simple and unaffected tone, "that the gods permit a harmless humble individual, by virtue of his faith alone, to invoke spirits and perform prodigies." Haws had taken a great liking to me, and already spoke to me of the pain he would experience in eternity if I were not with him. Then, from heaven, to which his imagination had carried him, he came down to earth, and said to me, "How glorious is the contemplation of a future life to the true believer! See, I relate to you in this desert what it has pleased God to reveal to me, and while doing so, I experience a foretaste, as it were, of the happiness which awaits me in the unknown planet, where the gods reserve a throne for me. Open then your eyes to the light, and afford me the satisfaction, even in this world, of being able to contemplate your future life, amidst all heavenly bliss! You will become one of us,—the Holy Spirit has revealed it to me in a dream; and you will then learn what unspeakable consolations will overflow your soul even in this mundane existence." The conversation of our Mormon Saint proved so amusing and instructive that it kept us awake till midnight.

The 19th of September we were afoot before daybreak, being unable, on account of the cold, to sleep in our blankets still far from dry. At four in the morning, with a clear sky, the thermometer had fallen to 2°·1 below zero, and a slight frost covered the ground. Bourgeois rejoined us at five, having passed the night beside a little rill where he imagined we should have sought him, which was doubly impossible, inasmuch as we did not know the spot, and moreover it was much too far. When day broke, none of our animals were anywhere in sight. Mr. Brenchley set out after them accompanied by Sokopitz; and in the meantime I explored the vicinity. On a neighbouring hill I found some scattered *Juniperus* of tolerable size. A collection of branches which I espied in the fork of one of these trees, attracted my attention. I climbed it, and discovered a singular nest, which was flat and worn, and large and strong enough to admit of a small man lying at full length in it. This was evidently the nocturnal resort of some animal; but I was unable to discover to what species the occupant belonged. A little further on were two similar nests; and I vainly sought for anything which might indicate the nature of the owner of this aerial dwelling; a bird assuredly it could only have been.

At nine o'clock, the weather being very fine and the wind north-west, the thermometer had risen to 13°, and the barometer stood at 630. George still slept without waking since the preceding evening, and we were obliged to shake him roughly to make him take a share in our work. Mr. Brenchley and Sokopitz returned an hour later with our animals, which had wandered about ten miles in search of a few herbs to browse upon. We resumed our route at eleven, at first passing through bushes of grease-wood, entirely covered with pretty yellow flowers. Before long, George let loose a mule he was leading by the lasso, and I was obliged to go some distance to catch it, which somewhat ruffled my temper on account of the unnecessary fatigue his awkwardness occasioned my horse. We next followed a kind of ravine, and arrived at the small spring where Bourgeois had passed the night. We watered our animals and then allowed them an hour's feeding on its banks. We there met with some *Urtica*, *Aster*, *Chara*, *Lemna*, *Epilobium*, *Rosa*, *Solidago*, *Linum*, *Hypericum*. Very small leeches were swimming at the bottom of the watercourse.

We again started on our course at twenty-five minutes past one. We descended some small hills, on which grew the *Juniperus*. On arriving at the foot of some rather lofty mountains, we found an easy passage through a gorge or cañon formed by an assemblage of exceedingly curious rocks. This pass seemed as though it had been the work of miners, the natural ramparts which formed it were so regularly cut, and so flat and thoroughly level was the road, which was covered with sand and very small pebbles. We were inclined to attribute the formation of the defile to the action of water, as in the gorges of the Chiffa; but there was nothing to indicate that it had anything to do with the excavation of this pass, and it seemed as though provident Nature had marked it out from the beginning by means we were unable to account for. A Rosewort without flowers, but remarkable for its length of leaves, grew upon the rocks. We afterwards had a vast arid plain to cross, and then bare hills to mount; in front of us rose steep lofty mountains, resembling in their rocky masses the precipices or *palis* of Koolau (island of Oahu), and whose summits were covered with snow. At seven in the evening, being fatigued by our march, we encamped in an exceedingly arid spot, with neither water nor pasturage, but yet where we were likely to find the wood of the *Juniperus* in sufficient quantity to keep up a fire, rendered so necessary by the lowness of the temperature. We all supped with good appetites. The moon was clear and the cold piercing. We listened to the dissertations of Mr. Haws till an advanced hour of the night. He gave us a complete and detailed account of the temple constructed by Joseph Smith at Nauvoo, the plan of which had been given by the gods in a revelation. According to our orator, it was the most splendid edifice in the world, and its destruction an irreparable loss to architecture.

The 20th of September we rose at five, after a tolerable night in spite of the severe frost, and of the noise made by our mules gathering round a pot into which the remnants of our supper had been thrown. George, who had fallen asleep with his feet almost in the fire, in the morning complained that they were frozen. To warm him, we started him off after the animals, which had strayed into the environs at a short distance from us. We saw on the ground, in the vicinity of our camp, a number of white stones resembling an incrustation. The country was very hilly around us, but everywhere the eye dwelt upon a dreary waste.

We started at seven in the morning, without breakfast, and went up and down hills covered with small stones. The weather was fine. We crossed a large uneven plain, without the slightest appearance of any verdure. At midday we arrived at a deep river with steep banks, which we could not cross either with the waggon or with the mules, although its width was not very great. I got across it, and in endeavouring to pull my mule after me the poor beast fell into the middle of the stream, and I had great difficulty in getting it up the bank. We searched for a fordable place, but were soon obliged to relinquish the attempt, after ascertaining that the water was much too deep for the waggon. We allowed our animals to graze at liberty in an excellent pasturage, and set to work cutting down all the largest branches of the willows about us. We placed these branches across the river from bank to bank, and laid others athwart them. When we had thus accumulated an enormous quantity of boughs, we pushed the waggon rapidly over, and landed it safely on the other side. We afterwards drove our cattle over, and then carried our bridge to an arm of the river we had still to cross. This time we experienced more difficulty with the waggon, which had a narrow escape from falling into the water; the wheels having deranged the branches, had sunk through them, and it required a good strong lift at the nick of time to save us from an awkward accident. This work kept us actively engaged till five o'clock. We then resumed our course, but not before we had killed a few of the ducks, which abounded on the banks of the river.

We ascended slowly, by a very long slope, to an arid rocky soil, on which we saw some hares running away from us. The temperature, which had been mild during the day, became exceedingly cold as night approached and we descended the mountain. We entered a kind of large ravine, in the expectation of catching sight of the Salt Lake from the summit of the ascent, as Mr. Haws had led us to expect. Encouraged by Mr. Haws's statement, at night I went in advance of our party, but on arriving at the top of the hill I discovered but a vast plain, which we had to cross. Sokopitz followed me, and, after having left the plain behind us, we rode along a gorge where the view was very confined. We descended for a considerable time in the dark, following a sinuous labyrinth, full of rocks and abrupt declivities. We next scaled a steep hill, from the summit of which I saw to my left a vast white-looking space, which I imagined to be the Salt Lake. Proud of being the first to discover the waters of this wonderful lake, I re-descended the hill to convey the news to our caravan, which had been unable to follow me in my rapid march.

Our animals being too exhausted to force them to ascend the hill I had just explored, we camped at a quarter past ten in the bottom of the gorge, on rocky ground, destitute of water or grass. We had scarcely arrived at our bivouac when we were surprised by the arrival of two travellers, accompanied by two pack-mules. It was Mr. Egan, who stated that he had quitted the Salt Lake the morning of the previous day, and who hoped to be at Sacramento in ten days. This man's mode of travelling was surprising. He never followed any track but when he knew it to be direct. He made but three halts in the twenty-four hours, of only two hours each; he and his servant kept watch by turns. They were mounted on fine large mules, which always kept at a trot, and which could manage to work on a pound of biscuit when they could get no grass. These travellers informed us that it was impossible that I could have seen the Salt Lake from the top of the hill, because we were still sixty leagues from it, which was far from an agreeable surprise to us. This Mr. Egan was the very Mormon who had killed Monroe, an American, because he had seduced his wife during his absence. Although Egan had taken his revenge a year after the commission of the crime of adultery, he was none the less acquitted by the jury of Mormons, which thought that adultery deserved death.*

Our encampment was exceedingly cold, and we made all haste to light a fire of *Artemisia* and *Atriplex*; we then lay down to rest on the ground, without taking the time to eat.

---

* See the trial of G. Smith, in the 'Journal of Discourses,' by Brigham Young: vol. i. p. 95, October, 1851.

The 21st of September we rose at five, after having slept well in spite of the cold. We hastily harnessed our animals, and started, without breakfast, at half past six. We descended the valley for about a mile, and then mounted the hill which rose to our right. On arriving at the summit, a vast panorama claimed our admiration. Lofty and curiously shaped mountains rose on the opposite side of an immense plain, which from its whiteness resembled a lake. To reach this desert, we followed the gently sloping ridge of a long hill. At half past nine we arrived at the entrance of the plain, at the foot of the chain of mountains we had just left behind us; here we halted to breakfast, near some natural wells, the water in which was beautifully clear, but slightly saline, and very insipid. Snakes swam about in this deep water. A spongy marsh, covered with large saline crystallizations, produced some reeds, some *Salicornia*, an Asclepiad, a *Hypericum*, a *Viola*, an *Aster*. Our animals here found a compensation for the preceding night's fast. We waged war against the ducks which were concealed in the reeds, killing several of a small but exceedingly pretty species. Sokopitz killed one of these beautiful birds with his rifle.

After two hours' repose, we left this oasis to penetrate the largest desert we had hitherto had to cross, and which resembled a calm sea spread out before us. At the outset we met with a few bushes of the *Salicornia* and *Atriplex*, but afterwards not the least trace of vegetation whatever; it was, in fact, nothing but an immense carpet of salt and mud, hurtful to the eyes from its whiteness. At long intervals, but very rarely, the saline incrustation showed a few flaws; otherwise it was perfectly unbroken. This vast and glittering plain had a singularly strange aspect, stretching, far as the eye could reach, between lofty mountains of fantastic outline. The feet of our animals sank into a soil resembling clay, and scattered flakes of salt as they broke the crust on the surface. To the right and left the desert had no bounds, and touched the sky like the horizon at sea. There was something in this immense solitude so uncommon, so strange, so imposing, so solemn, that we experienced one of those impressions known but to those who have stood face to face with those grand spectacles of Nature, where the soul bows humbled before the majesty of God.

We rode on in silence, in deeply absorbing thought; the two Indian chiefs seemed to be under the same influence. They journeyed on in silent thoughtfulness, letting the untanned leather thongs, which served them for bridles, hang loosely on their horses' necks; suddenly they drew our attention to a part of the horizon to which they pointed.

Before us flowed a stately river, the banks of which were skirted with pyramidal trees resembling poplars. Its water was so beautiful and so limpid, the green avenues appeared so fresh, that we instinctively set spurs to our mules the more rapidly to reach its magic waters and quench our thirst in them. Soon the river seemed to expand and overflow on all sides, forming a sea bathing the foot of fantastic mountains. Islands with festooned outlines rose from the bosom of this unknown ocean, which was ploughed by vessels of every shape, their white sails swelling to an invisible breeze. Headlands with sinuous uneven crests, and their sides pierced with mysterious grottoes, stood out from the mountains like the flying buttresses of an old cathedral.

In a little bay in one corner of this picture, enormous whales gambolled on the surface, and spouted up the water in silvery sheaves, like those that may often be seen sporting in a brilliant sunshine on the tranquil coast of Peru. In the foreground of this marine landscape rose elegant habitations in the Italian style, which seemed set in the midst of woods of bushy trees. Then it was an army on the march, with its staff gorgeously equipped, its band, its artillery, its squadrons commanded by chiefs decorated with waving plumes. There were also droves of cattle which quietly grazed beside fat sheep and bounding goats. Whirlwinds of dust rose in lofty columns to the sky and were reflected in the mirror of the waters.

This extraordinary mirage surpassed all those we had hitherto seen, and all we have met with since, either in Africa, America, or Oceania. We were transported with delight. Nothing was wanting to captivate the eye; and the details were metamorphosed so rapidly that the pencil could not reproduce them.

"Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum."

The magnificence of such a spectacle drew from us shouts of admiration, and we agreed that it was sufficient of itself to repay us for the difficulties and miseries of our journey. Every one in our caravan perceived the images in the same way, the Indians as well as ourselves, and these images were so clearly defined that we were at first sight borne away by the charm of the illusion, and were a few minutes before we could recognize that it was a mirage. The phenomenon began at one in the afternoon; the wind was blowing from the south, we were journeying to the east. It was more particularly towards the north that the mirage was most distinct and the most animated. The sun was shining and the sky cloudless, but the atmosphere did not appear to possess that limpidity which had characterized it on some previous occasions. At three o'clock the curtain fell on this fairy scene, and we were brought back to the reality of a horrible salt desert.

We rapidly continued our course over the desert. At six in the evening we reached the foot of a frightfully arid mountain, which we followed till we arrived at a fresh plain, whose aspect in every sense of the word was like that we had just left, and which, in fact, it joined. At eight o'clock we halted to repose a little on the salt crust, and at eleven at night we resumed our way. The obscurity made us fear we should lose ourselves, and we resolved to encamp at one in the morning, on a sandy spot destitute of both wood and grass.

We slept pretty well on the ground; and when day broke, we searched around for a few roots of *Salicornia*, but found it impossible to make a fire with them, and so we had to breakfast off raw ham. At half past seven we resumed our course over a desert of sand and salt. We had not been many hours on the march, when we met an exploring party of Mormons, who were going in search of a site for the establishment of a new colony. We learned from them that Salt Lake city was a hundred miles distant, and that we had only one more mountainous spot at all difficult to pass. These explorers had two waggons, drawn by mules and horses, with two Indians as guides. After quitting them we had to cross a deep bank of sand, which tired our animals greatly. A long rising plain next presented itself before us; not a single blade of grass was to be seen, and we had been without fodder for the last twenty-four hours. I started in advance with Sokopitz and Bourgeois, in the hope of finding some pasturage. My mule gave signs of fatigue and exhaustion from mere want; yet we had still to climb a rather steep ascent over a rocky soil; and halfway up the mountain I halted, at a quarter past twelve, to wait for the coming up of the caravan.

There was not a drop of water near the spot, but I noticed a few blades of dry grass which could serve our cattle. I made a fire of *Juniperus* as a signal, and descended into a ravine flanked by basaltic rocks. I saw a shrub which I took at first, from its foliage, for a glandulous *Ribes*, but which I soon ascertained from its fruit belonged to the genus *Cowania*.

The bulk of our caravan did not reach me till two o'clock. We decided that the herbage was too scanty to be worth a halt, and so we resolved to go on. We had to cross over an excessively steep point, and, to complete the difficulty, the pass through the rocks was not wide enough for the waggon. We packed all the baggage on the backs of our animals, and we ourselves drew the waggon. The ascent was as dangerous as it was steep; an immense precipice yawned on our right, and the passage was scarcely an inch wider than our vehicle. We arrived however, without accident, on the summit of the mountain, which we descended by following a ravine, the bottom of which was of sand and stones. The sky had become overcast, and it threatened rain. At four in the afternoon we resolved to camp near a hole which contained a salt, greenish water, and where there was a little grass. The spot was certainly not very favourable, but care for our animals compelled us to finish the day there, for they were thoroughly done up. Although the water was horribly disgusting, we did not, any more than our animals, despise it. I even made use of it to prepare some chocolate, which every one pronounced delicious. Mr. Brenchley, whom constant activity and severe exertions seemed only to make more vigorous still, whether in great or little things, now turned baker, and made some capital bread, which he baked in the ashes. We experienced a feeling of satisfaction in the thought that we had just traversed thirty leagues of a waterless desert, and that we had no longer any serious difficulties to overcome before arriving at the Mormon capital. The cold was sharp, but we were able to collect sufficient bushes to keep up a good fire. We were so elated at having successfully braved the desert, that we sang gaily in spite of our actual discomfort, which was by no means slight. The vegetation was dead around us; we only perceived the remains of a pretty Onagrad with small pinkish-white flowers.

It froze during the night. To give the more rest to our animals, we did not start till nine o'clock. Mr. Haws, perceiving that George had injured his horse by awkwardness and want of care, took it from him, and compelled him to go on foot. We crossed a small desert, about fifteen miles in length, before we arrived at a brook, on the banks of which we halted to dine, at half past one. George did not join us till an hour later. Some cattle were grazing at a short distance in a prairie, which proved to us that we were not far from the first Mormon settlements. A *Helianthus*, a *Solidago*, a small *Euphorbia*, a *Salix*, and an *Urtica* grew around us. While we were dining, we heard the well-known sound which indicated the presence of rattlesnakes. I went in search of them, and was not long in catching one. After decapitating it with a cutlass, I discovered, by the single rattle in its tail, that it was only a year old; and in the afternoon we saw several which were much older, for these dangerous reptiles abounded in this spot.

At four o'clock we resumed our course, passing between a mountain and a salt prairie. George of course hung behind, leading the horse he had maimed; we saw him when at a distance get into the saddle, and, unknown to Mr. Haws, continue there. But perceiving some Indians, he came to us in a fright, so that Mr. Haws, detecting him, made him dismount, and took his horse away from him; thus George's puerile alarm brought down upon him the just punishment of his laziness and disobedience. George's fright at the sight of a few Indians scattered in the distance, made us believe him to be as cowardly as he was indolent, and we asked ourselves if possibly it were not fear which had paralyzed all his faculties during the journey. In the prairie which lay to our left, we here and there met with clear water, but too salt to be drinkable, and in which we perceived small black fish. *Salicornia* and *Ceratophyllum* grew in the marshy spots. We met several Indians returning from the chase, who said, "How do you do?" as they passed us, in token of friendship. I left our track to examine a large isolated rock in the midst of a salt prairie, and then started ahead of the caravan. At ten at night we encamped in an arid spot, between the mountain and a pond of salt water. We heard the howl of the cayote and the cry of the white pelican. Mr. Haws having stated that we were not more than four or five miles from the first Mormon colony, we were desirous of going there to sleep, but he objected, saying that he did not feel strong enough to go further, and that moreover a village was not a favourable spot to find pasturage for starving animals, on account of the numerous herds of cattle belonging to the inhabitants.

The night was cold, and a heavy icy dew covered the ground when we rose, and we had nothing to make a fire with. George shivered like a beggar in rags. We started at seven, without breakfast, our provisions having been exhausted the previous night. We passed between arid mountains and a marsh white with salt. We noticed a deep spring boiling up in the middle of a large hole, the water of which was brackish; some *Arundo* grew on its banks. We saw some foxes close to us, and shot several of them. We then found ourselves on a tolerably well-beaten road; a herd of cattle was grazing beside a small wood by a stream. This wood hid from our view the village of Grantsville, where we arrived at half past eleven. It was the most advanced Mormon settlement in this direction. The village was surrounded by an *adobe* (sun-dried brick) wall, with two gates diametrically opposite to each other. The houses in Grantsville, about fifty in number, are nearly all built in one continuous line, and so mean as scarcely to give us an idea of comfort. They consist of a ground-floor with a loft over it, and are built of the trunks of trees laid one upon another, and plastered together with mud. Seventy-five families live in these small, low, and obscure huts. We noticed a great number of children, apparently in full health; the expression of the men is stupid and coarse, that of the women is less common and less unpleasant. We were more annoyed than astonished at the eager curiosity of the Saints of Grantsville, who, doubtless taking us for merchants, literally threw themselves on our baggage, and impudently insisted on knowing the contents of each package, and the use and value of each article. Haws took us up to the Bishop's house, whose three wives consented for a trifle to prepare a meal for us, which consisted of salt pork, potatoes, and milk. This Bishop had several daughters, rather pretty, and with becoming manners. His episcopal residence consisted of two rooms only; little enough, certainly, for so numerous a family. A few Indians sauntered about the market-place, or played with some young lads, whose language was rather loose. George not having arrived at half past three, we imagined that he had fallen asleep at the entrance of the village, and we started without waiting for him.

Crossing a plain and following a splendid road, we rapidly accomplished the twelve miles to another village, where, as we passed by, we saw a new saw-mill, worked by water-power. We left this village to our left, and continued our road in approaching the mountain. A splendid full moon lit us on our way. Three miles further on we passed equally near to another village four miles beyond which we were going to locate ourselves, following a road skirted with rocks, which brought us to the humble cabin of a Mormon whom Haws knew. It was eight o'clock at night; the housewife prepared us a supper of light pancakes, made with milk and *saleratus*,* with coffee and butter. We had arrived at the border of the Great Salt Lake, the surface of which glistened in the silver rays of the full moon. A light breeze agitated the water, which rippled on the shore with a sound like that of the sea. We slept in the open air, upon the beach, happy and full of delight in having at last come to our journey's end. A quantity of white salt scum covered the shingle which strewed the shore. The inhabitants of the house had located themselves there to gather the salt in which they traded with Salt Lake City. They informed us that the lake had risen seven feet during the three years they had resided on its banks, and that the water had become less saline, which they proved by stating that formerly they obtained one-third of pure salt, whereas now they extract but little more than a fourth.

We rose early next morning to gaze upon the lake, whose water is as blue as that of the ocean. In the immediate vicinity of our camp was a large rock, backed by mountains covered with a yellow shrub at their base, and with grass and firs on their summit.

---

* The Americans give the name of *saleratus* to carbonate of soda, which they use instead of yeast, in making bread.

The lake is in fact a Mediterranean sea, without any communication with the ocean. Its circumference is not less than two hundred and fifty miles, and it must, in earlier ages, have covered a much larger surface; for the geological aspect of the soil along our road induces us to believe that its ramifications extended far into the valleys of Utah. The existence of the Salt Lake was surmised as early as 1689, which may be gathered from the memoirs of Baron La Hontan; but it is only of late years that an exact knowledge of its position has been acquired. When Humboldt visited Mexico, the Salt Lake was still a kind of myth, and that celebrated traveller assigned its position only by a very learned deduction, which however left a wide field for hypothesis. It is situated between 40° and 42° of north latitude, and 114° and 116° of west longitude. To the north-east its waters extend so far that, the eye no longer perceiving the mountains by which it is surrounded, one imagines its extent to be as boundless as that of a vast sea. Its depth is not great; it does not exceed thirty-three feet, and does not average more than seven or eight feet. In the middle of the lake, several islands* of tolerable extent rise to as much as 3250 feet and more above the level of the water.

---

* These islands are nine in number, viz. Antelope, Stansbury, Fremont, Carrington, Gunnison, Egg, Dolphin, Mud, Hat. The largest of all is

The smallest craft is not now to be seen ploughing the surface of this sea of the desert; but a tradition of the aborigines states that formerly the Utah Indians passed over it in large canoes. The density of the water is such that the human body will not sink in it. During our stay with the Mormons, we bathed in it several times; we lay upon the surface, and could remain there any length of time, without the least effort, and without motion; it seemed as though we could have slept there without incurring any danger of drowning. This extraordinary density of course explains why no living thing can exist in the lake. We neither saw fish nor mollusks in it; the only representative of animate nature ever seen there, and that but rarely, is a small worm, which is found in the sand of the shore. The trout, which are sometimes carried into it by the streams, die immediately. The vegetable kingdom is only represented by an Alga of the family *Nostoceæ.* The shores of the lake, particularly to the north, are covered with a considerable layer of the finest salt, which is gathered for

---

Antelope Island, which is sixteen miles in length, five in breadth, and rises 3250 feet above the lake; cattle are bred there. The next, Stanbury's Island, is twelve miles in length, and twenty-seven miles in circumference. Fremont's Island, which Fremont called Disappointment, and which the Mormons call Castle Island, is fourteen miles in circumference; it has beautiful grass, notwithstanding there is no water. The other islands are much smaller.

general use. At the time of our arrival, we observed upon the shore, on the top of the salt, a deposit a foot deep which was entirely composed of dead locusts. These insects, driven by a high wind in prodigiously thick clouds, had been drowned in the lake, after having, during the course of the summer, destroyed the rising crops, and even the prairie grass. A famine ensued, and the Mormons only saw in this scourge a fresh proof of the truth of their religion, because it had happened, as among the Israelites, in the seventh year after their settlement in the country.

The lake has no tide; but from the variable blast of the winds the surface of the water becomes ruffled, and its mimic waves deposit a flaky scum on the strand. There are no trees on the borders of the lake, nor on any of the adjacent plains. It is necessary to ascend almost to the summit of the surrounding mountains to procure firewood, composed of green trees, some maple, willow, poplar, and oak. Nothing is to be seen near the shore but a few withered plants, such as yellow Composites, a yellow *Œnothera,* and especially a large *Cleome* with roseate flowers.

Whatever may have been originally the nature of the Salt Lake, and whatever also may now be the origin of the salt* which abounds on the surface of the soil in nearly all the valleys of Utah, there is no difficulty in accounting for the presence of this vast sheet of salt water, which forms what is called the Great Salt Lake of Utah. It is not the remains of an ocean which has receded after some vast geological commotion; but it is formed by the water of Lake Timpanogos, which discharges itself into it, as well as by the streams which flow into it from several points. Although these different waters are fresh and very limpid, they become saturated with salt by their continuance in the great basin, a reservoir, in fact, from which they cannot escape. Thus the Salt Lake may be considered as a small inland sea, which receives all the running waters of the vicinity, to part with them only by evaporation. This explanation ought to tranquillize the Mormons, who fear the lake will some day dry up. It cannot possibly disappear till all the watercourses of the great basin have previously become exhausted. Our explanation is equally satisfactory, even to those who, like ourselves, believe that the Salt Lake formerly covered a much larger surface. A change of climate, causing the diminution of the supply of water, has sufficed to reduce the salt-water to the present bed of the lake. A change of climate in an inverse sense would restore the lake to its pristine dimensions, which is thoroughly proved by the increase of its waters during the last few years. It is therefore the prolonged continuance of large bodies of fresh-water in the saline basins from which they cannot escape, which forms the Great Salt Lake and the other smaller lakes which are met with in the vast region of Utah.

---

* See Note XI. at the end of the work.

At seven in the morning we broke up our camp on the Salt Lake to proceed towards the Mormon capital. We followed an excellent road, confined between the lake and a mountain covered with herbaceous vegetation. Large black birds were perched, out of gunshot, on the heights. We crossed, on a level with the lake, several small rivulets of running salt-water, which took their source from the edge of the road in ground impregnated with salt. In these streams were thousands of small fish, that never descend into the lake, the water of which is much too salt for them. We left to our right a grotto with a very spacious entrance; a curious Composite with yellow flowers, grew on the rock in which we observed this grotto. We saw three small farms, not far apart from each other; in one of these some women were busy spinning yarn, and others knitting stockings.

About half past nine we stopped at an angle of the lake, at a very neat farm-house, where a very bustling woman, with finely moulded features, in a few minutes prepared for us the most aristocratic breakfast we had met with since our departure from California. It consisted of pancakes, turkey, butter, milk, coffee, potatoes, and an excellent tart of preserved fruit. For all this we only paid fifty cents* a head. This woman's husband worked in the city, and only came to see her on the Saturday. He possessed a large farm of 8000 acres, on which he bred cattle, and took charge of that of other persons at three cents per head a day. There we left our disabled horse, which retarded our march and gave us considerable trouble.

---

* The American cent is the hundredth part of a dollar, and is therefore worth about a halfpenny.

At half past eleven we quitted our hostess, to accomplish the five leagues we had still to travel before reaching the Mormon capital. We left the lake on our left, and followed a sandy road in the middle of a vast plain, perfectly level and uncultivated, where nothing grew but sagebush and grease-wood, highly resinous shrubs. To our right, in the distance, was Lake Timpanogos, the waters of which we could not perceive on account of their being level with the plain we were crossing. Before us rose the Wahsatch mountains, deeply intersected by large ravines, and presenting in their foreground some lofty angular peaks. The holy city presented itself to us in the form of whitish rocks close against the mountain, and appeared so near to us that we believed it was not more than two or three miles from us. This remarkable optical illusion is frequent in these climates, where the transparency of the atmosphere singularly shortens the distance to the eye. This phenomenon frequently admits of the enjoyment of most extensive panoramas; the most distant objects stand clearly out, and their relative position is only indicated by slight shadings, which at sunset assume all the enchanting tints of rose and azure. To our left, the islands of the lake rose like pyramids from the midst of the blue waters, and their sterile summits appeared in admirable relief on a cloudless sky.

We traversed a salt tract, the level of which was but a few feet below that of the plain. We afterwards found ourselves on somewhat higher ground, whence we could distinguish the habitations which had before assumed the form of whitish rocks. The state of the atmosphere, the strangeness of the site, the joy of having attained the end of our journey, all tended to create a lightness of heart which induced us to quicken our pace. Unfortunately our animals did not partake our ardour; fatigued by a long journey and great privations, they could scarcely trot over the sandy road.

We began to perceive distinctly streets and houses, and already had lost sight of the lake, the position of which however was indicated by the still visible and picturesque summits of the islands. About three o'clock we arrived, having followed a muddy road covered with an alkaline crust, at a small deep river with a perceptible current, though its waters were muddy. This was the Jordan of the Mormons, through which the Lake Timpanogos empties itself into the Great Salt Lake. We crossed it by a wooden bridge with a double roadway, surmounted by solid timberwork by no means elegant. A decked pleasure-boat of some size was moored beneath this singular structure. As soon as we had passed the Jordan, Haws solemnly bared his head and saluted the holy city on the soil of which we had just set foot. This homage of our companion evinced so much devotion and simplicity, that we could not avoid respecting it. We learnt afterwards that it is the custom of the Saints who arrive from Europe or the eastern States, to prostrate themselves with their faces to the earth as soon as they perceive the holy city, like the Mohammedan pilgrims when they discover the edifices of Mecca. We were ourselves seized with a feeling of surprise and almost of veneration at the aspect of a city less in age than ourselves, and already so important, established in the midst of the desert by a mere handful of persecuted men, who thus hurled a proud defiance at a great nation, the United States, and gave to the world a further example of what can be done by resolution, aided by industry and stimulated by religious faith. Neither could we refrain from marvelling by what chain of events, by what hidden means, the secret designs of Providence are brought about in respect to the occupation of the globe by the European race, the civilizing race *par excellence.* This city, a spot lost between two oceans whose waves expire on the shores to the west and east of the Old World, is the keystone of the great social arch which is destined to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific. That fanaticism of the Mormons, which induced them to lay the foundations of a city in the midst of the desert, will have served humanity and civilization in a manner to which history will testify, advancing, as it must, by a century the completion of the chain which is destined to unite the Mississippi to the Sacramento, and hereafter Europe to China by San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands.

Our two Indians also gazed upon a spectacle entirely new to them, who had never seen any other house than Haws's. Their thoughts were doubtless very different to our own, and would, if analyzed, have probably betrayed more of fear than anything else. Struck with astonishment at the sight of this immense group of houses laid out in rows which were suddenly revealed to them, they passed, by an instinctive movement, from the front to the rear, as though they feared to be the first to venture into this unknown labyrinth, to them a peopled desert, doubtless more alarming than to us the desert which had just been crossed. This was a singular contrast with that which passed in George's mind, and a psychologist would have found it a pleasant study. Crossing the desert had, as it were, annihilated the sailor; the sight of a city somewhat revived him. We had hardly entered the gate of the New Jerusalem, when we saw him appear and hasten towards us with a bright and joyful countenance. He was no longer the same man that we had seen during our journey, and yet, from what he said, he had not broken his fast since he had lost himself, nearly twenty-four hours previous. He had arrived in the city at eight o'clock in the morning, after having walked all night, thoroughly persuaded that we were in advance, and that he was following us closely.

Had we not been there, George would not probably have been quite so overjoyed on finding himself again even in a civilized country; for, such was his timidity, that when at Grantsville, though actually knowing we expected him at dinner, he had not the courage to come into the town, but had continued his journey without venturing even to ask for food at any of the houses on his way.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

ARRIVAL AT GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.—TAVERN OF THE FEDERAL SUPREME JUDGE.—PRECINCTS OF THE TEMPLE.—MORMON ACTIVITY.—DIVERSITY OF RACES.—FIRST VISIT TO BRIGHAM YOUNG.—KINDNESS IS NEVER LOST.—FEDERAL MAGISTRACY IN UTAH.—SECOND VISIT TO BRIGHAM YOUNG.—HOSPITALITY OF THE SAINTS.—GENTILES.—DOCTORS.—A FRENCHMAN.

THE holy city of the Mormons, which is for the most part styled Great Salt Lake City, is also called New Jerusalem, Modern Zion, and Deseret (Land of the Bee). Situate in a plain at the foot of the Wahsatch mountains, it is bounded by them and by the river Jordan. The upper part of the city rises slightly, in the form of an amphitheatre, on the slope of a hill. The eye embraces at a glance all its vast extent, without having to rest on any remarkable edifice. The magnificent steeples which are hereafter to pierce the clouds with their aerial spires, have not yet sprung from their foundations. The streets of the city are perpendicular to the course of the Jordan, and are intersected at right-angles by an equal number of streets parallel to the course of that river. A mud wall, of no great height or solidity, constructed solely to repel the attacks of the Indians, almost entirely encircles this rising city, to which it serves as a rampart.

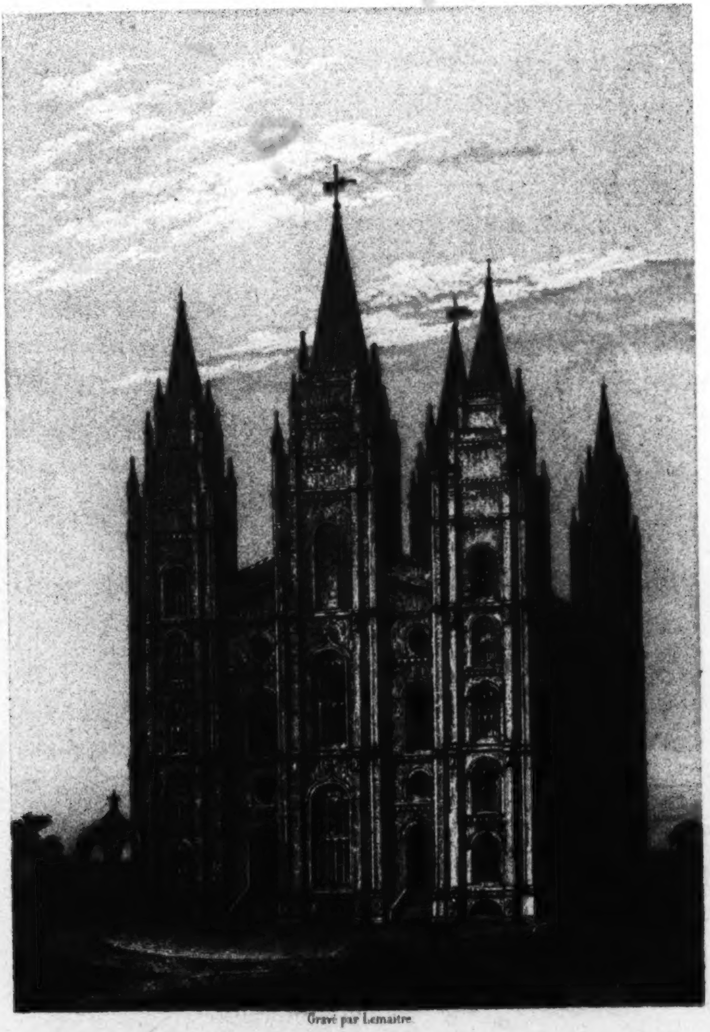
Into this city we made our entry the 25th of September, 1855, at a quarter past three in the afternoon, fifty-eight days after our departure from Sacramento. We entered it by one of the principal streets, and saw to the right and left gardens and orchards, in which the trees, especially the peach, were laden with fruit. The inhabitants took us for the express which brings the monthly mail; and owing to this mistake, we did not excite public curiosity. We at once directed our steps to the town-hall, where Haws was desirous of asking the Governor to point us out quarters. We did not meet with his Excellency, and, following the directions given us by some of the clerks, we went to the Union Hotel, situate near the northern extremity of the city. A short, fat man, decently attired and of respectable appearance, was smoking a long porcelain pipe before the door of the hotel. It was the proprietor, the Honourable Mr. Kinney, Supreme Judge of the territory of Utah in the name of the Federal Government. He accosted us with easy politeness, and conducted us into his house, in which he allowed us the choice of his best apartments. He even ceded to us his large private sitting-room. We were offered port-wine and American brandy before tea, which was taken at six o'clock. We sent George to lodge at the Deseret Hotel, kept by a Mormon of the name of Townsend. Judge Kinney's house was very large and even handsome for the country. After the desert, it seemed a fairy palace. A young mountain-sheep, which rather resembled a deer than a sheep, sported around us, together with a large bird of the country, which, from its size, recalled to mind the African ostrich, but was at once to be distinguished from it by the length of its beak. The presence of these animals, born in the immense solitudes of Utah, and already so thoroughly domesticated, gave our apartment an original aspect, which was extremely agreeable to us.

The very day of our arrival, just before nightfall, a party of English Mormons, who were serenaded with great ceremony by the Church band, bivouacked in Union Square where we had put up. These new-comers took up their quarters there in the open air with their waggons, until the authorities could assign them a residence and land. A few Utah Indians wandered about the streets, and seemed to us to be very well looked upon by the inhabitants.

We received, the same evening, a visit from General Burr, the Surveyor-General of the United States for the territory of Utah, an intelligent, worthy old man. We also received a visit from Dr. Hurt, the Indian Agent, a man of amiable disposition, but unfortunately in very delicate health; so that we found ourselves from the moment of our arrival, in a small but at the same time agreeable and intelligent circle. These federal officers, who did not belong to the religion of Joseph Smith, spoke to us at length on the state of the country, from their point of view. They gave us to understand we should not be long in discovering the internal gangrene which consumes the Mormons of Utah, whose outward life might be tolerably decent, but to know the truth we must peep behind the curtain. They spoke in praise of Brigham Young, the Governor, whom they described to us as a man of so much intelligence, that it was difficult to understand how he could so strangely take advantage of the poor fanatics united under his banner. They added also that many of the Mormons who had arrived from Europe, complained of the despotism of the Church; and, among other examples, they cited the case of a well-bred Frenchwoman, worthy of respect in every point of view, who had been left entirely destitute by her husband, because her faith in Mormonism had become shaken by her coming into personal contact with the Saints of Utah. It will be seen in the course of our narrative, that we could not quite coincide with the opinions of the surveyor and the doctor, without incurring the risk of judging a considerable body from a few isolated cases, in themselves by no means conclusive.

Peter Haws and the two Shoshonès chiefs, whose services had been of great assistance to us during the latter part of our journey, remained a few days with us before returning to their distant homes, to which we sent them back after loading them with tokens of our gratitude. It is a fact well worthy of note, that these two Indians not only never asked us for the least recompense for their journey and trouble, but even remained absolutely indifferent to our presents. What a contrast with the savages of Oceania, whom we could never satisfy, and who would remorselessly have allowed us to strip off the clothes from our backs for them!

The day after our arrival we reconnoitred the city to study its plan. All the streets are a hundred and thirty feet wide, and run from north to south, and from east to west. They are watered on either side by a stream of clear water, ingeniously brought from the neighbouring mountains. A double line of arborescent willows (*cotton-wood*) adorns each of these streams. The streets cross each other at right-angles, forming squares of houses, or blocks, each side of which measured about six hundred and fifty-seven feet. Each house, at least twenty feet from the street, is surrounded by garden-ground of greater or less extent. This arrangement, besides giving a countryfied aspect to the city, greatly augments its superficies; hence it is not less than three English miles in diameter. The majority of the houses are built of *adobes*, generally in a simple style, frequently elegant, and always clean. Some of these dwellings are very large; among others, Brigham Young's, which is comparatively a palace. This edifice, about ninetyeight feet long by forty in width, is built of several kinds of stone, among which we remarked a magnificent granite, brought from the neighbouring mountains at a great expense. The long salient ogives of the windows of the upper story give to the roof which they intersect the appearance of a crenellated diadem, and render this monument a model of Mormon architecture. Thirty sultanas are intended to occupy this harem, which, although far from being finished, has already cost the Mormon pontiff 30,000 dollars, whose personal fortune, arising from his fortunate speculations, is stated to exceed 400,000 dollars. The house actually inhabited by Brigham Young with his seventeen wives, is situate by the side of this palace, and the roof is surmounted by a bee-hive, the emblem, as they say, of the industry and innocence of the inhabitants of Deseret, and probably having allusion to the word *deseret* itself, which, as we have observed before, means 'land of the bee.' Close by are the offices of the Governor, and the Tithing-office. Not far from the Governor's house is the Court-house, in which the courts of justice hold their sittings. A library, founded by the government at Washington, and constantly increased by donations, is attached to this establishment for public use. A little further on is the Social Hall. We visited the enclosure reserved for the construction of the temple. It is a block of 656½ feet on every side, with a wall round it 11½ feet in height, having three large gates each 58½ feet in width. In the south-west



Gravé par Lemaitre.

LE TEMPLE DE GREAT SALT LAKE CITY

En voie de construction

THE TEMPLE OF GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.

As it is to be

Imp. F. Chardon aîné Paris

angle of this enclosure is the tabernacle, an edifice about 125½ feet in length, by about sixty-four feet wide. It is, properly speaking, only a large house built of stones and adobes, and used for divine service during the construction of the temple. In front of the tabernacle is the Bowery, a species of immense shed covered in with planks and boughs, intended for the accommodation of those of the congregation who cannot find room in that building. At the south-west angle are the foundations of the temple, the length of which will be 150 feet 4 inches, and its width 119 feet 1½ inches, with walls 9 feet 9 inches in thickness. This temple, which will be ornamented with six polyhedral steeples, and which, according to the Mormons, is intended by its splendour and the magnificence of its architecture to surpass all the edifices in the world, is being constructed of a beautiful granite, brought with much labour from a neighbouring mountain. The architect of this marvel of monuments is an English Mormon, named T. O. Angell.

In the office of the President is a plan of the temple, which we were allowed to copy. The Mormons do not say whether God gave the dimensions and proportions of the temple of Zion, even as he gave Joseph Smith those for the temple of Nauvoo. In the north-west angle of this great enclosure, which is called the Temple-block, is the Endowment House, a kind of *sanctum sanctorum* interdicted to the profane, and where only some privileged Saints may go and receive from the Prophet or the Apostles the gifts of the Holy Spirit and ordination. It is there that the initiated receive the sacred tunic, a kind of long white skirt, which protects those who wear it from every danger, and which would infallibly have saved Joseph Smith if, on the day of his assassination, he had not thrown it off lest it might give a handle to the charge of belonging to a secret society which he had to meet. Finally, at the north-east angle of the great enclosure are the workshops and temporary erections connected with the building and wants of the Church. It is there that emigrants who have newly arrived, as well as residents who are without employment, apply for work. There also are the granaries and storehouses of the Mormon Church.

In surveying the city, we were struck with the cleanliness which everywhere prevailed, and the comfort exhibited in the external appearance and good preservation of the dwellings. We could not refrain from admiring more especially the order, the tranquillity, and industry we encountered on all sides. This on our part was a surprise analogous to that of the hero of Virgil, at the sight of the rise of Carthage:

> "Miratur molem Æneas, magalia quondam:
> Miratur portas, strepitumque et strata viarum.
> Instant ardentes Tyrii: pars ducere muros,
> Molirique arcem, et manibus subvolvere saxa:
> Pars optare locum tecto et concludere sulco.
> Jura magistratusque legunt, sanctumque senatum."

The whole of this small nation occupy themselves as usefully as the working bees of a hive, perfectly justifying the emblem erected by the President of the Church on the summit of his mansion. The masons were at work building, carpenters squaring timber, gardeners digging or watering, blacksmiths at the forge, reapers getting in their harvest, furriers dressing costly skins, children shelling maize, herdsmen tending their droves, woodcutters returning from the mountain heavily laden with wood, woolcombers carding the fleece, ditchers digging canals for irrigation, tailors, shoemakers, brickmakers, potters, manufacturers of saltpetre and gunpowder, millers, sawyers, gunsmiths making or repairing rifles; in a word, all descriptions of artisans and workmen of every kind. The idle or unemployed are not to be met with here. Every one, from the lowest of the faithful up to the bishop and even the apostle, is occupied in manual labour. A glance at the Mormons during their work is sufficient to explain how their colony, which did not commence till the end of 1847, is already in such a flourishing and advanced state. And this activity, as admirable as productive, is not, as might be imagined, the result of an organization of labour such as is dreamed of by some European economists. Each works for himself or his family, under the triple incentive of necessity, of his own and the public welfare. The poorest, and they are generally the last comers, enter the establishments of the more wealthy; or when they cannot otherwise find work, apply to the Church for it, which has always some to give them, and pays them in clothing, provisions, and fuel. Neither grog-shops, gaming-houses, nor brothels are to be met with. There are no such resorts among the Mormons. The only places of public assembly are the temple, the schools, the drill-ground, and from time to time the Social Hall, where they have dancing and singing, where theatrical representations are given, and scientific and historical lectures are delivered. There is never any disturbance in the streets, brawling is unknown; criminal charges also are very rare, and the courts, by the admission of the federal judges, have scarcely anything else to do, but settle disputed debts.

Although there are neither grog-shops nor dealers in any kind of drinks to be met with, it does not necessarily follow that the Saints refrain from the moderate use of spirituous or fermented liquors. No command compels them to reject certain productions of nature or of art. It is true that Joseph Smith, in a sermon entitled "Word of Wisdom," counsels the true believers to abstain from the use of fermented drinks and tobacco, and recommends such abstinence as a means of arriving at perfection. The more fervent do abstain with this view, but occasionally they make no scruple of the moderate use of drink. Many of them take beer, to make which they cultivate hops in their valleys; others drink wine when they can get it, and some even indulge in whisky, which they distil from the potato. In the evening their families generally pass their time together, conversing, singing, preaching, reading the Bible and sacred works, as well as the periodicals published by their leaders. At night not a woman is to be met with in the streets, which is worthy of remark among people where the number of women exceeds that of men, and where it might be assumed that polygamy would lead to greater freedom of manners. It is a strange spectacle and one full of interest, this society so laborious and so sober, so peaceable and so orderly, when one considers the different elements of which it is composed, and the classes from which it generally springs. There are in Great Salt Lake City, —and we enumerate them according to the numerical importance of the contingent furnished by each nation,— English, Scotch, Canadians, Americans (these are for the most part the original converts of Joseph Smith), Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, Swiss, Poles, Russians, Italians, French, Negroes, Hindoos, and Australians; we even saw a Chinese there. All these people, bred in different and often adverse faiths, for the most part brought up in the most gross ignorance and dissonant prejudices; some whose lives, on the whole, have been neither particularly good nor bad; others, and the far greater number, it may be, living in the habitual indulgence of the most brutal instincts; all differing from one another, in country, language, customs, laws, nationality, and tastes, have flocked together, and flock together every day, to live more than brothers in perfect harmony, in the centre of the American continent, where they form a new nation, independent, compact, and, in fact, as little under the control of the government of the United States which takes them under its protection, as of the firmans of the Grand Turk. There is something in this to induce one to believe in the possibility of a universal fusion, and the future unity of nations into one and the same great commonwealth. Such, indeed, is the hope and the aim, more or less avowed, of this people, which styles itself the privileged posterity of Abraham.

So much order wrought out of such a chaos reflects great lustre on the ability of the *sovereign* of the country, Brigham Young. We were not disposed to allow more than a day to elapse without presenting our homage to this personage, more especially as we required his aid to carry out effectually our researches and to obtain the funds we required. We had lost on our journey the portmanteau which contained our letters of credit, and we had arrived at the Salt Lake with an empty purse, our clothes in tatters, and without the least means of establishing our identity. The high price of everything, which prevailed in consequence of the famine caused by the ravages of the locusts, rendered our position even more precarious, for our expenses were excessive; one may form a notion of them from the keep of our animals, which alone cost us twenty dollars a day. We therefore resolved to procure an introduction to the Governor through Peter Haws, but who, unfortunately, was not regarded by him as in a perfect odour of orthodoxy.

Brigham Young is the supreme President of the Church of Latter-day Saints throughout the world. He is the Mormon pope; he is at the same time, by election of the people, a prophet, "revelator," and seer; and still more, he was, at the time of our journey, Governor of the territory of Utah, and recognized in that capacity by the President of the United States. He is a man of fifty-four years of age,* fair, of moderate height, stout almost to obesity. He has regular features, a wide forehead, eyes which convey an idea of finesse, and a smiling expression of mouth. His general appearance is that of an honest farmer, and nothing in his manners indicates a man of the higher classes. Of superior intellect, though uneducated, Brigham has given proofs of remarkable talent and profound ability, in combining the heterogeneous elements of which his people are made up. Joseph Smith, the founder of the Church, said of Brigham Young, that "*he could eat more eggs, and beget more children, than any man in the State of Illinois.*" Such a judgment, so pronounced, is alike characteristic of the master and the disciple. *Brother* Brigham—he is thus styled among the Saints—has a seraglio of seventeen women of various ages, and one of them, whom we saw by chance in his garden, is strikingly beautiful. The number of his children is unknown. In the preceding spring he had nine born to him in one week. Every one extols the solicitude of this model of patriarchs for his numerous progeny. As

* In 1855.

President of the Church, Brigham unites in his own hands more power than any potentate in the world. He is the autocrat of thought and action, the omnipotent soul of this rising body already so considerable, but which is looked upon by the Americans merely in the light of a phantom evoked by evil passions, and which they hope to lay.

To this personage we were about to pay a visit in our miner's costume. We found him in his official cabinet, dictating instructions to his secretaries, and at the same time preparing a quid of Virginia tobacco. He occupied an armchair, in which he rather squatted than sat. On his head he wore a broad-brimmed fawn-coloured felt hat. His coat, of greenish cloth, was of the cut which was called formerly *à la Française*, but of inordinate amplitude. His stockings, visible below his trousers, were clean and white, and his linen tolerably fair. He continued dictating for half an hour, without appearing to take the least notice of our presence. Then, as soon as he had finished, he exchanged a few words with an Indian who had kissed his hand when he entered. Mr. Haws now presented us to his Excellency. Brigham Young shook hands with us, and then retired into an adjoining apartment, from which he returned in about two minutes with a plug of tobacco, which he gave to the Indian. He then asked us to take a seat, and sat down himself, without taking off his hat. Either on account of our introducer, or on account of our rough costume, which was by no means adapted to create a favourable impression, he did not appear to pay attention to us, and did not condescend to favour us with a word. He remained with his head bowed down almost to his knees, as if he durst not look at us. I asked him, after waiting some time, whether he spoke French. He deigned to reply in the negative,* without adding another word. Five minutes after, Mr. Haws informed him that we wished to converse with him privately, and not in the presence of his clerks. He replied, "Very well," and still remained in the same posture. Five minutes more elapsed in silence on both sides. I then requested Mr. Brenchley, speaking to him in French, to try and prevail upon his Excellency to grant us a private audience. His Excellency replied affirmatively by a monosyllable, and again relapsed into silence. At last we ventured to ask him where he would grant us the interview. "In the street," he replied, "because at the present moment I have no private office." We then went out together, and, having explained to him in a few words our position, we begged him to inform us how we could obtain credit on San Francisco. He answered us kindly that the Mormons had dealings with the eastern States only, but that perhaps the house of Livingston might be able to render us the service we required. He put some questions to us in his turn, concerning ourselves and the nature of our investigations, when suddenly he started off, and made towards a team of oxen which were coming up the street without a teamster. He stopped the animals, and stood still before them until the driver returned to his post. "You allow your oxen to go alone, do you?" asked his Excellency. "Ah! how do you do, Brother Brigham? these oxen, you see, have been disobedient, like myself sometimes." This act on the part of the Governor appeared so natural to us, that it seemed rather the result of habitual good-nature than done for the sake of effect. His Excellency then rejoined us, and shaking hands, left us without another word.

---

* Although he is supposed to have received the gift of tongues, at least in the estimation of his disciples, Brigham Young knows and speaks English alone, as he told us himself. It appears that the Mormons understand by *the gift of tongues*, the faculty of emitting sounds unintelligible to him who utters them, but which one of the inspired can interpret, although he is himself incapable of speaking the jargon which he translates.

This interview with the Governor served rather to increase than diminish our difficulties. We learned afterwards that we were looked upon as persons of bad character, sent by the Gentiles to assassinate the leader of the Mormons. It was from no lack of courage that Brigham looked upon us in this light; for he had so often to baffle felonious attempts, that he was fully justified, from our strange demeanour, our beggarly costume, our inability to prove by any written document the truth of our assertions, —he was, I repeat, fully justified in regarding us as suspicious characters. We had already made up our minds to work, Mr. Brenchley, whose love of turning might have stood him in good stead, as a carpenter,* and I as a compositor, in order to earn our subsistence, till such time as we could receive funds from Europe or from California, when we were recognized in the middle of the street by a Mormon missionary, James Lawson, whom we had met in the Sandwich Islands, and to whom Mr. Brenchley had rendered an important service. Kindness is never thrown away; this old saying was fully borne out in this instance. Lawson, learning our embarrassment and the manner in which we had been received by the Governor, hastened the following morning to present himself at his Excellency's house, to clear up all misapprehensions about our character and intentions.

Brigham Young, who much regretted his mistake, excused himself by saying, that he distrusted strangers presented to him by persons who scarcely knew them, which was the case with Haws in respect to us. He begged us to return to his house, at the same time expressing his regret in being unable to visit us at Judge Kinney's; and to convince us that he was really sorry, sent us a present of nearly all the works which had been written and published by the Mormons, handsomely bound.

From this moment we were at ease. The house of Livingston, Kinkead, and Co., enlightened respecting us, consented, through their managing partner, Mr. W. Bell, a Scotch gentleman, as amiable as he was intelligent, to discount our bills on San Francisco, to any amount that we might require, without charging us any commission. This unlimited credit, thus opened to us in a country so difficult of access, was at the same time a mark of confidence, and an act of liberality purely American, which places Brigham Young and Mr. Bell among the number of those benefactors whom Providence has scattered at intervals in our path, and who have acquired our lasting gratitude.

---

* It is especially when travelling, and when one is thrown upon one's own resources, that we become sensible of the value of Locke's advice, who insisted that every gentleman should be taught some mechanical art.

Judge Kinney, who had been very civil to us before he knew us, redoubled his attentions, and we suddenly found ourselves in this unknown capital surrounded by persons anxious to serve us.

We soon learned why it was the Governor declined paying us a visit at our hotel. He complained of having been ill used by Judge Kinney, to whom he had given a kind reception on his arrival, and at whose house he had even allowed all his seraglio to be present at a ball. He reproached him with having on several occasions abused his confidence, and, among others, having in the preceding spring, aided the troops of Colonel Steptoe in carrying off women belonging to the Saints. In this forcible abduction the conduct of the American officers, he said, was considered so abominable, that were they to return to the Salt Lake, war would immediately be declared against them; or if fresh troops were to come, the inhabitants would hold no communication whatever with them, either in the way of social intercourse or trade.* The President moreover charged the Judge with having sanctioned interviews at his house, the doubtful character of which startled Mormon modesty. His Excellency likewise said, he feared to sully his reputation by entering a house which he considered polluted.

On his first appearance at the Salt Lake, the Supreme Judge Kinney, who was then only an Associate Judge, had contrived to make himself liked by the Mormons; but soon, forgetting his original policy, which was simply to attend to his own business, he made himself detested, needlessly wounding their fanaticism by his ill-judged attacks; while, at the same time, by his commercial speculations, he gave them an opening for accusing the federal government of corruption. Accustomed as we are in Europe, to possess magistrates who are the living personification of honour and integrity, we are utterly bewildered, when, on setting foot on American soil, that land represented as the model of perfect government, we see the majestic power of justice placed in venal or degraded hands. This monstrous state of things, which springs from a political organization admirable in other respects, suffices in itself to throw vast discredit on a great nation. With the existing institutions, which do not require that the judges should be immovable, and which every four years summon fresh place-hunters to the prey, the evil is without a remedy, and will remain so till a higher moral standard shall have been attained by the majority of the people. The American magistrate, who has but an ephemeral career before him, must, in obedience to the peculiar feeling which animates that nation in the acquisition of gold, be tempted to degrade his office by venality, or to depreciate it by engaging in some business which is considered incompatible with it. This is the alternative to which unfortunately the federal judges at the Salt Lake are reduced. Another evil, not less to be deplored, proceeds from the existing system of appointing men who are not professionally qualified for their duties. It is owing to this vicious organization of the magistracy, that the Honourable Mr. Kinney, once a Protestant minister, Supreme Judge of the territory of Utah, exercises at the same time the vocations of grocer, hotel-keeper, and horse-dealer.

---

* These determinations, which we made known in January, 1856, were verified to the letter in 1857 and 1858.

Another judge, Mr. Drummond, who was also sent out by the federal government, exposes himself by his conduct to the severe censure of the Mormons. Independent of the not over-delicate speculations in which he indulges, he lives openly with a woman whom all the world knows not to be his wife. This magistrate had the boldness to declare in our presence that "money was his god;" and he added, without shame, that we might note this profession of his faith in our journal.

Lastly, a third federal judge, Mr. Styles, brought discredit upon the government of Washington in another way, by becoming a Mormon. Whether this conversion was sincere, or whether it was actuated by ambitious motives, it naturally inspired the inhabitants of the Salt Lake with pride, and served them as a powerful argument in their favour.

Besides this trio of the federal magistracy of the territory of Utah, there were two other superior functionaries who also represented the federal government at the Salt Lake. The first was Mr. A. Babbitt,* who discharged the duties of Secretary of State. He was an intelligent and amiable man, but unhappily addicted to drinking. The Honourable Mr. Babbitt had married a Saint, a relative of the Prophet; and although he had nearly apostatized from the Mormon faith, to which he had himself belonged during the life of the founder, he always continued to favour the believers, who had not entirely ceased to regard him as one of themselves. The other was General Burr, of whom we have already spoken, who never missed an opportunity of railing against the Mormons, while they in return accused him of malversation in his capacity of Surveyor-General. It will be seen at the end of the Second Book, that it was on account of the malevolent and slanderous depositions of Messrs. Drummond and Burr, that the federal government decided, in 1857, on adopting rigorous measures against the Mormons.

---

* Mr. Babbitt was unfortunately assassinated by the Indians in 1857, as he was returning from a journey to Washington.

The public and private life of these high functionaries was loudly censured by the Saints at the period of our visit. It was easy to foresee that matters could not thus continue, notwithstanding the Mormons were careful not to make the least complaint against them. On the contrary, they rejoiced that the conduct of the envoys from Washington gave just cause of complaint; and they often cited them as a proof that the Christian communities are rotten, and that they need regeneration by a new religion, meaning, of course, their own.

A few days after our arrival we responded to the invitation of Brigham Young, and paid him a second visit. We found him in the Government Offices, where he was engaged in fixing some leather straps to a piece of board, the use of which we could not conceive. He uncovered his head in our presence, an act of civility which it is said he considered himself not bound to exercise towards any one. There we met the two Vice-Presidents of the Church, several apostles, the commander-in-chief of the army, the Sacred Historian, the head of the record office, the chief editor of the official journal, and the Grand Patriarch, son of Hyrum Smith the martyr, a young man about twenty years of age. Brigham requested Lawson to present us to all these personages; then begged us to walk into an inner room, where he joined us almost immediately, and introduced us to some others among his officials. Afterwards he invited us to enter his bedroom, alleging, by way of excuse, that the reception-rooms were undergoing repairs. He asked us to sit down, and, as there were not chairs for all, Kimball (the vice-pope) and General Wells sat on the bed. His Excellency was seated in a corner of the room, his head still uncovered, and his feet resting on a stool. There was a small bookcase in the room. We commenced the conversation by thanking him for the handsome books which he had sent us. Brigham politely answered, he hoped that men like ourselves would be able to get at the truth. He showed us the Book of Mormon, translated into French and printed in Paris. He conversed with us on the geological conformation of Utah, of which he knew but little; he said that the Salt Lake was the remains of an ancient sea, and that he regretted he could not convert it into fresh water. The works of Stansbury and the travels of Colonel Frémont furnished for some time a subject for conversation, and it was every moment apparent to us that if the Prophet possessed but little scientific knowledge, he made up for it in great intelligence and even cleverness, for he was never at a loss for an answer. Our interview lasted nearly an hour, and Brigham was very friendly disposed; but although he sought to conceal his embarrassment by engaging manners, we could not avoid noticing it. His familiar friends have since told us that he had not forgotten the mistake he had committed on the occasion of our first visit, and that, in consequence, he always felt awkward in our presence. Before we left, I asked him whether his missionaries made many proselytes in France. He answered me nearly as possible in these words:—

"The French are less accessible than other people to religious impressions; too much imbued with the philosophy of Voltaire, they are indifferent to the truths of religion, and only cultivate the sciences, which they do not in the least understand, because they do not acknowledge that they proceed from God. When their minds are sufficiently opened to know anything about science, they will discover that the truth is only to be found in the Book of Mormon, and that sooner or later our doctrine will regenerate society."

These words, remarkable in more respects than one, were uttered without affectation, and with an air of conviction so profound, that we were obliged to admit the good faith of Brigham, contrary to the idea we had entertained on the subject of the Mormon leaders. They corroborate also our subsequent observations, tending to prove that the actual Prophet is neither the associate nor the accomplice of the great juggler Joseph, but that, on the contrary, he is honestly and sincerely the dupe of sacrilegious imposture; which is equally unfortunate no doubt, but certainly much less contemptible. However deplorable the cause to which Brigham Young has devoted the resources of his genius, the honour of humanity is not disgraced, as far as he is concerned, by fraud, an imputation to which he is not at all open; and every impartial mind, knowing how difficult it is for any one of us to determine what is truth, will class him in the rank of great men, in the rank of those extraordinary men who appear at distant intervals, now to confer upon nations a benefit, now to serve as a scourge.

The distinguished reception which the pope of the Mormons had given us did not fail to make an impression upon his people. The Saints could not imagine that we had undertaken so long a journey with any other motive than to remove a last scruple before embracing their faith. Fame with its hundred mouths spread in the valleys of the mountains that two important conquests had just been added to the list of conversions. One day even, the report had circulated that one of the twelve apostles had baptized us at sunrise in the hot water spring situated to the north of the town. We were made much of everywhere; we were called Brother Brenchley, Brother Remy. This tickled us so mightily that we thought it good fun not to undeceive them. Some talked of making us apostles on the first vacancy, or at least bishops; others gave out that we were going to finish the temple with our own good money. Every one spoke of giving us parties; we were invited to dinner and to tea without end. Once the Church musicians came and gave us a serenade; a Sicilian, named Ballo, conducted the orchestra. They played us *La Marseillaise*, God save the Queen, Yankee Doodle, Hail Columbia, sacred pieces from Mehul and Mozart, and bits from the operas of Meyerbeer and Rossini. The music, we should observe to the credit of the Mormons, was very good, and better than what one meets with in most provincial towns in Europe. A ball, too, was given us, at which every gentleman danced with two ladies at once, an ingenious innovation, and not the only one with which Mormonism aspires to endow society, with a view to its reformation. All the kindness which was showered upon us was certainly sincere, but at the same time we could not avoid seeing in it a bait by which they sought to catch us poor fish, led astray by a longing after the unknown into the waters of these new fishers of men.

A reception equally flattering was given us by the *Gentiles.* The Mormons give this appellation to all those who do not share their faith, whatever may be their creeds—Catholics, Protestants, Mohamedans, Buddhists, or Pagans. The number of gentiles was not very considerable in Utah at the period of our journey; it could not exceed a hundred, which is certainly very few for a population of sixty thousand souls, including the twelve thousand residing in the capital, spread over the surface of the Mormon territory. In this handful of gentiles were merchants, doctors, federal officers, and some vagabonds, coming no one knew whence, living no one knew how, mostly at the expense of travellers and the Mormons themselves. During our sojourn at the Salt Lake we were robbed twice, and each time it was found to be by the gentiles. This fact has a very great importance in our eyes, because it authorizes an impartial mind to believe that very often persons have laid to the charge of the Mormons crimes committed by the intruders who have crept among them. Nevertheless the Saints acknowledge, with a candour which does them honour, that among their brethren there have been found some unworthy of that appellation, who have on several occasions stolen the cattle of emigrants. This, however, is not owing to the lack of very severe laws; for independently of those which are contained in the criminal code of Utah, Brigham Young advises his people,—and we have heard it with our own ears,—to kill without trial all thieves caught in the fact. It will be perceived that there is a clear incompatibility between this excessive severity and communism, which the Mormons have been accused of practising. Nothing in their organization or in their customs approaches to the latter, as will be found further on in the exposition of their doctrine. If there is seen in their remote establishments a sort of transient association, it is due to the necessity which is imposed on them by the Indians, of living under the shelter of the same walls, under pain of being easily surprised and plundered. But property always remains rigidly personal, and every one receives the fruit of his labour. It would be a great mistake to find evidence of communism in the barter to which they are obliged to have recourse when money is deficient or becomes very scarce. This barter is effected in a very simple manner, under the control of a municipal regulation which determines every season the value in money, whether by weight or by measure, of all their commodities. Thus, during the famine of 1855–1856, a pound of butter, which was valued at a dollar, was given in exchange for a pound of tea, which was worth the same money.

The gentiles who live at the Salt Lake are very well aware that the Mormons are not communists, so that their attacks are wide of the mark on this point; but they represented this new society to us as fatally dangerous for visitors of our class. They repeated again and again to us that such and such individuals, objects of suspicion to the Saints, had suddenly disappeared without leaving the slightest traces. According to their account, we should be constantly on our guard, and for some time we were under the influence of unnecessary fears; but ended by being convinced that they were without foundation; an isolated case not justifying, in our opinion, the accusation against Mormon fanaticism of homicidal practices, which nothing, up to this time, has occurred to prove. We have wandered about night and day in the most populous places, and in the most solitary defiles of the mountains, and we have never experienced the least molestation. Not one of the crimes which were related to us could sustain a close investigation. The Mormons have been calumniated by these accusations as by many others; happily, if calumny, when it attacks individuals, is ever odious and cowardly, when it attacks societies, it is an awkward weapon, a sword with two edges, which, like persecution, produces a contrary effect to what is intended. The doctrine of Joseph Smith has sufficient vulnerable points to afford good scope for censure, without the necessity of resorting to falsehood, in attributing to these poor people crimes which they do not commit, habits they do not possess, and practices to which they are strangers. While reserving to ourselves the right to relate without reserve the evil we were eye-witnesses to, we feel pleasure and yield to a sense of justice in declaring that the Mormons are not wicked nor immoral, as they have often been represented to our too credulous minds. It is even our duty to avow that they have qualities and virtues which recommend them in more ways than one. They are industrious, honest, sober, pious, and it is just to say, since we believe it to be the case, even chaste in their polygamic relations, as will be seen in our Third Book.

The valuable qualities we have just enumerated will assist us in understanding how it is the Mormons generally enjoy robust health, notwithstanding the privations to which they have to a certain extent been periodically exposed. One sees but few sick in Utah; so that the want of medical men is little felt. It is, moreover, one of the peculiarities of the Mormon Church to discourage the practice of medicine, and to compel all medical men who embrace the faith to select another career, unless they choose to live on the mustard and senna of their own surgeries. An invalid who has recourse to medicine would be suspected of verging on infidelity, and a new baptism alone could efface the pollution. Brother Brigham menaces with celestial wrath those weak enough to employ, in the treatment of diseases, other remedies than olive oil and the herbs of the fields. The power of performing miraculous cures is possessed by the faithful generally, though more especially by those who have received some degree of ordination. We were told of numerous remarkable cures having been effected by the use of oil and prayer, and although we were unable, *de visu*, to verify a single instance of the kind, we are disposed to believe the testimony of credible and disinterested persons on the subject. Under the mysterious influence of an energetic faith, imagination may work miracles, even among pagans. Brigham Young told us one day, speaking of medicine, that doctors often wrote to him from California and the eastern States, to know if there was any chance of establishing a practice in Utah, announcing that in case there might be, they would have no objection to becoming converts to Mormonism. The Mormon pope, who now despises such impertinence too much to notice it, used at first to reply, that his religion did not seek to purchase adherents.

The information we procured from the gentiles with regard to the private life of the Mormons, by no means satisfied our curiosity; it even frequently appeared so contradictory as to induce us to reject it as absolutely false. To enlighten ourselves more positively on a multitude of things we could not solve by the aid of books, we conceived the idea of inviting to our residence every evening, a number of Saints, selected equally from the enlightened and from the most simple; all of them men of lively faith and profound conviction. The desire we evinced to be edified on all points induced them to believe that we were already partly converted, and removed all distrust. There was on both sides an equal desire to arrive at the truth, though both, it is more than probable, were animated by an equally strong confidence in their actual convictions. As we never exhibited any bitterness of expression or doggedness in maintaining our views, they were always willing to answer any questions we put to them. We thus passed some very agreeable and very instructive evenings. We certainly came to the conclusion that a blind faith often prevented the most intelligent among them from feeling that which was arbitrary and puerile in their interpretations of the sacred writings, but sometimes also we could not refrain from admiring their good sense and the justice of their observations. If at times we confounded them by passages from Scripture, they extricated themselves from the difficulty by saying that all our versions are incorrect, and that it would be better to refer to the translation of Joseph Smith, which they have not yet published. At other times they met our objections by saying that, as soon as we were baptized, all that now appeared obscure and absurd to us would become clear and rational by the light of faith. They maintained that by the effect of baptism and submission to the Church, their minds had experienced a sudden and wonderful change, which had suddenly elevated them to the capacity of acquiring the knowledge of God, enabling them to understand all things by intuition, even those deemed most incomprehensible by the learned. They stated that before their conversion the greater part of them could neither read nor write, but that immediately after their baptism, such a revolution had taken place in their faculties, that they had learnt in a few days that which they had been unable to acquire in the course of many years. But what most struck us after all was, that they knew the Bible from beginning to end, and pointed out with precision the chapter and verse of their quotations.

Among the Mormons who gave us the pleasure of seeing them at our evening meetings, we numbered several missionaries, the Great Patriarch, son of Hyrum the martyr, the Apostle Phelps, the elders, and sometimes even the Marshal. One of our most constant visitors was a young man from Havre, named Eugène Henriot. Although there were several other Frenchmen, and even two Frenchwomen, at the Salt Lake, he is the only fellow-countryman I had the good or bad fortune to meet with. Henriot did not appear to be more than twenty years of age; and was a good-looking, amiable young man. He had only been two years in the settlement, and had quite recently married an Englishwoman, who seemed devoted to him, and greatly dreaded the time when the Prophet should think fit to give a share of her conjugal happiness to other wives. Henriot had received some education; he expressed himself equally well in English and in French. One could not avoid admiring his honest and frank character, and at the same time his self-control, so unusual at his age. We never met with a religious faith so ardent as his; it was a faith capable of moving mountains. He contended that whoever seriously studies the doctrine of Joseph Smith, will most infallibly be convinced of its Divine origin, and embrace it. He related to us the history of his conversion. His narration, which lasted three hours, was intermingled with visions, revelations, and miracles, which we listened to with extreme pleasure. Moreover it resembled, in most respects, all those which the Saints had related to us respecting their conversions.

This daily intercourse, and the excellent feeling generally shown us by the Mormons, enabled us to become initiated, during our short stay among them, in the nature of their belief and institutions, with the form of their government, their social habits, and even their projects. Although our position as gentiles did not allow of our being admitted into the privacy of their domestic life, we were however sometimes able, in our familiar chats, to ascertain, unknown to them, some of their secret usages, and here and there to raise a corner of the veil they spread before the gaze of the profane.

But before commencing an account of their doctrine and social condition as we viewed it, we will briefly sketch the history of Mormonism from its origin to the present day.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK THE SECOND.

HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

SECTION I. PONTIFICATE OF JOSEPH SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

LIFE OF THE PROPHET UP TO THE PERIOD OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF HIS RELIGION. 1805–1830.

FAMILY OF JOSEPH SMITH.—BIRTH OF THE PROPHET.—HIS YOUTH.—HIS VISIONS.—HIS MARRIAGE.—THE GOLD PLATES AND THE URIM AND THUMMIM.—TRANSLATION OF THE PLATES.—MARTIN HARRIS AND PROFESSOR ANTHON.—OLIVER COWDERY.—THE WITNESSES TO THE BOOK OF MORMON.—ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW CHURCH.—PUBLICATION OF THE TRANSLATION.—ANALYSIS OF THE BOOK OF MORMON. — SPAULDING'S ROMANCE. — JANE LEADE. — MEXICAN GLYPHICS.

THE inclinations of man, his tastes, his character, the course of his passions, the direction taken by his faculties, are generally determined by maternal influence. Childhood in its home, takes the imprint of all around it. But it is principally, nor do we need any physiological induction to be convinced of this, by the mind and by the heart of a tender and impulsive mother, whose love is ever anxiously ministering to all his wants, that the mind and heart of the child are fashioned. This influence will be much greater still, when it calls to its aid the marvellous. Nothing is so fascinating to a child as tales of supernatural occurrences bordering upon magic. Nothing is more easy than to accustom its ductile imagination to prodigies and spirits, especially in a social position where such ideas are constantly recurring, and where there is an absence of those relations with the outer world which might tend to restrain or modify them. Hence there is no reason for our being surprised at its having been believed that the founder of the Mormon religion derived from his family associations the source of his vocation, a certain predisposing motive to the part he played, that is, to the mission of religious renovation which he arrogated to himself, and sought to accomplish.

In point of fact, however, it would be exceedingly rash to adopt this solution; nor is it at all admissible, save with a limitation, which it is important to indicate with some little precision. Yes, doubtless, the mystic circle in which Joseph Smith was brought up; the atmosphere swarming with pious visions, in which his infancy and early youth were passed; the halo, as it were, of spiritual appearances and miraculous agencies by which his mother was ever surrounded; all this was calculated to act upon his imagination; all this, too, was necessarily not without influence on the direction of his ideas; and one can imagine that the spectacle which daily passed before his eyes may have opened up peculiar views to him, and suggested the course he took. But here arises a question, the importance of which cannot be denied: did the religious impressions, so intense in his family, act seriously and profoundly on his mind? The sentiments, so ardent and excited in their expression, which circumfused his earlier years, were sincere convictions in them; but were they equally so in him? If they were at the outset, it is evident they did not long remain so; and it results from the leading features of his history, that eventually they were employed by him merely as means, as instruments, of which he made clever and powerful use. Joseph Smith is an argument in favour of the opinion, false as a rule, which sets down certain religious formulæ as the results of cunning, and as the invention of imposture. From this point of view, the history of this man merits attention, and may throw light on certain phases of the human mind. But our opinion as to how much was calculation and falsehood in the part he played, will develope itself as we proceed with his history.

The parents of Joseph Smith were tillers of the soil; they at first resided in Windsor county, in the State of Vermont. His father, who was in tolerably easy circumstances, considering the time and place in which he lived, ruined himself at an early period by a speculation in crystallized *ginseng*, a cargo of which he consigned to China, and of the proceeds of which he was defrauded by his consignee.

He retrieved his affairs by taking a farm belonging to his father-in-law, and by keeping a school during the winter months for the neighbouring children. He was by no means of a religious turn; however, his views afterwards underwent a change, and about 1811 he was converted through his wife's prayers. He was even favoured with visions, and from the time of his conversion spent the remainder of his life in religious observances. He died in 1840, a fervent adherent to the religion invented by his son.

Lucy Mack, his wife, the Prophet's mother, had been from the outset exceedingly pious and even addicted to religious reveries. About 1803 she was, as she states in her son's biography, miraculously cured of a mortal complaint. But among the numerous sects which contended with each other for the possession of souls in the United States, not one for some time could fix her wandering faith. Tormented by a craving for belief of some sort, she long wavered in doubt, unable to decide among the great number of religious sects, all at the same time canvassing her, which was the true one; ultimately, wearied out in all probability by her efforts to ascertain the truth, her mind became excited, she saw apparitions, and under the influence of these hallucinations she was baptized by a Presbyterian minister, but without binding herself to any definite religious view, and with the understanding that she would not join any existing sect. The only definite idea she had was belief in the right of private judgment and faith in the Scriptures. She founded her faith entirely on the Bible, which she freely interpreted without other guide than her reason. Her thoughts were exclusively occupied with God and her children (ten in number), and there is reason to believe that these two objects of her constant concern were frequently blended in her thoughts and determined the current of her ideas. Her life was one entire mysticism. Sometimes she had visions which revealed to her that all religions had swerved from the truth; at other times she imagined miraculous interventions in favour of her family. Thus, one of her daughters, named Sophronia, who had long been given up by the physicians, was suddenly cured and restored to her parents after having been supposed to be dead for several hours,—such was her impression.

It was amid these associations, between a convert father and a fanatic mother, both visionaries, that the future Prophet of the Mormons passed his infancy and early youth.

Joseph Smith was born the 23rd of December, 1805, at Sharon, in Windsor county, State of Vermont. He was the fourth child. His mother states that nothing remarkable occurred in connection with him in his early childhood, but a circumstance showed he possessed resolution of no ordinary character. Between eight and nine years of age he refused to be tied down while undergoing a most painful operation, the removal of a bone in his leg, which had become carious after causing him intense suffering. This mishap eventually relieved him from service in the militia. About the same time frequent illness attacked various members of his family, which, thus impoverished, left for Norwich and took to farming. Disheartened by three years' ill success, they afterwards went to Palmyra, where, having obtained a hundred acres of land, they by industry once more acquired a competence.

Joseph for some time went to one of the elementary schools so numerous in America, but his parents were unable to give him a finished education. He learned to read with ease, to write a tolerable hand, and to understand more or less the four rules of arithmetic. At the age of fourteen, according to his mother's statement, he was a remarkably quiet boy, and gave signs of an excellent disposition. This favourable testimony, indeed, is not generally admitted; the enemies of the Prophet, on the contrary, represent him as exceedingly unruly and good-for-nothing. According to them, there was at that time an attempt made on his life,* and they assert that his disorderly habits were the sole cause of it. But his mother, who does not deny the fact, alleges that it was done by the malice of the wicked and at the instigation of the devil.

---

* Some person, unknown, fired a gun at Joseph; the ball missed him, and lodged in a cow's throat. About the time of this mysterious attempt upon the young man's life, his father had a seventh and final vision, wherein it was announced that he was justified, and that to assure his salvation but one thing was requisite, which would hereafter be written down for him by a supernatural hand.—*Lucy Mack's Biography of the Prophet.*

It would be difficult to follow or to determine the order of the impressions or ideas which, before 1820, worked upon the mind of young Smith, and first roused his intellect. But about that period, at Manchester (New York), where the Smith family then resided, a great *revival*,* including all the neighbouring religious sects, took place, and it is quite certain that the discussions on that occasion, in which he took part, as well as the reaction produced in him by the rabidness exhibited by all parties in their struggle for the monopoly of consciences, made a strong and lasting impression upon him. The result of this was to shock, rather than decide him. He now felt a leaning towards the Methodists, without however joining them, and without showing any displeasure at four members of his family going over to the Presbyterians. He could not yet, he says in his biography, make out where the truth was. There came a moment when Catholicism seemed as if it would sway the balance. What especially struck him in this great religion was, that line of unbroken tradition which is more completely maintained by it than by any other Church; and also that powerful organization and imposing hierarchy which is unrivalled in the world. But never having heard a Catholic missionary, and reduced as he was to obtain his information from some antipapist publications which represented the Roman faith as full of superstitions and absurd observances, how could he conceive any great esteem for it? how could his wavering mind espouse dogmas he did not know, or was scarcely acquainted with? He was content to give it a passing admiration, and though he may never have lost the memory of the impression its outward aspect had made on him, he did not treat it with more ceremony than other religious institutions, and still continued in the dilemma of Buridan's ass, as he himself informs us. He has since described the state of doubt and uncertainty in which he was at this time, at this first moment of reflection, on this first occasion of his looking carefully into the real state of his religious views; a state of mind caused by the discordant controversies at which it was his fate to be present. "Amid this war of words," said he, "in the midst of this tumult of opinions, I often said to myself, what is to be done? Which of these parties is in the right? Are they not all equally in error? If one of them be right, which is it? How am I to ascertain?" Is it not a remarkable thing that a youth of fifteen, without high intellectual culture, should be so powerfully moved by considerations of such a nature, and should speak of established religions almost in the same terms as Rousseau puts in the mouth of his Savoyard curate?

---

* A revival, in America, means a series of preachings and conferences, held by the ministers of different sects at nearly regular intervals, for the purpose of keeping up the zeal of the faithful, of reviving the faith of the lukewarm, of awakening the indifferent, and of converting the profane. We know nothing to which we can so well compare the revivals as the missions and general meetings in Catholic countries, with this difference, that in the United States different denominations are present.

What is no less remarkable is, to find this same lad not slow in discovering that, in America at least, the different forms of religion which are there contending for mastery, are nothing more than mere opinions, taken up just as one takes up a political view. What he is thinking of is not merely the different forms he has under his eye; his critical speculations extend far beyond this, and reject, as empty images, all existing religions. We must let him speak for himself. "The different kinds of worship, thought he, are like the different forms of government. Each has its good and its evil. Not one is perfect; all are false. This is why my reason admits none. If either one or the other comprised absolute truth, it would be self-evident, and all others would fall of themselves. And as at the end of eighteen centuries, far from agreeing, we are further apart than ever, it is clear that the perfect form does not exist."

We shall find a great analogy between this youth's manner of seeing things, and that which formed the staple of his mother's views, of which it was probably the reflection or echo. Keeping in mind that she long sought with painful anxiety for the best creed, that she constantly communicated to her family her doubts, and her uneasiness with respect to her own salvation, as well as the visions which she or her husband had seen, we are the less surprised that, face to face with the theological quarrels of sects, the youthful imagination of her son should have been stimulated to give itself free scope. But it must be noted that the boy did not only share his mother's doubts and belief, but that he moreover affirmed all religions to be mere matters of opinion, analogous to political opinions, and not the manifestations of absolute truth; and it will be easily conceded that this view of the matter, which did not occur to the parent, constituted a wide distinction between the mother and the son, and indicated a singular precocity in the latter.*

The idea of the inefficacy, or rather of the vanity and emptiness, of religious worship, seems from that period to have taken possession of young Joseph Smith's mind, and to have prompted the part he subsequently played. It was a rapid but complete revolution, and there is reason to believe that from that time religious doubts occupied a much larger space in his mind than in his mother's, and that his nature was completely changed. Mrs. Smith sought for truth; Joseph Smith declared that it did not exist. The mother believed that she sometimes, in her visions, caught a glimpse of its radiant image; the son forged imaginary visions, and constructing out of them a fiction, offered it as a truth to the homage of the credulous. I cannot recall in history another example of such impudent audacity and precocious cleverness. At fifteen years of age, Smith had made up his mind that there was no true religion, and that many of his family were not far from sharing his opinion; it then soon occurred to him that on this state of mind in those around him, which had been formed and fanned by sectarian dissensions, he might rear up a new religion, and at one and the same time lay the foundation both of his fortune and his greatness. There are minds which reach at a single bound the extreme limits, whether of good or evil.

---

* Such precocity, however, is not rare in the United States, where children suck in their faith and doubts with their mother's milk, surrounded as they are by the religious squabbles which are ever pealing in their ears.

At any rate, we will now show how Joseph Smith made his first appearance in that world of visions from which he hoped to get such fine pickings.

While still full of that idea of the falsity of all creeds, which had made such rapid havoc in his mind, he came across a passage in the Epistle of St. James (ch. i. v. 5) which says, "If any one of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God." Struck, says he, by the appositeness of this passage, he withdrew, one morning in the spring of 1820, into a little wood in the vicinity of his father's house, and there, after ascertaining that he was alone, he knelt and made known to God the desires of his heart. Scarcely had he uttered his prayer, when his tongue became paralyzed, and he fell into a state of profound depression. But presently a column of light, more brilliant than the sun, descended upon his head, and he was comforted. Two celestial beings appeared in the air above him. One of them, calling him by name, said, pointing to his companion, "This is my well-beloved Son; hearken to him."

Let us allow our pretended seer to speak for himself:—

"No sooner, therefore, did I get possession of myself, so as to be able to speak, than I asked the personages who stood above me in the light, which of all the sects was right (for at this time it had never entered into my heart that all were wrong), and which I should join. I was answered that I must join none of them, for they were all wrong; and the personage who addressed me said 'that all their creeds were an abomination in his sight; that those professors were all corrupt; they draw near to me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me; they teach for doctrine the commandments of men, having a form of godliness, but they deny the power thereof.' He again forbade me to join with any of them; and many other things did he say unto me which I cannot write at this time." He then went on to say, that a few days afterwards, having mentioned this vision to a Methodist preacher, the latter treated his communication "not only lightly, but with great contempt, saying it was all of the devil; that there were no such things as visions and revelations in these days; and that all such things had ceased with the apostles. I soon found that my telling the story had excited a great deal of prejudice against me: and though I was an obscure boy, only between fourteen and fifteen years of age, and my circumstances in life such as to make a boy of no consequence in the world, yet men of high standing would take notice sufficient to excite the public mind against me, and create a hot persecution; and this was common among all the sects; all united to persecute me. It has often caused me serious reflection, both then and since, how very strange it was that a boy in my condition, doomed to the necessity of obtaining a scanty maintenance by his daily labour, should be thought a character of sufficient importance to attract the attention of the great ones of the most popular sects of the day, so as to create in them a spirit of the hottest persecution and reviling. But, strange or not, so it was, and was often a cause of great sorrow to myself. However, it was no less a fact that I had a vision. I have thought since that I was much like Paul before Agrippa; some said he was dishonest, others said he was mad, and he was ridiculed and reviled; but all this did not destroy the reality of his vision. So it was with me; I was hated and persecuted for saying I had seen a vision, but yet it was true; I knew it, and I knew that God knew it; and I could not deny it, neither did I dare deny it."*

Orson Pratt, in a pamphlet of sixteen pages, entitled 'Remarkable Visions,' states that celestial personages informed Joseph that his sins were forgiven him; but the Prophet does not mention this forgiveness in his biography.

From 1820, the period of his first vision, up to 1823, Joseph suffered himself to be carried away by the world's current, and committed faults which his panegyrists attribute to the weakness of youth, and the corruptness of human nature. He himself admits, in his autobiography, with something like compunction, that he yielded to temptation and to the gratification of divers appetites culpable in the sight of God. His mother does not mention these backslidings, in the history of his life. However, he felt remorse for his conduct, and one night, the 21st of September, 1823, after he had retired to bed, he supplicated the Almighty to forgive him his sins, and to make known to him by some manifestation, in what light he appeared to the Omniscient. A "Personage" then appeared to him in the midst of light brighter than mid-day, simply clad in a flowing robe of spotless whiteness. The dazzling messenger, calling him by name, said he had been sent by God to him, and that his name was Nephi; that God had a work for him to accomplish; that his name (Joseph's) would be blessed and accursed through all the nations of the earth; he likewise told him that there was in existence a book written on gold plates, which gave an account of the first inhabitants of the continent of America, and of their origin. He added that it contained the fullness of the gospel of Jesus Christ, as it was given to his people on this land. He further said, that there also existed an instrument which consisted of two smooth three-cornered diamonds set in glass, and the glasses were set in silver bows, which were connected with each other much in the same way as old-fashioned spectacles; that these glasses, being attached to a breastplate, constituted what is called the Urim and Thummim, and would be found deposited with the plates; that the possession and use of these glasses constituted a seer in primitive times, and that God had prepared them for the translation of the Book. He then quoted several prophecies from the Old Testament, and many passages from it and the New, and ended his discourse by warning Joseph that whenever the time should come for his receiving the plates, the breastplate, and the Urim and Thummim, he was to show them to no one, save such as God might indicate, on pain of death.

---

* History of Joseph Smith, 'Millennial Star,' vol. iii. No. 2, p. 21.

Twice again did the same Personage appear that night, repeating exactly the same things; and, as he was on the point of departing, enjoined Joseph to be actuated in his desire to obtain the plates by no other motive than that of glorifying God, and also to be proof against the temptation of selling them, in order to satisfy his own wants. The cock crew, and day broke; Joseph rose without having had time to sleep. He went to his work, with his parents, when the same Personage he had seen during the night appeared to him a fourth time, repeating the same things and enjoining him to communicate all to his father. Joseph obeyed, and his father told him that it was all from God, and that he must go and do as the heavenly messenger had commanded him. Joseph at once left his work, and went to the place where the messenger had told him that the plates were deposited.

Near the village of Manchester, in Ontario county (State of New York), is an eminence higher than any other in its neighbourhood, and known to the Mormons by the name of Cumorah. On the western side of this hill, a little below the summit, under a stone of considerable dimensions, the plates were found deposited in a stone box. The lid was thinned off towards the edges, and raised in the centre in a kind of globe, which rose above the surface of the soil. Joseph, after removing the earth which covered the edges, raised the stone with a crowbar, and found the tablets, the Urim and Thummim, and the breastplate.* The box was formed of stone held together at the corners by a kind of cement. Two stones were placed crossways at the bottom of the box, and upon these stones were the plates and other relics. Joseph attempted to take them out, but was prevented by the heavenly messenger, who again told him that the time had not yet arrived, and that he must wait four years from that time. The divine envoy added, that Joseph must present himself at the place of deposit in a year from that day, and that he must keep the same rendezvous every year, until the time had arrived for him to take away the plates.

Joseph obeyed the commands of the Angel, and every year met him at the appointed spot, to receive his instructions as to what the Lord wished done, as well as revelations as to the manner in which His kingdom must be governed in the latter days.

---

* It would appear that Laban's sword was among these precious relics; but Joseph, who speaks of it afterwards, says nothing about the time when he found it.

At this time Joseph's family were poor; all the members of it were obliged to labour, and often to hire themselves out to day-work. In October 1825, Joseph entered the service of an old man named Josiah Stoal, who lived in Chenango county, State of New York. Stoal employed him with other workmen in a silver-mine, which had been opened by the Spanish at Harmony, Pennsylvania. After a month's unproductive labour, Joseph induced the old man to give up his mine.

"It was this circumstance," says Joseph, "that gave rise to the generally received belief that I was a money-digger."

While he was in the service of Stoal, with whom he remained over a year, Joseph made the acquaintance of Emma Hale, the daughter of Isaac Hale, a tavern-keeper, at whose house he dined, and on the 18th of January, 1827, he married her, at South Bainbridge, State of New York, with the consent of his own parents, but in opposition to the family of the young woman, which was greatly opposed to the marriage, on account, as the Prophet states, of the persecutions that his visions had brought upon him.

The young couple retired to the farm belonging to the Prophet's father, and betook themselves to agriculture. Joseph does not mention in his biography that he was, sometime after his marriage, very severely beaten by an angel, who reprimanded him for not being enough engaged in the work of the Lord; we get this fact from his mother's narrative.*

The 22nd of September, 1827, the heavenly messenger delivered to Joseph Smith the plates, the Urim and Thummim, and the breast-plate, on condition that he would be responsible for them, and that he would preserve them carefully until such time as he should be again asked for them.†

Having returned to his father's house with his precious trust, Joseph lost no time in finding a hiding-place in which to conceal it. His mother tells us, that he had a wooden chest made to enclose the sacred objects, and that the family not having the money to pay the carpenter for it, Joseph went and worked at the well of a Mrs. Wells, to earn the sum necessary to defray the cost.

The report having spread that Joseph had obtained the golden tablets, some fanatical Methodists made a riotous attempt to steal them. But Joseph managed on this occasion, as on many others, to baulk their attempts.

The Urim and Thummim consisted, states Joseph's mother, who had seen them, of two transparent stones, clear as crystal, set in the two rims of a bow. By this instrument

---

* Biographical Sketches of Joseph Smith, etc., by Lucy Smith, mother of the Prophet, c. 22, p. 99.

† The angel did claim the tablets and the other articles, after they had served for the fulfilment of the Divine purpose. Joseph, in a written communication, the 2nd of May, 1838, says that at this period they were in charge of the angel, but he does not tell us the precise moment at which he gave them up.

Joseph was enabled to understand the characters on the tablets, to see to any distance, and to obtain revelations upon every kind of subject he desired.*

The plates had the appearance of gold. They were about seven inches wide by eight long, and their thickness was not quite that of an ordinary sheet of tin. *Egyptian* characters were engraved on both sides of each plate, and the whole was bound in one volume, like the leaves of a book, closed by three clasps; its thickness was six inches. One portion of the plates was sealed up; on those which were not sealed there were small characters or letters skilfully cut. One of our engravings† gives a facsimile of one, as published by the Mormons themselves, some time after the Prophet's death. "The whole book," says Joseph Smith, "by its shape, denoted the antiquity of its origin, and displayed some ability on the part of the engraver.

The breast-plate, or pectoral, was of pure gold, according to the statement of Joseph's mother, who had seen and touched it. It had four golden straps, of which two were intended to attach it to the shoulders, and the other two to fix it on the hips. These straps were exactly the breadth of two female fingers, and they were pierced with several holes at the ends, by which to fasten them. This article was worth five hundred dollars at least, adds the Prophet's aged mother.

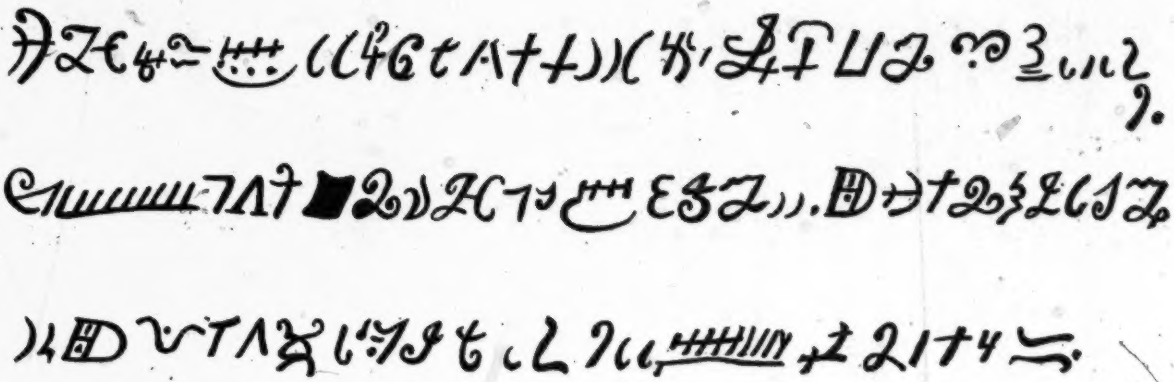
---

* See Note XII. at the end of the work.

† See Note XIII. at the end of the work.

After having been obliged several times to come to blows with those who attempted to rob him of his treasure, Joseph, who in the end found this sort of persecution insupportable, decided on quitting Manchester with his wife, to go and settle in Susquehannah county, Pennsylvania. As he was very poor, and as the annoyances to which he was everywhere exposed left him little hope of ever becoming rich, he accepted a sum of fifty dollars for his journey, which was offered him by Martin Harris, a friend of his, a farmer at Palmyra, State of New York. Thanks to this assistance, Joseph and his wife were enabled to go to Pennsylvania, where they arrived with their sacred charge, which they had secreted in a common bean-barrel.

As soon as he was settled in his new abode, close to his father-in-law, Joseph set to work to copy the characters on the plates. From December 1827 to February 1828, he translated several by means of the Urim and Thummim. He confided the copy and translation to Martin Harris, to be shown to Professor Anthon, of New York, who was then very celebrated as a classical scholar, and, if we are to believe our informant, for his knowledge of hieroglyphics. Martin Harris went to New York, showed the copies to the Professor, who declared, if we are to believe our informant, that the characters were Egyptian, Chaldaic, Assyrian, and Arabic, and wished to see the original. Martin Harris informed the Prophet that Mr. Anthon entirely approved of his translation of these specimens,



Fac-simile de caractères tirés, sur la foi des Saints, des plaques originales du Livre de Mormon.

Fac-simile of characters taken, on the faith of the Saints, from the original plates of the Book of Mormon.

[illegible] Hautefeuille à Paris

but this is not confirmed by the Professor, who, in a letter from New York, dated 17th of January, 1834, distinctly denies having seen a translation of any kind, and asserts that the characters which Harris showed him were anything but Egyptian. Mr. Anthon says in this letter, that the copy exhibited by Harris contained characters arranged in columns, imitating Greek and Hebrew letters, crosses, flourishes, Roman letters inverted, and that these perpendicular columns were terminated by a clumsily-drawn circle, divided into several compartments decked with various strange marks evidently copied from the Mexican calendar given by Humboldt, but so copied as to conceal the source from which it was taken.

Martin Harris, returning about the 12th of April, 1828, rejoined Joseph, commenced his functions as secretary, and continued to be engaged on the translation of the plates until the 14th of June following, having then filled a hundred and sixteen pages of large-sized paper. The secretary was separated from the Prophet by a curtain that prevented his seeing the plates, which the translator read by means of the Urim and Thummim. At this stage of the great work, Harris, by his entreaties, obtained permission to take away his copy to read it to his wife and several other persons pointed out by a special revelation. By the treacherous connivance of his wife, Harris was robbed of this portion of the manuscript, which was thus for ever lost to the Prophet.

Joseph was now to be punished for the confidence he had placed in his secretary. A revelation he had in July 1828, by means of the Urim and Thummim, reprimanded him for what he had done, but at the same time accused Harris of being a party to the fraud. An angel afterwards descended from the celestial regions for the purpose of taking back with him the plates and the magnifying-glass; both which, however, he brought down again in a few days, Joseph having meanwhile found favour before God. A little later, a special revelation warned the young Prophet that to avoid the attacks of the wicked, who would not fail to compare the new translation with that which had been stolen by a sacrilegious hand, and to single out any discrepancies between them, he must abstain from again translating the part in which Harris had served him as secretary. It is hardly necessary to make a remark on the simplicity of this mode of getting out of a difficulty.

Joseph had successively a great number of revelations on the subject of his work, and of the men who rendered him assistance. They are all marked by personalities, and modes of expression which do not leave the slightest doubt as to their fraudulent fabrication. We do not in this place take any other objection to them than this, that their dates do not correspond with the events.

The 15th of April, 1829, a new secretary presented himself to Joseph as a successor to Harris. This was Oliver Cowdery, who, being the schoolmaster of the village where the father of the new Prophet resided, had some knowledge of the great things which the Lord was preparing by his hands. Oliver gave up his school, and went to Pennsylvania, without any kind of invitation, to offer his gratuitous services to the translator of the new Bible.

They were working busily on the translation of the Golden Book in the midst of a shower of revelations, when one day (May 15th, 1829), having betaken themselves to the woods to pray to God, and to interrogate him on the subject of baptism for the remission of sins, a heavenly messenger, who said he was John the Baptist, descended in "a cloud of light," and laying his hands upon Joseph, and on his scribe, ordained them, in the name of the Messiah, priests of the "Order of Aaron," which possesses the keys of the ministering of angels, of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins. The messenger of Jehovah told them that this Aaronic priesthood had not the power of laying on hands to confer the gift of the Holy Spirit; but that this power, which belongs to the Order of Melchisedec, should be conferred on them later; that Joseph would be styled the First Elder, and Oliver the Second Elder; and he then commanded them to baptize one another. Joseph accordingly baptized Oliver, after which Oliver baptized Joseph; and they then ordained each other as priests of the Order of Aaron, a priesthood which they had already received from the angel.

As soon as they were baptized, the Holy Ghost fell on them, and the spirit of prophecy was given to them. They at once turned it to account by setting to work prophesying the birth of a new religion, and of numberless things having reference to the Church and to the present generation.

For some time they kept secret the heavenly gifts which had been accorded to them, for fear of reviving the spirit of persecution to which they had been at first exposed. Happily for Joseph, he was at this period on good terms with his wife's family, which had the effect of relieving him of a great deal of opposition and annoyance. A short time after this, Samuel, a brother of Joseph's, received the new baptism.

Whilst engaged upon his translation, Joseph got hold of some persons well-disposed towards him, who aided him materially in his work, some by giving or lending him money, others by supplying him with food, some by offering him shelter; others, again, by tendering all these things together. In the favourable reception which he met from these good people, he must have seen the first omen of his future success in the great work of religious renovation for which he was preparing with so much zeal. Among his benefactors, Joseph could reckon especially upon John Knight, of Colesville, State of New York, who supplied him with food; and on the family of Whitmer,* of Fayette, Seneca county, in the same State, who placed at his disposal his house and table until the completion of the sacred work. Joseph accepted the generous offer of the Whitmers, and left Harmony, where he then lived, to take up his abode at Fayette, about the month of June, 1829. He had every reason to be satisfied with his hosts, who assisted him in all ways. But it was by no means so with the old friends who lived in his father's part of the country. Harris's wife, whose vanity had been greatly wounded by Joseph's refusal to show her the sacred plates, infected several other persons with her ill-will, and it was resolved, at a meeting of persons competent to depose to the facts, that a charge should be brought before the magistrate of Lyons, State of New York, against Joseph, accusing him of fraudulent attempts to obtain or extort money from credulous persons. The case was entered into, but the principal witness, Martin Harris, husband of the woman who had raised up all these troubles, having declared on oath that Joseph had never made any attempt to get money from him, and that a sum of fifty dollars, which it came out in evidence

---

* Joseph states, and it is worth while noting it, that Whitmer, unso-

licited, came himself with a carriage, proposing to take him to his house. The mother of the Prophet says otherwise. She states that her son received from God the command to write to Whitmer and desire him to come immediately, and take him home with him, as evil-disposed persons were seeking his life. Mrs. Smith also says that it was at Waterloo that Whitmer resided; that when Joseph's letter was given to him, a miracle was worked to testify to him that it was the will of God that he should go to the Prophet, and bring him back with him. The mother also says that in the journey from Harmony to Waterloo, an angel undertook to carry the plates, so that they might not be taken from her son by violence.

had been received by Joseph, had been a free gift of his own, entirely unsolicited by the latter, the magistrate dismissed the case, advising the plaintiffs never again to trouble him with their ridiculous complaints. It is to the Prophet's mother we are indebted for these facts. Joseph does not mention the charge in his autobiography. It must also be remarked that his mother says, that before this affair no member of the family had ever had anything to do with law.

Joseph, aided by Cowdery, quietly completed his translation at the house of the Whitmers, worthy souls, whose good offices he secured, and repaid by revelations obtained expressly for them. He experienced nothing, on the whole, but kindness, from the inhabitants of Seneca county. He made some converts among them, and in June he baptized, in the waters of Lake Seneca, two of the Whitmers, together with his brother Hyrum.

A revelation soon came (June 1829), commanding the Prophet to show the plates to three witnessess, in order that the work of God might receive a testimony before men. This revelation, when nominating as the chosen witnesses, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris, promised them "the sight of the plates, of the breast-plate, of the sword of Laban, and of the Urim and Thummim, which were given on the mountain to the brother of Jared, when speaking face to face with the Lord."

On the faith of this Divine promise, the three witnesses so nominated retired with Joseph into a wood hard by, and after a great many prayers, fervently repeated over and over again, an angel appeared in the midst of an excessively bright light, holding the plates in his hand, and turning over the leaves one by one, so as to enable them to see the characters distinctly. Then a voice, issuing from the light, was heard to say, "These plates have been revealed by the power of God, and they have been translated by the power of God. The translation which you have seen is correct, and I command you to bear witness to what you now see and hear."

A written record of the facts was consequently drawn up, and the three witnesses affixed their signatures to it.

"Some time after these things had passed," says Joseph, "this additional testimony was obtained;" and he gives, without further explanation,* a certificate signed by eight new witnesses,† who are four of the Whitmers, a person called Page, a relation of the Whitmers, and three of the Smiths.

Without attaching more importance than they merit, to these testimonials, it is as well to observe that all they prove is that no one but Smith ever saw the plates, since the Prophet himself avows that it was in a vision only that they were seen by the eleven witnesses. Why not have shown the plates, which he took the pains to shut up in a box, under lock and key, rather than seek the intervention of the Deity, the *Deus ex machinâ?* These plates were material things, consequently the seeing them in a vision cannot be admitted as a proof, even by those who saw it, if they would but reflect that Joseph was obliged to handle in order to translate them. It therefore seems certain that no other persons ever saw the plates of the Golden Book, that the Urim and Thummim have been seen by some few individuals only, including the Prophet's mother, and that the breastplate has been seen by the latter only. To establish the truth of his assertions, why did he not show these objects to respectable witnesses other than his family and the initiated?

---

* The mother of the Prophet said the plates were shown to eight witnesses by one of the ancient Nephites, who, in a revelation made to Joseph, had arranged an interview with them.

† See Note XIV. at the end of the work.

The mother of the Prophet says, that after the last eight witnesses had seen the plates which had been brought to a particular spot by one of the ancient Nephites, the angel again appeared to Joseph, and gave them to him to take away. It is not known what became of them from this time,* but it is probable they will one day reappear, for Orson Pratt informs us, that Joseph translated only the unsealed part of the book.

The translation being completed, the next thing was to find a printer. But first a revelation ordered Oliver Cowdery to recopy the manuscript from beginning to end, and never to have more than one copy at a time at the printing-office, so that if one happened to be destroyed or stolen, there would be another in reserve; to have always a guard to accompany him from his house to the office and back, and also one to watch night and day about the house, in order to protect the manuscript.

---

* See note, page 242.

In March 1830, a revelation was made to Joseph, commanding Martin Harris, under pain of damnation, to sell his effects to cover the expenses of the publication of the Book of Mormon. A contract was made with a printer of the name of Egbert Grandin, who for three thousand dollars engaged to furnish five thousand copies. Harris was to pay half the cost, and the Smith family the other half; but a thousand difficulties presented themselves, which threatened to stay the publication. Some scamps endeavoured by violence to destroy the manuscript, and a journalist of the name of Cole went so far as to steal the copy, and to publish it, without authority, in the "Dogberry Paper on Winter Hill." Lucy Smith says, that one day, when Joseph had to go from Waterloo to Palmyra, she informed him that some vagabonds, led by one Huzzy, intended to lay wait for him, in order to play him some awkward prank, and that in consequence she begged him to defer his journey. The young Prophet, however, did not heed the warnings of his mother, and departed under the protection of God. Meeting these ruffians, who were on the look-out for him, he went straight up to their chief, took off his hat, and bowing, said in an easy quiet tone, "Good morning, Mr. Huzzy." He then did the same to the others, who, utterly confused and overwhelmed by all this politeness and coolness, returned his bow, and went away.

Joseph had received, in June 1829, a revelation which commanded him to institute an apostleship composed of twelve apostles, and at the same time gave him instructions relative to the establishment of the Church of Christ. Somewhat later, another revelation fixed the day on which he was to organize his Church, indicated to him the mode of baptism, defined the duties of the members of the Church, etc. etc.

In consequence of this heavenly order, on Tuesday the 6th of April, in the year of grace 1830, the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-day Saints was organized at Fayette, Seneca county, in the house of P. Whitmer, where six of the initiated, including Joseph, were. The new society then styled itself the Church of Christ; it was not until some years afterwards that it took the name which it now bears. The six privileged members ordained each other; after which they received the sacrament, and were confirmed in the Church of Christ by the Holy Ghost, who gave them the gift of prophecy. While they were still assembled, Joseph had a revelation, in which God called upon him, "the Seer, the Translator, the Prophet, the Apostle of Jesus Christ, the Elder of the Church by the will of God the Father, and the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Inspired of the Holy Ghost, to lay the foundation of the Church, and to build it on the most holy faith; which Church was organized and established in the year of our Lord 1830, in the fourth month and the sixth day of the month which is called April."

Many of the persons who were present as spectators at this meeting, became suddenly converted, and were baptized that very day, among them the Prophet's father and mother.*

Thus was established the Church by which Joseph Smith sought to remodel the face of the world. In the minute drawn up in reference to this matter, the only one of the six members whose name is mentioned is Oliver Cowdery. It is probable that the other four were Hyrum Smith, Martin Harris, and two of the Whitmers.†

About the same time the Book of Mormon was published, under the title given below, which, according to the Prophet, is the literal translation of the outer side of the last plate:—

"THE BOOK OF MORMON.

"An account written by the hand of Mormon, upon plates taken from the plates of Nephi.

---

* Joseph says that Martin Harris was baptized about the same time as his father.

† John Hyde says ('Mormonism,' p. 200) that the six organizers were Joseph Smith the elder, Hyrum Smith and Samuel Smith (two brothers of the Prophet), O. Cowdery, Joseph Knight, and the Prophet himself. Joseph Knight, of Colesville, is the person who brought the Prophet provisions during the work of the translation.

"Wherefore it is an abridgment from the record taken from the people of Nephi, and also from the Lamanites, written to the Lamanites, who were a remnant of the house of Israel; and also to Jew and Gentile; written by way of commandment, and also by the spirit of prophecy and revelation. Written and sealed up, and hid up unto the Lord, that they might not be destroyed; to come forth by the gift and power of God unto the interpretation thereof: sealed by the hand of Moroni, and hid up unto the Lord, to come forth in due time by the way of the Gentile; the interpretation thereof by the gift of God. An abridgment taken from the book of Esther also; which is a record of the people of Jared; who were scattered at the time the Lord confounded the language of the people when they were building a tower to get to heaven; which is to show unto the remnant of the house of Israel what great things the Lord hath done for their fathers; and that they may know the covenants of the Lord, that they are not cast off for ever; and also to the convincing of the Jew and Gentile, that Jesus is the Christ, the Eternal God, manifesting himself unto all nations. And now, if there are faults, they are the mistakes of men; wherefore condemn not the things of God, that ye may be found spotless at the judgment-seat of Christ."

Such is the presumptuous title of the Book of Mormon, which is divided into fifteen books, as follows:—

The First Book of Nephi.
The Second Book of Nephi.
The Book of Jacob, brother of Nephi.
The Book of Enos.

The Book of Jarom.

The Book of Omni.

The Words of Mormon.

The Book of Mosiah, to which are added the Memoirs of Zeniff.

The Book of Alma, son of Alma.

The Book of Helaman.

The Book of Nephi, son of Nephi, who was the son of Helaman.

The Book of Nephi, son of Nephi, one of the Disciples of Jesus Christ.

The Book of Mormon.

The Book of Ether.

The Book of Moroni.

Let us give a rapid summary of the Book of Mormon, as nearly as possible as it is accepted by the Mormons themselves. It gives the history of ancient America, from the establishment of the Hebrew colony which came from the tower of Babel, up to the beginning of the fifth century of the Christian era. After the confusion of tongues, the Asiatic colonists, called Jaredites, crossed the ocean in eight ships, and landed on the coast of North America, where they built large cities, and formed a highly civilized nation, which flourished by commerce and industry. They subsequently became corrupt, and their nation, after lasting fifteen hundred years, was destroyed on account of its wickedness, about six hundred years before Jesus Christ.

A prophet named Ether, wrote their history up to and including the time of their destruction; and the annals left by him were recovered by a colony of Israelites, descended from the tribe of Joseph, which came from Jerusalem six centuries before Christ, and repeopled America.

The Israelites who succeeded the Jaredites, left Jerusalem in the first year of the reign of Zedekiah, king of Judah. They first betook themselves to the coast of the Red Sea, along which they followed for some time bearing to the south-east, and then struck off in an easterly direction, until they reached the great ocean. Then God commanded them to build a vessel, which bore them safe and sound across the Pacific Ocean to South America, on the western coast of which they landed.

In the eleventh year of the reign of Zedekiah, when the Jews were led captive into Babylon, some descendants of Judah, leaving Jerusalem, reached North America, whence they emigrated towards the northern portion of South America, where they were discovered by the descendants of Joseph, about four hundred years after their arrival.

The descendants of Joseph almost immediately became divided into two distinct nations, the one styled Nephites, from the name of the prophet who was its leader. This nation was persecuted for its uprightness by the other nation, which bore the name of Lamanites, from Laman its chief, a very corrupt and wicked man. The Nephites emigrated towards the north of South America, while the

Lamanites peopled the middle and southern part of that country. The Nephites took with them a copy of the Holy Scriptures, that is to say, of the five books of Moses, and the Prophets down to Jeremiah, on to the time at which they left Jerusalem. These Scriptures were engraved on plates of brass, in the Egyptian language. The Nephites, after their arrival in America, made similar plates, on which they engraved their history, prophecies, visions, and revelations. All these annals have been preserved from generation to generation. The Nephites, whom God blessed for their uprightness and their piety, prospered and spread to the east, to the west, and to the north. They built immense cities, temples, fortresses, tilled the soil, bred domestic animals, and, in short, became an opulent people. The arts and sciences flourished among them.

The Lamanites, on the contrary, from the hardness of their hearts, were abandoned of God, and became a rude and barbarous people. Before their rebellion they were white and handsome as the Nephites; but God cursed them, and their white colour soon gave way to a dark hue; they became a savage and ferocious people; they fought numerous battles with the Nephites, but were always repulsed with loss, and the tumuli so often met with in the two Americas, are nothing but heaps of warriors slaughtered in those sanguinary struggles.

When the Nephites, four centuries after their arrival, discovered the descendants of Judah, who had quitted Jerusalem eleven years after them, they found a numerous but ignorant people, with scarcely a trace of civilization. This people was called Zarahemla. As they had not brought any written records with them, their language became corrupted, and they denied the existence of God. However, the Nephites entered into an alliance with them, taught them the Holy Scriptures, brought them back to civilization, and together they formed a single people. The Nephites built vessels on the Isthmus of Darien, launched them on the western ocean, and set out to colonize North America. Other colonies of Nephites emigrated overland, and in a few centuries the whole continent became peopled. Great cities were built on all sides by the Nephites, and even by the Lamanites. The law of Moses was observed by the Nephites, and prophets in large numbers appeared among them. The records of their history and prophecies were carefully preserved by them upon tablets of gold and other metal. The Nephites recovered the annals of the Jaredites, which were engraved upon plates of gold. These annals, which gave the history of thirty-five centuries, from the creation of the world, were translated by the Nephites into their own language by means of the Urim and Thummim.

The Nephites were made acquainted with the birth and death of Christ by certain celestial and terrestrial phenomena. As at that time they had fallen away from the law of God, they were at the Crucifixion punished by frightful

A

catastrophes, by earthquakes which raised mountains where valleys had been before, and which destroyed their cities. Thus were accomplished the predictions of their own prophets, and thus perished a great number of the wicked among the Nephites, as well as among the Lamanites. Those who survived these terrible chastisements, received a visit from Christ, who after his Ascension came to the northern portion of South America, to show the Nephites the wounds in his hands, his feet, and his side. At the same time Christ abolished the law of Moses, and substituted his Gospel, chose twelve disciples to preach his doctrine, instituted the Eucharist, worked all kinds of miracles, expounded the Scriptures from the commencement to his coming, and predicted everything which was to happen before the day when he should come back in his glory, to reign over the earth before the end of the world. These instructions were engraved upon golden plates, and some of them are found in the Book of Mormon; but the greater portion, still sealed up, will not be revealed unto the Saints till a future time.

When Christ had ended his mission among the nations of America, he re-ascended into heaven, and his twelve disciples went forth to preach throughout the continent. In all parts the Lamanites and the Nephites were converted to the Lord, and walked during more than three centuries in the paths of righteousness. But towards the fourth century of the Christian era, they had so far departed from the ways of God that he inflicted terrible judgments on them. At this epoch the Lamanites dwelt in South America, and the Nephites in North America.

Before long a terrible war broke out between the two nations. Beginning in the Isthmus of Darien, it spread on like a destroying plague, beating back the Nephites towards the north and north-east. The whole nation of the Nephites was encamped round the hill of Cumorah (in the State of New York), where the plates were found, at about two hundred miles to the west of the city of Albany. And here it was the numerous bands of the Lamanites bore down upon them and cut them to pieces, sparing neither women, children, nor old people. The nation of the Nephites was utterly destroyed, with the exception of a very small number of persons who had the good fortune to escape, amongst whom were Mormon and his son Moroni, who were both upright men before God.

Mormon had written upon some plates a short account of the annals of his ancestors. It is this account which is contained in the Book of Mormon, under the special name of the Book of Mormon. Mormon subsequently concealed in the hill of Cumorah all the original annals he had in his possession, except the short account he had himself engraved, which he delivered to his son Moroni to continue. Moroni added the history of what passed up to the year 420 of the Christian era, at which epoch, by the order of God, he buried the annals in the hill of Cumorah, where they remained hidden (from 420 to the 22nd September, 1827) until an angel came down to reveal them to Joseph Smith, who, by the gift of God and the aid of the Urim and Thummim, translated them into English.

The Indians who are now living in America are the descendants of the Lamanites, for of the Nephites not a soul remained after the death of Moroni.

This succint analysis which we have here made of the Book of Mormon, sufficiently indicates the plan adopted by Joseph Smith as the starting-point of his divine mission. At the same time this summary gives us a clue to the circumstances which led the American Prophet to that scheme of religious renovation which he conceived, and the audacity of which it is impossible not to admire, even while we censure it. It would, perhaps, be difficult to deny him genius, were it true that at the age of fifteen he had spun out of his own brain the entire plot of this ingenious fable. But his share in the work is perhaps less than his disciples give him credit for; and we shall soon see that his whole merit consisted in a superiority of impudence and imposture, which was really extraordinary, and almost miraculous, at the age at which he devised his scheme, and with the modicum of information he possessed.

Towards the year 1809, a Protestant clergyman, named Solomon Spaulding, a graduate of Dartmouth College, left Cherry Valley, New York, for New Salem, in the State of Ohio. This part of America is rich in all kinds of antiquities, which prove that a powerful race formerly occupied the country. Spaulding, an inquisitive and imaginative man, was struck by these vestiges of an obscure past. Readily subscribing to the opinion, very general at that epoch, that the Indians of North America were the descendants of the ten lost tribes of Israel, he conceived the idea of composing a romantic history of the ancient races of the New World. To give greater originality to his composition, he, as far as possible, imitated the style of the Bible, and called his work 'The Manuscript Found.' His manuscript was never printed, but Spaulding frequently read it to his friends; so that every one in the neighbourhood had heard of this production, which moreover had no religious aim, and which the author acknowledged to be the work of his imagination. Spaulding died in 1816. The manuscript remained in the hands of his family, but it appears that a copy had been made by a person to whom it was lent, and that this copy fell into the hands of Joseph Smith. This fact is not proved, but neither is it impossible. But what is certain is, that Joseph must have known of Spaulding's romance, for it is proved that the young Prophet had worked in a part of the country in which this composition had been extensively read. It has even been stated that Sidney Rigdon copied the manuscript and communicated it to Joseph. Although this fact has been formally denied by Sidney Rigdon, and by Joseph, who declared he did not know Sidney till 1830, after the publication of the Book of Mormon, such an interested denial does not destroy the inference which has been drawn, and which does not depend upon it. Moreover there are some things clearly proved. It is certain, first, that Spaulding composed the 'Manuscript Found;' secondly, that he read it to many persons; thirdly, that those who were present at the reading of the work in question have perfectly identified it with the Book of Mormon; most of the names being the same, such as those of Mormon, Lehi, Nephi, Lamanites, etc. This suffices to show that Joseph must have been acquainted with the romance, even if indeed he had not the manuscript under his eyes. He only had to invent the religious plot, and add it to the historical plot which he found ready-made to his hands.

Joseph himself tells us that he was deficient in education, and he proves it in every page of the Book of Mormon. But if he were not learned, it must be admitted that he could read, and that he read much, especially the Bible, and theological dissertations on the meaning of Scripture. By thus mixing up Spaulding's fiction with biblical narratives, his task, when once his plan was conceived, became easy. It is nothing but a jumble of bad imitations of Scripture, anachronisms, contradictions, and bad grammar.*

It would not be difficult to find in the etymology which Joseph Smith gave of the word Mormon, another proof of the utter want of honesty in the execution of the work. According to the Prophet, the word Mormon is derived from the "*Reformed* Egyptian" word *mon*, which means good, and from the English word *mor*, a contraction of *more*; Mormon thus meaning *more good*, or better. It is probable that Joseph, in giving this etymology, grotesque at any rate, meant to insinuate that the Book of Mormon is better than the Bible, a word which he states signifies *good* in its widest sense. This is all very well; but then, by what mysterious amalgamation could an English word be tacked on to an Egyptian word? How explain, unless we attribute it to bad faith combined with ignorance, the presence, in a manuscript assigned to the fifth century, of a word belonging to a language which did not exist on the spot where the prophetic manuscript was hidden, and where it was not destined to exist until several centuries afterwards?

---

* He is constantly repeating "And it came to pass," which renders the narrative not only heavy but ridiculous.

To those who may desire to trace back the new religion to its foundation, to its very beginning, and to find the prototype of the Prophet's mission, and his supernatural fictions, it will be sufficient to call to mind the revelations of Jane Leade, published in England, at the end of the seventeenth century. The principal ideas which inaugurate or accompany Smith's mission, and which he presents as his own personal inspirations, are to be found in those celebrated reveries. For instance, Jane Leade says, "that the various existing religions are but fictions, and that all systems of human contrivance must vanish like shadows before the light of day; . . . . that the time is not far distant when the eternal Gospel will be made manifest with a power nothing can resist; . . . . that to preach it, agents will come who will bring back all that was lost in the first Adam, etc. etc.;" all leading ideas in the doctrine or mission of Smith, like many others of the same kind shadowed forth in Jane Leade's revelations, as may be ascertained by reading the eight volumes of the theological works published by the celebrated foundress* of the Society of the Philadelphians. Yet, strange to say, Joseph Smith does not once speak of Jane Leade in the whole course of his apostleship!

We will now briefly make known the origin of the famous plates, which play the same part in Mormonism as the tables of the law in Mosaism.

On the 23rd of April, 1843, Robert Wiley found, while making excavations in a mound in the vicinity of Kinderhook (Illinois), six plates of brass,† of a bell-shape, as shown by the sketch we give of one of them, resembling the glyphs of Mexico;‡ these plates were covered with characters in vertical lines, which resembled those of which Martin Harris showed a copy to Professor Anthon. Did Smith himself find any such plates? Likely enough; he is known to have been called the "money-digger," and there would have been nothing extraordinary had he, in his frequent diggings, been the first to find objects similar to those which we know Wiley afterwards dug up in 1843.

---

* Jane Leade, born in England in 1623, died the 19th of August, 1704, after having occupied a distinguished place among the most learned Theosophists of Germany and Great Britain. Her doctrine was known to the French Illuminati.

† See Note XV. at the end of the work.

‡ There has also been found, in the United States, a small tablet of gold, on which are engraved hieroglyphics that have a great resemblance to those of the Egyptians. See, with respect to this, Note XVI. at the end.

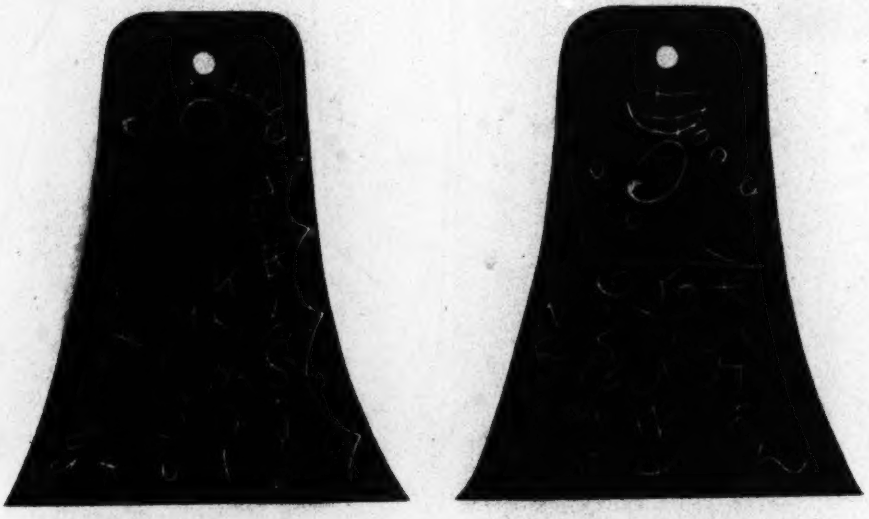
As to the Urim and Thummim, this is the *Seer Stone* which some Scotch and American wizards used like the divining rod, to discover precious metals in the earth. Joseph Smith has only given it a biblical name: the Urim and Thummim,* as everybody knows, was a kind of ornament which the Jewish high-priest wore upon his breast.

The sword of Laban, which Joseph somewhere states he had found with the sacred plates, has never been seen by any one.

The posterity of the Saints will doubtless regret that these holy objects have not been put in a reliquary, to be held up to the veneration of the faithful in future ages; but we must here admire the foresight evinced by the Prophet in withholding from the over-curious eyes of our age, relics too likely to compromise the success of his cause. If he had the boldness and effrontery to impose on men through the credulity associated with their religious feelings, he had also the sagacity to resist the temptation of supporting his work by exhibiting the instruments of his fraud.

---

* See Note XII., already mentioned, at the end of the work.



Une des six plaques de bronze trouvées en 1843 dans l'Illinois.
Vue sur les deux faces.

One of the six bronze plates found in the state of Illinois in 1843
Representation of the two sides.

Imp. F. Chardon ainé, 30, r. Hautefeuille, Paris

The faculty of observation, which he possessed in an eminent degree, had led him to seize on a weak side of human nature; and that same faculty pointed out the limits he ought not to overstep under penalty of seeing the fragile edifice of his dawning fortune crumble away in an instant, even as the phantoms which swarm in darkness, vanish at the approach of light. Joseph Smith had obtained, no matter how, the testimony of eleven witnesses,—neither more nor less than Christ had,—who declared, in sight of God and man, that they had seen the plates; this was more than a set-off against the necessity imposed on him by the policy which his prudence suggested, of not exhibiting these wonderful objects to mortal eyes.

We have now witnessed the birth of Mormonism. Conceived in the midst of mysticism, under the impression of actual ideas and feelings, it soon disengages itself from these earnest influences, and springs forth thoroughly armed, like Minerva of old, from the brain of its founder, not as if it were a hallucination or a dream, but like something premeditated, like a statue worked with thoughtfulness, if not with artistic skill. We shall presently see how the artist fixed it on a pedestal, and attracted to it the homage of the crowd.

CHAPTER II.

THE MORMON CHURCH UNTIL THE FOUNDATION OF NAUVOO, 1830–1839.

FIRST ACTS OF THE NEW CHURCH.—FIRST CONVERSIONS.—FIRST MISSIONS.—THE CHURCH OF KIRTLAND.—ESTABLISHMENT OF ZION IN MISSOURI.—THE PROPHET TARRED AND FEATHERED.—THE BOOK OF ABRAHAM.—CONSECRATION OF THE TEMPLE AT KIRTLAND.—NEW PERSECUTIONS IN MISSOURI.—THE PROPHET AS A FINANCIER.—FLIGHT OF THE PROPHET.—WAR BY THE PEOPLE OF MISSOURI AGAINST THE MORMONS.—THE PROPHET PRISONER.—TRIBULATIONS OF THE SAINTS.—THE FIRST EXODUS.—EPISTLE OF THE CAPTIVE PROPHET.—SECRET CEREMONY.

THE epoch of travail, an epoch comparatively obscure in the history of Mormonism, ends with the organization of the Church, which took place on Tuesday, the 6th of April, 1830. From this period, uncertainty as to the facts together with contradictory statements ceases, and give way to the light of history. If there were some obscurity around the cradle of the new creed, as there is around the origin of more ancient creeds, it now disappears, and the system of imposture, upon which the new institution is based, is henceforth exposed to the broad light of day. It may be admitted,—and it is assuredly a fact which has an important bearing on the study of history in general, and on the investigation of religious truth in particular, that any obscurity should have been possible respecting the origin of a dogma of which the founder belongs to the present generation;—it may be admitted, I say, that we shall never know to a certainty whether Joseph were or were not a visionary at the commencement of his career; or it may be a matter for dispute whether the discovery of the Book of Mormon, and of the plates, were, or were not, the work of supernatural inspiration; but, at the point which we have now reached, all possibility of doubt is at an end. The remainder of the life of the founder of Mormonism, from this time, will show him resolutely intent upon his work, and playing openly, or at least under a veil easily seen through, the part of an impostor, a part one hesitates to attribute to him when only fifteen, that is to say, at an age when man is almost without self-knowledge or any experience of life, and when he is more likely to receive impressions than to originate ideas.

In the new period we are about to enter, we shall meet at every step with revelations, and even miracles; with all that supernatural apparatus which accompanies and consecrates the birth of all religions; and, what is perhaps even more striking, with that which, more than miracles themselves, contributes to confirm and to propagate them, persecution and martyrdom. In this spectacle of a new religion, developed in the midst of the nineteenth century, in the bosom of a great and powerful society, there will not be a single feature lacking of those which history proves did accompany, or gives us reason to suppose must have accompanied, the outset of all the early religions of the world.

If ever Mormonism fulfils the great destinies to which it professes to be called, the Sunday which fell on the 11th of April, 1830, will ever be a memorable moment in the world's history; for on this day occurred the earliest celebration of the new religion. The first sermon was preached at Fayette, in the house of the Whitmers, by Oliver Cowdery, and the effect of the new word was not long without its results. The very same day six converts were baptized in the water of Lake Seneca; and seven more, some days after, followed their example.

During the same month of April the first miracle was worked by the Prophet; it was at Colvesville (in Broom county, N. Y.), on the person of Newel Knight, who was possessed with a devil. Joseph cast him out, by imposition of hands, and immediately the possessed man saw the devil fly out of him, and at once got rid of the contortions which had rendered him an object of horror to the whole neighbourhood. Several individuals who witnessed this miracle yielded to the evidence, and swelled the number of the faithful by being baptized.

On the 1st of June, 1830, the Church, then numbering thirty, held its first conference at Fayette, in the presence of a certain number of believers, yet unbaptized. The Communion was administered in both kinds; then confirmation followed; after which several persons were ordained to different degrees of the sacerdotal order. Enthusiasm ran so high at this meeting, that several fresh marvels were performed. Under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, several prophesied; others saw the heavens open, and were in such ecstasies that they fainted away, and were obliged to be carried to their beds, utterly exhausted by their excitement, the hearts of all of them overflowing with love, "glory," and pleasure, to an inexpressible degree. When they came-to again, the faithful around them thundered forth hosannahs to God and to the Lamb.

Many were baptized after this conference. The success of the Church went on increasing daily, together with its miracles. The halt recovered the use of their limbs, the blind their sight, the deaf their hearing, the dropsical became immediately sound, and all kinds of ailments were miraculously healed. Whether the miracles occurred or not, it is certain that some were found to believe in them. Even now, persons are to be met with who affirm that they witnessed them, and to whom the fact of their occurrence is of itself a sufficient and certain sign of the truth of Mormonism.

But in no time, and in no country, not even where liberty of conscience prevails, is the post of prophet without some peril; all that departs from the usual order of things must pay for it in this world. Mormons are not exempt from this fatal law. Some time after the manifestation of these miracles, the people in their vicinity began to be uneasy at the progress of the growing sect, and cabals were formed. The Prophet was again brought up before a magistrate as a disturber of the public peace, and as a swindler; charges which, though sustained by bitter enemies, were victoriously refuted; Joseph was acquitted, not, however, until he had been subject to barbarous treatment, which it is difficult, leaving opinions out of the question, not to condemn.

Other persecutions succeeded to this first trial, but Joseph always managed to foil the machinations of his enemies, and professed to find his reward for these sufferings in new revelations, which he daily received. One of these Divine communications, dated Harmony (Pennsylvania), July, 1830, named Emma, the Prophet's wife, the Elect Lady, the daughter of God, and commanded her to act as secretary to her husband during Oliver Cowdery's absence, and moreover commissioned her to prepare a selection of Psalms for the new Church.

All the brothers of the Prophet had been ordained priests, even Don Carlos, who was scarcely fourteen. Samuel was sent to Livonia, to preach, and diffuse the Book of Mormon. He had the glory of converting and baptizing

Brigham Young, who became a zealous apostle of the new faith, and for whom was reserved an extraordinary destiny.

Whilst missionaries were sent to the east to propagate the doctrine, Joseph preached at Harmony, where he had fixed his residence. In the month of August new persecutions compelled him to leave this place and return to Fayette (N. Y.). There, finding that some of his disciples, amongst others Cowdery, arrogated to themselves the power of receiving communications direct from God, Joseph quickly obtained a revelation by which Jehovah reproved these presumptuous men, and accorded to the Prophet alone the power of communicating with heaven.

About the same time a brilliant conquest, and one of immense importance, was made by the new sect. Parley P. Pratt, a Campbellist minister, of rare eloquence and acquirements, came to hear the Mormon orators, and to refute them. A sermon of Joseph's, which he heard one Sunday in the month of August, at Manchester, sufficed to convince him of the Divine mission of the new reformer. The following day he applied for baptism and admission into the priesthood. The ardent proselyte at once set to work to make converts to the Mormon faith, and on the 19th of September he baptized, at Canaan (N. Y.), his brother, Orson Pratt, who was only nineteen, but who soon became one of the mainstays of the Church.

At the same time Joseph received a revelation commanding several apostles to go and preach the new religion to the gentiles and the Lamanites. Among the missionaries who, in obedience to this order from above, started for the west, as far as Missouri, were Parley Pratt, and O. Cowdery. These two apostles stopped at Kirtland (Ohio), where they converted to their faith the famous Sidney S. Rigdon, a preacher of talent, but of a wavering mind, who had already several times changed his religion. This was an acquisition of importance. Although deficient in general knowledge, Rigdon was a very eloquent minister, well versed in the Holy Scriptures. His conversion led to that of the greater part of the followers whom his eloquence had attached to him in his former Church, and Mormonism attained, in this manner,a footing, and the nucleus of a religious community, in the State of Ohio.

John Whitmer was sent to preside over the Church of Kirtland, while the missionaries continued their course towards Missouri. In the month of December, Joseph received a visit from Sidney S. Rigdon and Edward Partridge, a spontaneous homage which must have greatly flattered the pride of the Prophet. Edward Partridge, after being at some pains to ascertain the truth, was baptized, in midwinter, in the river Seneca, and received the title of Bishop.

After the publication of the Book of Mormon, Joseph set to work translating the Old Testament; but, about the month of December, God commanded him to give up this translation, and to go to Kirtland. He started in January

1831, accompanied by his wife, by Rigdon, Partridge, etc. Preaching as they went, wherever they found an opportunity, they made numerous proselytes, and arrived at Kirtland in the early part of February. In this place the Mormon flock amounted to about a hundred believers: "but the spirit of the devil had got possession of some souls, and propagated many errors." Joseph lost no time in encountering and casting out the evil spirit.

Meantime revelations followed each other, according to the need of the revealer and his cause. He received one which commanded the people to build a house for the Prophet: a few days afterwards, on the 9th of February, another commanded all the faithful, except the Prophet and Rigdon, to go forth and preach in couples, and moreover proclaimed several laws for the Church. A third, in the month of March, directed John Whitmer to write the annals of the Church for the edification of posterity. This seed bore fruit. About the month of May, many believers from the State of New York came and settled at Kirtland, where they purchased land. W. W. Phelps, an intelligent man, not perhaps of very deep, but of varied knowledge, of restless imagination, and fitted to play many parts, came and placed himself and his family at the disposal of the Prophet.

About the same time, on the 6th of June, a meeting of elders took place at Kirtland, according to instructions given by God. The Order of Melchisedek was there conferred for the first time upon some of the elders. A few days afterwards a revelation made known to the Saints that the land of Missouri was destined to be their inheritance, and commanded the Prophet, with many others, to go and visit the parts of the State which P. P. Pratt had evangelized the year before.

Let us remark, once for all, that the Prophet, in the first years following the organization of the Church, made strange abuse of revelations. He had them at all times, and on all subjects, as if he found this an excellent method of regulating, as he thought fit, everything, even down to the most insignificant matters. The style of these revelations is a clumsy imitation of the Bible. We will confine ourselves to one example, taken hap-hazard from one of the revelations relating to the journey to Missouri. We there meet with this passage: "And again, verily I say unto you, that my servant Ezra Thayre must repent of his pride, and of his selfishness, and obey the former commandment which I have given him concerning the place upon which he lives: and if he will do this, as there shall be no divisions made upon the land, he shall be appointed still to go to Missouri: otherwise he shall receive the money which he has paid, and shall leave the place and shall be cut off out of my Church, says the Lord God of Hosts; and though the heaven and the earth pass away, these words shall not pass away, but shall be fulfilled." Ezra Thayre, here alluded to, had declared that he could not manage to accompany another missionary as his colleague, in a mission which had been assigned to them. It was the disobedience of this lukewarm Mormon which called forth this communication from on high.

Joseph Smith, accompanied by several devoted disciples, set out on the 19th of June to go into the State of Missouri, according to the orders of the Lord. They passed through Cincinnati, through Louisville, and arrived at St. Louis, whence they went on foot to Independence (Jackson county), which they reached in the middle of the month of July, after a journey of a hundred leagues, that is, from St. Louis.

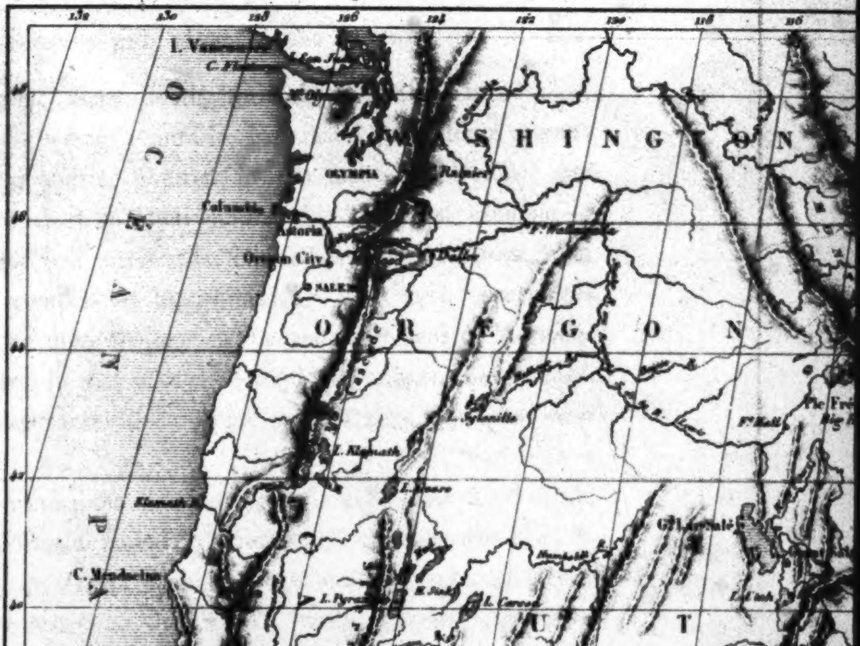
The country pleased the Prophet. The quality of the soil; the great variety of trees and useful plants which grew naturally; the quantity of cattle, horses, sheep, poultry, etc., bred there without trouble; the beauty of the prairies, the mildness and salubrity of the climate, all charmed the Prophet; and he declared in the name of God that this was the promised land, reserved for the Saints, that here should rise the City of Zion; that the Mormons should purchase this land, and build a temple on the spot pointed out by Jehovah. W. W. Phelps received the order to set up and to superintend a printing establishment, while some of the believers were charged with duties having reference to the organization and peopling of the colony, and to receiving offerings, and opening stores.

On the 2nd of August, 1831, were laid the foundations of the new Zion, twelve miles west of Independence; and the ground was consecrated by religious ceremonies, as being henceforth the rallying-point for all the Saints. The next day the spot intended for the construction of the temple was likewise solemnly consecrated, and on the 4th of August was opened the first conference which had as yet taken place within the territory of Zion.

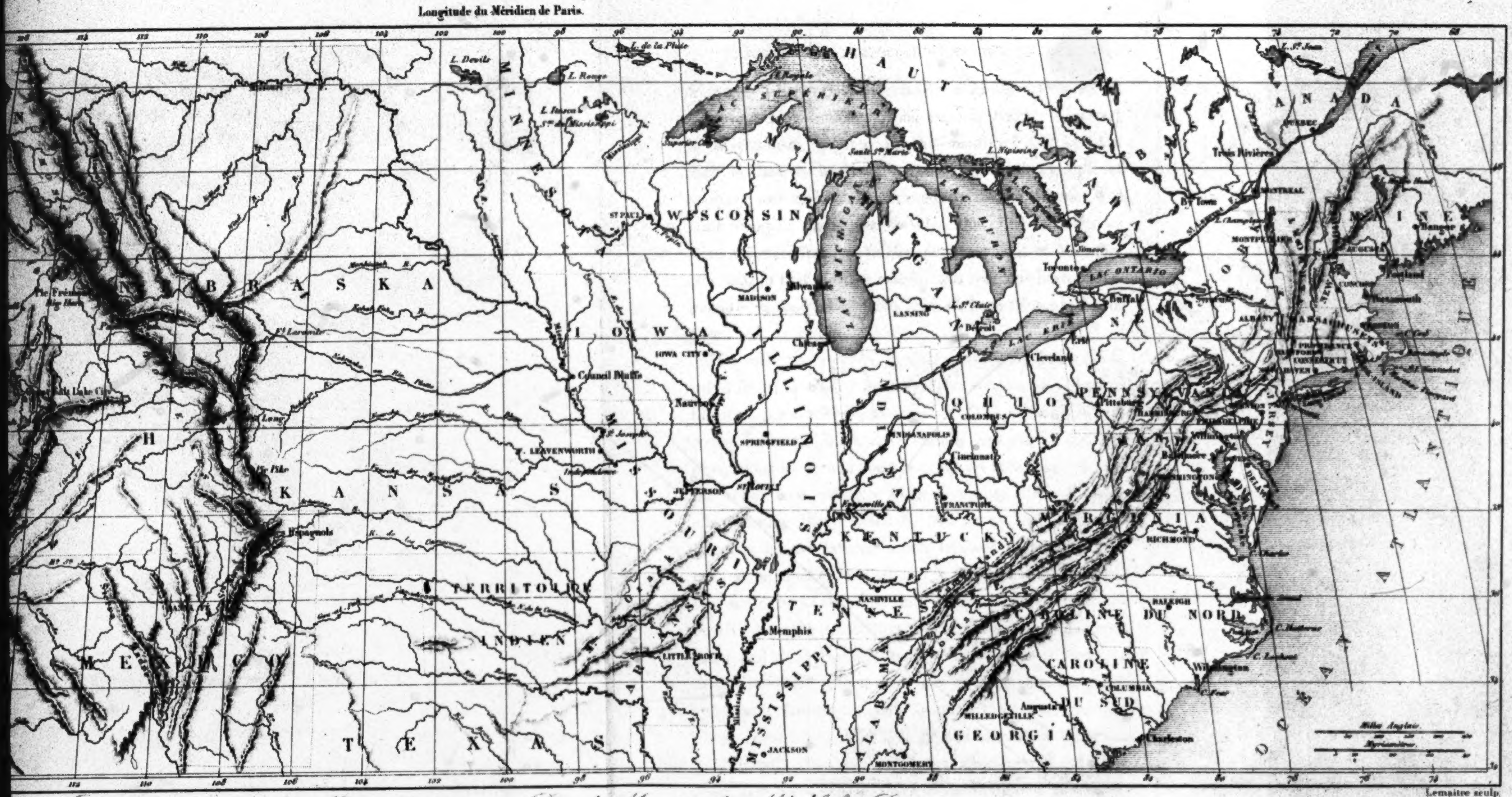
After having regulated several other points, whether referring to the new colony, or to missionaries and other ecclesiastical matters, Joseph, by command of God, quitted Independence, accompanied by ten elders, in order to return to Kirtland. While sailing on the Missouri, W. W. Phelps, one of the Saints composing the Prophet's escort, saw the great destroyer in his most horrible aspect curvetting on the surface of the water. The other Saints heard the noise made by this apparition, but were not permitted to see it.

On the 27th of August, the pious pilgrims re-entered Kirtland. Joseph was now engaged in giving, by the usual channel of revelation, new instructions to his people, and went, in the beginning of September, to reside at Hiram, a small town situate to the south-east, in Portage county, only thirty miles from Kirtland, where it was the plan of the Prophet to set up his store in connection with the Church for the space of five years, before going to settle at Zion with all his people.

We must here relate an incident which for a time grieved him, and cast a shadow over the brilliancy of his



Vuillemin del.



Carte dreſsée pour l'intelligence du voyage au Pays des Mormons, de Mr. Jules Remy

Lemaitre sculp.

Map designed to accompany the Journey to Mormon Land.

triumphs. Ezra Booth, formerly a Methodist preacher, who, on seeing a miracle, had recently become a convert to Mormonism, abjured in the month of October the faith he had so lately embraced. This first example of apostasy was afterwards followed by several others. Yet truth compels us to acknowledge that such occurrences were not more frequent in the commencement of Mormonism than in that of other creeds. All religions have undergone the same kind of trials, and all have triumphed over them.

However, the doctrine spread. The year 1831–1832 was a fruitful period. Besides the conversion of a clerk in his store, Orson Hyde, who was destined subsequently to confer lustre on the Church, Smith had made numerous conversions all around him, both by his preaching, and by the action and influence of a newspaper, 'The Evening and Morning Star,' which he had set up, and even still more by his revelations, which followed each other with marvellous rapidity, and seemed to flow from an inexhaustible source. At the same time Joseph laboured with Sidney Rigdon at a translation of the Bible, which he annotated, and doubtless accommodated to his own views; a translation which, be it said, has not yet seen the light, but which his adepts state is put by for a future day. There is room to believe that he was assisted in this work by Sidney Rigdon, and by Phelps, who knew a little Hebrew, but his principal aid was the Urim and Thummim, a marvellous optical instrument, by means of which he perceived all that he desired to see. Finally, he published the book of revelations, under the title of the 'Book of Doctrine and Covenants.'

Matters were getting on very well, and Smith had no great reason to repent of his part as Revelator, when suddenly there burst forth a violent outbreak of hatred, which imperilled the Prophet, if not the creed. He was residing at Hiram, with an old man named Johnson, when, in the night of the 25th and 26th of March, 1832, he was suddenly roused by his wife crying 'Murder!' and the next moment was himself forcibly borne out of the house by a dozen infuriated people, who grossly maltreated him, and did not let him go till they had dipped him into a barrel of tar and covered him with feathers; a kind of insult and punishment, which in the United States is often had recourse to in popular commotions, and which is known by the name of *tarring and feathering*. The remainder of the night was spent in dressing the Prophet's wounds and cleansing his sacred body from head to foot. The day following this ill-omened night was a Sunday. Joseph, bravely making the best of a bad case, preached before a numerous congregation, among which he recognized several of his persecutors. In the end, heaven did not permit his courage to go unrewarded; he was fortunate enough to baptize several after the sermon.

Sidney Rigdon, who experienced the same treatment, did not escape so easily: he was out of his mind for several days.*

Nevertheless the Prophet's activity did not relax, but acquired, as it were, new force from his persecutions. In the month of April, 1832, he paid a visit to Missouri, where, in a general council of the Church, he was proclaimed President of the High-Priests. At Zion he transacted both spiritual and temporal business, ordered three thousand copies of the 'Book of Doctrine and Covenants' to be printed, and a selection of hymns, made by Emma, his wife, to be published. He then returned to Kirtland, passing through Greenville, where he nearly became the victim of an attempt to poison him.

At Kirtland fresh occupations awaited him. He devoted nearly all the summer to the translation of the Scriptures, he established the School of Prophets, and attended to the publication of the 'Evening and Morning Star,' a source of great comfort to his people, who could thereby reply to the attacks of the American press. But he was not so deeply engrossed in these cares of internal administration, as to allow external events to pass unheeded. Indeed he knew how to turn them to the profit of his cause. Thus the cholera, which at this period decimated several large cities of the earth, served him as an argument against existing religions, and as a proof that God was preparing, so he said, "great things in favour of Mormonism."

---

* The Prophet merely says Rigdon was mad; but his mother says that he counterfeited the madness in order to mislead the Saints into the belief that the keys of the kingdom had been taken from the Church, and would not be restored, as he said, *until they had built him a new house.* This, she says, gave rise to great scandal, which Joseph however succeeded in silencing. Rigdon repented, and was forgiven. He stated, that as a punishment for his fault, the devil had three times thrown him out of his bed in one night.

Each year added a new stone to the edifice. On the 22nd of January, 1833, the gift of tongues was first manifested; and the miracle was so thoroughly to the taste of those on whom it was conferred, that they passed part of the night conversing in languages which were unknown to them in the morning. Next day the washing of feet was instituted amid prayers and hymns expressed in these new tongues. On the 2nd of February the translation of the New Testament was completed: the work was sealed up, not to be opened until they should arrive in Zion. On the 27th of February, the Prophet received the famous revelation entitled 'Word of Wisdom.' On the 12th of March, missionaries started to diffuse the new light in the east. On the 18th, the high-priests being assembled in the School of Prophets, Joseph laid hands on Sidney Rigdon and Frederick Williams, and ordained them Counsellors of the Presidency.* On the 23rd, at a meeting of the council, it was resolved to purchase land at Kirtland, on which to construct a branch of Zion. On the 6th of May, a revelation commanded the building of a temple for the Lord, and of a house for the Prophet. On the 25th of June, the measurements and plans of the temple to be built at Zion, were sent from Kirtland with the instructions of the "Revelator." Never had such great things been so rapidly accomplished. Every day had its idea and its event.

---

* The Counsellors of the Presidency, together with the Prophet, constituted what is called the *Government of the High-Priests.*

But on that very account, and from the very progress thus made by the sect, hatred was of necessity awakened, and persecution, as a matter of course, revived and increased. It would seem to be a law that new ideas, good or bad, cannot make their way in the world without encountering obstacles. In the month of July, in this same year of 1833, the inhabitants of Missouri rose against the Mormons of Zion, and sought to drive them out of the country; they were instigated by the ministers of the American Missionary Society. War broke out on the side of the Protestants in the shape of newspaper articles. The Mormons imagined they had a right to retaliate; but they were soon undeceived, for on the 20th of July, 1833, a large number of their enemies assembled, and required them to destroy their printing-presses, to close their stores, and, in fact, entirely to abandon their occupations. As the Saints did not appear disposed to submit to these exactions, and as they claimed the right to enjoy liberty in a free country, their printing-house was plundered and destroyed; several of their leaders cruelly and shamefully treated; and they came to a knowledge of this truth, long since accepted, at least in the Old World, that laws are but feeble barriers when they come into collision with manners, above all, when they are confronted by popular passions, and the fanaticism of infuriated mobs. Indeed the whole course of events we have to narrate, during this period, is but a constant demonstration of this melancholy truth.

The Protestant ministers of the different denominations could not rest content with merely a few printing-presses destroyed, a few blows given right and left, or even a wound or two here and there; they sought a more substantial and decisive result, the expulsion of the Mormons from the State of Missouri; and, as we shall see, in the end they effected their purpose, despite the laws, despite even the efforts of the magistrates to enforce the law. Alarmed at the spread of the new religion, which already numbered, in Independence and the neighbourhood, over twelve hundred followers, they were besides irritated at the pretensions of the new comers, intruders who arrogated Missouri to themselves by virtue of divine right, constantly proclaiming that this land had been promised them, as an inheritance, by the Most High. At first an appeal was made to public opinion. In Jackson county a committee was formed, composed of four or five hundred persons, of which a Mr. Flournoy, and Colonels Simpson and Samuel Lucas, were the most influential members. From it, as from a fortress, attacks were daily directed against the Mormons; they were in every possible form incessantly taunted with their profound ignorance, their grovelling superstition, their abject poverty. Next followed a manifesto, in which the adversaries of the Mormons pretended to be in fear for their lives and property, while in the proximity of people without truth or honesty, who dared to affirm on oath that they had seen miracles, that they conversed with God, that they possessed the gift of tongues, etc. etc. They accused them moreover of tampering with the slaves by their inducing the free Negroes of Illinois to come and settle in Zion. Finally, at an influential meeting, it was decided unanimously that the Mormons must not continue to remain in the territory of Missouri, and that henceforth no one of that creed should be allowed to reside there.

A few days after this meeting there was another, on the 23rd of July, still more numerous, and partly composed of armed men. It was there decided that a deputation should be sent to the principal Mormon leaders, to inform them of the resolutions come to respecting them. This deputation acted on its instructions, and the Mormons, to gain time, or to avoid a sanguinary contest, agreed to what was required, stipulating only that those who were on the spot were not to leave until the 1st of January following, and the remainder of their brethren on the 1st of April. This condition was agreed to, and their adversaries, on their side, further undertook to use their influence to prevent any violence towards them, provided they fulfilled their agreement.

But this kind of treaty, wrung from them by violence, was not approved of by Joseph Smith. As soon as he learnt, through Oliver Cowdery, what had taken place at Zion, he resolved that a new paper, under the name of 'The Latter-day Saints' Messenger and Advocate,' should be set up at Kirtland, to appeal to public opinion against this violation of the law, and he despatched two influential Saints to Missouri, commissioned to aid and advise their persecuted brethren. He did not confine himself to these measures: he despatched W. Phelps and O. Hyde to the Governor, Daniel Dunklin, to state their grievances to him, and to present him a petition from the Saints of Missouri, on the subject of the persecutions to which they were exposed. The petition was presented the 8th of October. The Governor answered it on the 19th. He condemned the illegal acts committed against the Saints by a portion of the citizens of Missouri, and directed the Mormons to bring the matter before the courts of law, promising to make use of all his authority to protect them, if justice were not done them.

Thus reassured, the Saints of Zion made preparations to bring their cause before the State-Court. But this was not at all to the taste of their enemies, knowing as they did very well that law was not on their side. So as soon as they became apprised of what the Mormons meant to do, they determined to be beforehand with them, and to eject them by force. On the night of the 31st of October* they made their first attack; they destroyed ten houses, and brutally ill-treated both women and children. The following night similar scenes of violence were enacted. Houses were sacked, and Parley P. Pratt received a blow on the head from the stock of a gun. On the 2nd of November things still continued the same; firearms were used, and several Mormons wounded. The 4th, at nightfall, the struggle became more violent. The Mormons, who had vainly applied to the local magistrates for protection, found themselves compelled to arm in their own defence. They killed two of their adversaries, and lost one of their own number; many were wounded on both sides. The following day the Mormons in mass were preparing to continue the struggle, when Colonel Pitcher, at the head of the Militia, presented himself, with orders from Lieutenant-Governor Boggs, to put an end to hostilities. The Mormons were easily quieted: on the promise made to them that their enemies should lay down their arms, they consented to give up theirs, and rely on the public faith.

---

* At this period (October 1833) Joseph had gone to preach in Canada, accompanied by S. Rigdon, and he did not return to Kirtland until the 4th of November, where he learnt, three weeks after they had happened, the sad events in Missouri.

They soon had good cause to repent it. The moment their assailants knew that the Mormons were without arms, they unscrupulously broke out into all sorts of excesses against them, and summoned them to leave the place, under pain of death. In the nights of the 5th and 6th of November, women and children were to be seen flying in all directions to avoid the merciless mob. Some wandered in the prairies for several days, others escaped to the borders of the Missouri. During these days of terror the violators of the law might be seen pursuing the Mormons and tracking them as one tracks game, firing on them as on wild beasts, scourging them with whips, and inflicting upon them every kind of suffering and indignity. A lamentable spectacle indeed was this, exhibited by the descendants of the English Puritans, and utterly at variance with their principles and history.

The day following these barbarous scenes, the unfortunate exiles were busy ferrying themselves across the Missouri. The most excessive confusion of course accompanied this precipitate flight, every one being desirous of saving a portion of what was dearest to him. In the midst of the disorder, husbands sought their wives, children their parents. Night closed in; the weather was fearful; and this mass of fugitives, encamped in the open air under a drenching rain, presented a heart-rending sight, as we have been informed by those who witnessed it, and as we can too readily believe. At daybreak they made themselves shelters with willows, and were somewhat less miserable: at length, the greater part of them sought refuge in Clay county in the same State, on the opposite bank of the river, where they were well received; but some few were unfortunate enough to seek protection in Van Buren and Fayette counties, where the inhabitants refused to receive them. Some poor old men and women, only, whom age or infirmity had prevented flying with their brethren, were at first permitted to stay; but on the 24th of December a new outbreak of animosity occurred,—their houses were sacked, and they were pitilessly driven out of the counties.

Lieutenant-Governor Boggs is accused, with some appearance of justice, of having been the soul of these two movements of July and November. He is accused of having transformed the rioters into regular militia. At all events, it seems certain that if he had not induced the Mormons to lay down their arms and take to flight, the mob would not have gone to the extremes we have just described, and which will ever be a disgrace to those concerned in them.

However, such acts of violence, such an armed aggression, could not possibly pass without remonstrance on the part of the sufferers, or without some exertion on the part of those administering the law to suppress them. The Mormons sent a statement of the facts to the Government, which immediately ordered a court of inquiry to sift the matter. They likewise presented a formal protest to the State Government, and the latter immediately appointed a commission to inquire into the affair. But nothing came of this commission; the Attorney-General, however, on the 21st of November, wrote to the counsel employed by the Mormons, saying, that if their clients wished to return to their properties in Jackson county, they would be protected by the State troops. He added, that if they chose to organize themselves into a regular body of militia, the Government would furnish them with arms. The District Attorney wrote some days after to the same effect. Finally, a commission of inquiry, held at Liberty (Clay county, Missouri), towards the end of December, decided that Colonel Pitcher should be tried by a court-martial for his conduct on this occasion. Moreover, the agitators at Independence allowed the banished Mormons to transfer as much as remained of their printing-presses to Liberty, and paid them a few hundred dollars as an indemnity; a sum utterly inadequate to compensate them for the mischief done to their presses. However, they at once took advantage of the opportunity, and set up a weekly paper, called the 'Missouri Inquirer,' at the latter place.

But the concessions thus made were neither retractation, nor regret for the past; and all attempts at legal redress came to nothing, in consequence of the religious excitement. As soon as it was known in Missouri that the Government was prepared to protect the return of the Mormons to Jackson county by physical force, there was a burst of indignation from the ministers of the different denominations. The people again became excited, their rage grew still more furious, and the position of the unhappy objects of their persecution was rendered all the worse. The Governor of Missouri, Daniel Dunklin, did certainly, in a letter dated February 4th, 1834, addressed to the Mormons, assure them he would employ the power which the Constitution reposed in him, to see them righted; that no one could dispute their claim to recover possession of the homes from which they had been ejected, and that he engaged to protect them by force whenever they chose to do so. He even concluded with this expression, as if to cheer them and to prevent their despairing of the future,—"Justice, though slow, is sure." But the good intentions of the Government were powerless before the exasperation of the of the public in Jackson county. The law was constrained to acknowledge itself impotent, and to adjourn its intervention indefinitely. The only alternative now left to the Mormons was to right themselves by force. And this they did, relying on the righteousness of their cause, and cheered by the exhortations of their leader.

Joseph Smith, who was still at Kirtland, did not learn, until the 25th of November, the events which were disturbing Zion. There is reason to think the prospect of persecution was by no means unwelcome to him. He saw at once that this was a natural and inevitable phase which he might turn to great account in securing the triumph of his doctrine and the success of his enterprise.* But, as one may well imagine, he never for one moment thought of resting entirely on divine protection, or even of relying exclusively on that moral force which he was sure to derive from the indignation of his people at these grievous acts of injustice.

---

* The shooting-stars on the 13th of November, 1833, were regarded by Joseph as signs announcing the approaching coming of Christ, and he returned thanks to God for them.

Not choosing to abandon Zion, which was as it were the palladium of the new religion, he determined on recovering it by force, in the event of his not obtaining from the law and the local magistrates anything better than inefficient protection or powerless goodwill.

It was a great enterprise; and he could only bring it to a successful termination by redoubled enthusiasm on the part of his people, backed by a respectable armed force. He devoted several months to obtaining these two means of action; and whatever, in other respects, may be the opinion we ought to entertain of this man, it is impossible for us too much to admire the energy and ability he displayed at this crisis.

Misfortunes never come alone; this is as true of prophets as of other men. The misadventure in Missouri was coincident with difficulties of the most serious kind, affecting the internal administration of the Church, with which Joseph had at that time to contend. In the first place, he was obliged to excommunicate several members whose conduct had been censurable, and to suffer all the annoyances of a lawsuit, which one of these unworthy persons, Doctor Hulbert, had commenced against him. Some time afterwards he was himself the subject of a grave charge, which was not the less painful from being made indirectly. According to a statement of Martin Harris, Smith drank spirits too freely while engaged in the translation of the Book of Mormon; and was too fond of wrestling and boxing; in addition to this, Harris alleged he knew the contents of the Golden Book before its translation, whereas Joseph knew nothing of it till afterwards. Sidney Rigdon accused Harris before the great Council of having invented these defamatory statements; and although Harris denied having stated that Joseph was a drunkard, at least since the translation of the Holy Book; and although he made a recantation on the other points, all this caused great scandal, which did not fail to wound the feelings of the Prophet. But there were more difficulties still; the finances of Kirtland were in a bad state, and the people of Ohio threatened to pursue the same course as those of Missouri. Everything, therefore, gave room to fear that the work must succumb to violence, or to its own weakness, and would perish in its bud.

Smith mastered this formidable crisis, and his mind was not for an instant diverted from the great business of the moment. On the 24th of February he received a revelation, in which the Lord told him that the persecutions in Missouri were a chastisement for the disobedience of the brethren, but that his wrath would pass away; that the abandoned country belonged to the Saints; that it had been given to them for ever; and that Zion should be built on the Missouri. The revelation added, that he must raise five hundred men, or at least a hundred, to re-conquer the Holy Land. Joseph wrote to this effect, to his brethren in Missouri:—They must see in the events which had overtaken them nothing else than a chastisement inflicted by God upon the whole body for the faults of some of its members; they must not give up their property; the Land of Zion was the inheritance given by God. They must submit to the will of the Lord, and merit his grace by redoubled faith, and righteousness of life. Such was the duty they should make a point of performing. These exhortations, which formed the usual theme of his correspondence, were supported by various revelations.

The moral strength developed by these means was to be supported by a material force; Smith was not unaware that it is a law of this world that these forces should mutually sustain each other. The great revelation occurred on the 24th of February; on the 26th Joseph set out in search of volunteers, and, while raising troops, he collected from the converts, who daily increased in number, all the money he could, both for the expedition, and for replenishing the empty exchequer of Kirtland. His absence lasted a month. On his return to Kirtland,* learning that the petition addressed by the brethren of Missouri to the President of the Union begging to be reinstated in their possessions in Jackson county had been rejected, as referring to a matter not within the Federal jurisdiction, but appertaining to that of the State of Missouri, he resolved to open the campaign as soon as possible. He had already sent a detachment of twenty men as an advance guard.

---

* About this time the Mormon Church assumed, at the suggestion of Sidney Rigdon, the name of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

On the 5th of May, 1834, Joseph Smith himself took the field. He was accompanied by a hundred and fifty devoted and well-armed disciples. The good order observed by this small army, during the whole of its march, ensured the respect of people who might otherwise have been induced to impede it. Its leader, moreover, neglected nothing which tended to keep up the ardour of his men, and, while enacting the general, frequently called the Prophet to his assistance. Thus, on the 25th of May, in an address to his brethren, he told them that they were escorted on their march by the angels of heaven; "we know that the angels have been companions, for we have seen them." On arriving at the frontiers of the State of Illinois, some of his people having exhumed a skeleton from a *tumulus*, he took advantage of the circumstance to animate their courage by kindling their faith, and he made them believe that this skeleton was that of a Lamanite, mentioned in their sacred Book. To give greater weight to his words, he became more precise, giving them the name of the person: he had the audacity to state that they were the remains of a warrior chief, of the name of Zelph, who lived in the time of the great prophet Omandagus, and, moreover, to relate his history. Inspired by so miraculous a confirmation of the truth of their Bible, his soldiers crossed the Mississippi with renewed energy.

Joseph's army, recruited on its road by several brethren, arrived on the territory of Missouri, numbering two hundred and five sturdy well-armed men. As soon as the inhabitants of Jackson county learnt his approach, they, after having made several offers of accommodation, which were regarded as so many shams, collected a force to go and oppose him, and prevent his reaching Clay county. Joseph Smith relates their first affair in these words: "One of the leaders, named Campbell, swore, while placing his pistols in his holsters, that the eagles and turkey-buzzards should eat his flesh if he didn't, before two days, fix Joseph Smith and his army, so that their skins should not hold shucks." They came to the ferry and endeavoured to pass the Missouri after dusk, but the Angel of God thought fit to sink the boat in the very middle of the stream; and seven of the twelve who attempted to cross were drowned. "Thus suddenly and justly they went by water to their proper place." Campbell was among the drowned. He was borne four or five miles by the current, and lodged on a pile of driftwood; where birds of prey and wild animals picked him to the bone, thus in fulfilment of his own words transforming him by the vengeance of God into a hideous skeleton, which was discovered three weeks later by a Mr. Purtle. Owen (another leader) got off with his life, after having been carried down four miles by the current, which cast him on an islet, whence at daybreak he swam in a state of nudity to shore, and was compelled to borrow a cloak to hide his shame, and to slink home somewhat humbled by the vengeance of God.

In spite of these miraculous interventions, Joseph did not feel over-safe. He perceived that he had to deal with formidable opponents, and that enthusiasm was no less strong among his enemies than among his own people. The idea of a compromise, which he had at first haughtily rejected, he now turned over in his mind. On the 22nd of June he had a revelation, wherein God told him that he was not satisfied with a portion of his people, and that he must endeavour to make peace by purchasing land in Jackson county, as the Missourians had proposed a few days since.

A great trial, well calculated to lead to thoughts of pacification, came upon the Prophet and his followers. The cholera broke out in his army the night of the 23rd of June. This, said he, was a special punishment from God. He vainly strove to drive away the scourge by laying on of hands and prayer; he lost thirteen of his men, and was himself attacked. He was thus compelled to disband his force and retire to Liberty, in Clay county, where he arrived the 2nd of July, after having passed the previous day in Jackson county, "to have the pleasure," he said, "to set his foot once more on that goodly land." Here he passed his time in transacting some spiritual and temporal business, and made all his flock sign a remonstrance, to be addressed to the public, setting forth the wrongs they had suffered in Missouri. They therein stated, among other things, that they desired peace, but that they could not give up the revelation which fixed Zion in Jackson county, and they offered to purchase the land there, payable in a year, instead of in a month, as proposed.

These proposals had no immediate result, and Joseph, awaiting better times, returned to Kirtland. He had nothing to fear from Missouri. His disciples, who had given up all idea of re-entering Jerusalem, had located themselves in Clay county, and were every day joined by new converts, as if to repay them for the persecutions they had suffered. He was now able to give himself up entirely to the internal administration of the church at Kirtland, from which he had been for a moment diverted by certain charges, some of them even affecting his probity, arising out of the recent expedition. But he soon triumphed over them; his accusers retracted; and all ended in a solemn vow, which Joseph Smith made to God, to dedicate to the use of the poor of the Church a tenth part of all he possessed, if Jehovah helped him to pay his debts, and saved his reputation before the world. He first formed the council of the twelve apostles, which met, for the first time, at Kirtland, the 21st of February, 1835, and almost at the same time organized the *quorum* of the Seventy. Brigham Young, H. C. Kimball, Orson Hyde, Orson Pratt, and Parley P. Pratt were elected Apostles, on the first day of the establishment of the apostolic order. Joseph, about this period, opened the class of the high school of prophets, wherein, among other things, theology and Hebrew were taught. The 28th of March he received a revelation defining the orders of Melchizedek and Aaron. The 4th of May he sent the twelve apostles on a mission. The 11th of May a conference resolved that it was necessary to depute to Missouri experienced men to purchase land in Zion. In the month of June he collected considerable subscriptions, to finish the temple at Kirtland. The 5th of July he purchased Egyptian mummies and rolls of papyrus (these were simply rituals of Osiris), which he at once undertook to translate; and, by a singular favour of Heaven, discovered among them writings of Abraham and of Joseph.* The 17th of August he procured the unanimous adoption of the book of Doctrine and Covenants.

So much activity deserved reward. On the 17th of September a meeting of the Great Council of the Presidency of Kirtland resolved that Joseph should receive for services rendered by him to the church ten dollars a week, and that all his expenses besides should be paid. The same allowance was voted for his secretary; and Emma Smith, the Prophet's wife, was engaged the same day, to complete the collection of sacred hymns, in order to fulfil the commands of revelation. Heaven even sought to testify its gratitude. The 11th of October it permitted Joseph to cure his father by his prayers; and every time that, at the request of his disciples, Smith sought a revelation from God, God heard the prayer, and liberally divulged his secrets.

---

* See Note XVII. at the end of the work.

The early part of the following year (1836) was marked by a recurrence of similar events, and was of a thoroughly pacific character. The temple of Kirtland was nearly finished by the commencement of the year. The 4th of January a Hebrew professorship was established, and to fill it a professor was brought from Hudson. A singing school was also established. The 26th of January Joseph had a vision: the heavens were opened to his gaze, with their streets paved with gold. In this vision the Lord appeared to him, and said:—"All those who have died before this present dispensation, and who, had they been able to enjoy this privilege, would have received baptism, shall be saved; and also all those who die after it without knowing it, but who would have conformed to it had they known of it, shall likewise be saved without baptism; but it shall not be thus with those who, having known it, shall not conform to it." Others present had similar visions; it must be stated that all this passed during the night, and that they did not retire until two in the morning. The following day, nevertheless, the same scenes occurred again, and the Saints heard the voices of angels mingling with their own.

On the 27th of March the Temple of Kirtland, which had cost forty thousand dollars, was consecrated. The ceremony was imposing. The different *quorums* of the church officially recognized Joseph Smith in his character of Prophet and Seer. As if to confirm this consecration, Moses, Elias, and Elisha appeared to him, and handed him the keys of the priesthood, which confirmed to their possessor absolute power as well in spiritual, as in temporal, matters. The Saints around him had also visions; they saw angels come and seat themselves among them during the ceremony. Brigham Young, favoured with the gift of tongues, made an address in an unknown tongue; and one of the assistants, on whom this gift was conferred by a sudden grace, was enabled spontaneously to interpret it. Other prodigies occurred during the service that night. A pillar of fire appeared over the temple; supernatural sounds were heard; many of the brethren prophesied, etc., etc. The assemblage was numerous, consisting of more than four hundred persons, who did not leave the temple till eleven at night.

The festival continued for several consecutive days. On the night of the 29th of March they performed the ceremony of the washing of feet, and the interval till morning was passed in glorifying God and in prophesying. At daybreak they took bread and wine to make a jubilee in the church. They cursed the enemies of Christ who inhabited Jackson county, and they prophesied all day long. As the faithful had fasted all this time, they supped in the evening, and passed the night in the Temple, with the exception of Joseph, who withdrew about nine o'clock. This night was the Pentecost of the Saints; only, instead of the Holy Ghost, it was Jesus and the angels who appeared to them.

The ceremonies of the dedication did not terminate until the 31st of March, after five days' prayer and spiritual enjoyment—a foretaste of heavenly delights. But was mysticism alone the source of all these unspeakable joys? There is reason to apprehend that they were derived from one much less pure, if it be true, as stated by the profane, that intoxicating drinks were not spared on the occasion.

Be that as it may, the attention of the Prophet was soon called in another direction. A fresh storm arose in Missouri. The Mormons, who, after their violent expulsion from Jackson county, had met with a generous hospitality in Clay county, found a sudden change come over the feelings of the inhabitants. The people, becoming more and more shocked at the tenets of the new sect as they by degrees became unveiled to them, were consequently alarmed at the constantly increasing number of the emigrants: they feared they should find themselves some day overrun, or even absorbed by their guests. At a meeting held at Liberty, the 29th of June, 1836, they resolved that it was fitting the Mormons should be requested to withdraw from Clay county, to avoid civil war. In other respects the assembly was animated with a rare spirit of moderation: they took no account, they said, of the various accusations made by the multitude against the Mormons, which they admitted bore traces of evident exaggeration; but believing war to be imminent, it became their duty, in face of such an eventuality, no longer to tolerate the Mormons in their country. They advised them therefore to withdraw, recommending them to settle themselves in preference in some territory, Wisconsin for instance, where their association would come in contact with no other, and could develope itself in full liberty.

The Mormons, under pressure of this and other meetings, held in various parts of the county, seemed disposed to yield to these suggestions. On the 1st of July, in reply to the communications from the meetings, they expressed their gratitude for the hospitality they had met with, defended themselves from the accusations made against them, and declared themselves quite ready, for the sake of peace, to put a stop to any further immigration into the county, and to seek out a new home in some other part of the United States, as soon as they could find one to suit them.

From this it would appear that both sides were nearly coming to an understanding. But it may be a matter of doubt if all were sincere on the part of the Mormons. At the very time they were apparently yielding to the demands of the inhabitants of Clay county, they were taking steps to prevail upon the Governor of Missouri to urge him to secure them in the possession of their property. They had not forgotten that the conduct of the inhabitants of

Jackson county had been declared illegal by the head of the State, and they might hope that two years' peaceable possession would be taken into consideration, and become an argument in their favour, and a sufficient reason for not again placing them beyond the pale of the law. They were however deceived in their expectation. The Governor replied, on the 18th of July, that personally he saw with regret the persecutions to which they were subject, but that, in the face of the still increasing irritation against them, of their unpopularity in every county, he must needs yield to the force of opinion, right or wrong, and conform to the proverb, "*Vox populi, vox Dei.*" As soon as this answer reached them they came to an immediate decision, and at once made preparations for departure. They withdrew into Ray county, and founded a settlement at Shoal creek. Some time afterwards they obtained an act of incorporation for a new county, named Caldwell. In their new abode they soon recovered that prosperity which nowhere failed to reward their industry and labour, whenever their tranquillity was not disturbed by dissensions from without or within.

Things did not go on quite so smoothly at Kirtland. Joseph, during the occurrences at Missouri, had certainly made a few conquests elsewhere;* accompanied by Sidney Rigdon, Hyrum Smith, and Oliver Cowdery, he had preached in Salem, Massachusetts, going from house to house, and had brought over some few to his doctrine. He had even obtained a revelation, wherein the Lord, after addressing some reproaches to him for his conduct, announced that his debts would be paid, that Zion would be treated with mercy, and that Salem would belong to him. But secret discontents were now beginning to undermine the settlement, which had acquired a certain degree of importance, and they soon burst forth. First appeared a sort of heresy, which threatened to throw everything into confusion. A young girl, asserting she was inspired, and perhaps believing it, had predicted that Joseph would be overthrown, and succeeded by one of his apostles. A certain number of the Mormons believed in her words, and formed themselves into a party: here was the germ of a schism which might increase. To this evil was added another still more serious, although of an inferior character, since it only related to the temporal concerns of the settlement.

---

* The 13th of June, 1837, the first missionaries destined for England left Kirtland, with orders to preach in the first instance the Gospel only.

Joseph, about the end of 1831, had established at Kirtland a bank, under the name of the "Safety Society Bank." The profits were to be appropriated to the propagation of the new faith, and towards the building, on an extensive scale, of the capital of the Saints in Missouri. Unfortunately, Joseph, although an excellent prophet, was a very indifferent financier. In the month of November, 1837, the bank was obliged to suspend payment, and its protested notes were all over the country. The bank was ultimately declared insolvent, and Joseph was proceeded against for swindling. He pretended that one of his clerks had robbed it, which did not at all allay the irritation. Pressed more and more, he resolved to get out of the way. Everything, in fact, was going wrong around him. Although he had been unanimously chosen President of the Church by the members of the Society, women included, things did not meet his wishes even in the bosom of the Church, and the views of all did not accord with his own. Abuses without end broke out, and daily excommunications became necessary; apostasy showed itself on every side. Brigham Young, his right-hand and future successor, was pursued by the hatred of the people, who accused him of being his evil-counsellor, and of defending him right or wrong; so that he was obliged to take to flight. Joseph resolved to do the same, and to seek refuge in Missouri, where the Lord had commanded him, by a revelation, to find an asylum. Before his departure, he left instructions with his apostles, and bade them farewell, not without a certain dignity, or a becoming display of the decorum required by his part: "You will see me again, whatever happens," said he; "God has promised me that nothing shall prevail against me, and that my life is safe for the next five years to come." Afterwards, on the 12th of January, 1838, he clandestinely quitted Kirtland to withdraw into Missouri, and thus accomplish the will of the Lord. His family and Sidney Rigdon accompanied him.

As soon as the enemies of the Prophet learnt his departure, they pursued him, and such was their fury, that they pressed him close for over two hundred miles. Ultimately he escaped them, and arrived the 14th of March at Far-West, in Missouri.

Far-West was a Mormon settlement. This settlement, which was yet in its infancy, was already torn by internal dissensions, and at the point of dissolution. The heads of the Church had offended the faithful: W. W. Phelps, O. Cowdery,* and John Whitmer, among others, had been deposed from their high functions, and some time afterwards Phelps and Whitmer had been excommunicated and delivered up to the buffets of Satan, for making away with the funds of the Church. Joseph arrived just in time to restore order. Well received by his disciples, lodged and boarded, he congratulated himself on having come, and wrote to Kirtland that all was going on well in Missouri.

The presence of the Prophet, so serviceable to order in Far-West, was calculated to give a new face and fresh importance to the settlement. This point he destined in his his own mind to become the centre of Mormonism, instead of Kirtland, which was destroyed or dispersed. Joseph at once went to work. The 26th of April he had a revelation wherein, among other things, he was commanded to attract all the Saints to Zion (now transferred to Far-West), so that they might be more powerful against their enemies. His appeal was responded to, and daily some of the brethren arrived from Kirtland, whom he settled in their new abode. The 18th of May he went and founded, twenty-five miles from Far-West, on the Grand River, a new city, which he called "Adam-Ondi-Ahman," because it was there he said, "that Adam would come again to visit his people," or because, in other terms, it was there "that the Ancient of days would come and seat himself." It is superfluous to state that revelations followed each other here, as everywhere else, to meet his wishes and convenience. He had one in July, which was somewhat important: it required the Saints to give the surplus of their property to the Church, for the construction of a temple, and for founding Zion, for the support of the clergy, and for the payment of the debts of the Presidency. It moreover established a permanent ten per cent. income-tax. We must not omit to mention a regulation prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors in Far-West, or that an official paper, called the 'Elders' Journal,' was set up.

---

* A short time afterwards, O. Cowdery was expelled from the Church on nine different charges.

Under this powerful impulse, the Mormon settlements, the centre of which was now in Missouri, entered into an entirely new phase of prosperity. The sect increased daily in number and strength. Joseph, elated with this state of affairs, did not conceal either his satisfaction, or even perhaps his pride. He imagined himself henceforth above the reach of persecution, and this opinion was shared by the whole community. Sidney Rigdon carried his confidence even to temerity and impudence. In a sermon he went so far as to threaten the enemies of the Church and all apostates, with the power of the Mormons. It is believed it was about this time that the idea of polygamy first appeared among them. Joseph, it is surmised, had then a first revelation to that effect, and began practising it on his own account.

However this may have been, the inhabitants of the county who did not belong to the Mormon sect began to murmur, and to complain of their insolence and pride. Some members recently expelled from the Church, such as Martin Harris, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and apostates like Orson Hyde, W. Phelps, and several others,* joined them, sowing dissension, and exciting the feelings of the public. They misrepresented the present, and bred uneasiness about the future. Lastly, in an unscrupulous manner, as is generally the case with apostates, they accused Joseph of participation in several criminal acts, and designs against the independence of the State of Missouri.

---

* Doctor Sampson Avard, but recently converted to the Mormon faith, sought by criminal intrigues to arrive at the supreme honours of the sect. He formed a secret society under the name of *Danites* or *United Brethren of Gideon*, the members whereof took the most terrible oaths, and bound themselves to triumph over the Gentiles by all means, legal or illegal. Apprised of his plans, Joseph cast him out of the Church, and then the conspiring Doctor joined the enemies of the Saints. Joseph disclaims conniving at, or being in any way mixed up with the Society of Danites, which, in fact, died out almost immediately after its birth. The direction of this secret police had been confided to the Apostle David Patten, who assumed the name of Captain Fear-not. It is to this corps of Danites that the enemies of the Mormons have attributed numbers of infamous acts which would appear never to have existed, except in their own imagination.

The continuance of a good understanding between the Saints and the other inhabitants of the three counties now hung upon a thread, which threatened every moment to break, and very soon did so. The first Sunday in August, 1838, elections were to take place at Gallatin, the county-town of Davies. The candidate of the party opposed to the Mormons, William P. Peniston, addressed the electors, and proposed to exclude the Mormons from voting, "which they had no more right to do than the *negroes themselves.*" The Saints, however, by force of numbers exercised their right as citizens. But one of their adversaries having been killed in a private quarrel with one of the brethren, a general engagement ensued, and matters becoming daily more embittered, a real civil war broke out.

The Missourians had been worsted in the elections. Under the sting of this defeat, and the fear of seeing a sect they detested prevail, they formed a league to preach up, and bring about, the extermination of the Mormon race. Printed appeals were circulated; the citizens were called to arms; sinister rumours spread abroad: it was even stated that Joseph, on the day of the election, had killed with his own hand seven citizens, and had sworn to exterminate all the inhabitants of the counties.

The authorities, alarmed at these rumours, thought it right to take preventive measures, and, determining in the interest of public safety to strike a vigorous blow, issued a writ for the arrest of Joseph Smith. The Mormons relate with pride the nobleness and firmness exhibited by Smith on that occasion. When the officers, charged with the execution of the writ, presented themselves at his mother's house, he happened to be there writing a letter. Without moving, or being at all disturbed by their visit, the Prophet calmly went on writing. "When he had finished," says his mother, "seeing he was at liberty, I said, 'Gentlemen, let me make you acquainted with Joseph Smith, the prophet.' They stared at him as if he were a spectre. He smiled, and stepping towards them, gave each of them his hand in a manner which convinced them he was neither a guilty criminal nor yet a hypocrite." Joseph then sat down and explained to them the views of the Church, his own course of conduct, and described the ill-treatment, utterly unprovoked, to which he had been exposed. After which, he quietly said to his mother, "I believe I will go home now, Emma will be expecting me." Hereupon, two of the officers, all of whom were much moved by what he had said, sprang to their feet, declaring it would be unsafe for him to go alone, and that they would go with him, in order to protect him. Moreover, they declared, that immediately after seeing him in security, they would disband their men and go home, which accordingly they did, and it was supposed that all would be quiet again. Such was the effect produced upon them by Joseph Smith's manner and air of conscious innocence! Thus the matter ended.

The storm seemed to have passed over, but, before many days had elapsed, riotous assemblages began to collect. Encouraged by the impunity they had hitherto enjoyed, they gave themselves up to all kinds of excesses against their enemies, for the purpose of provoking them to a quarrel, and so bringing on a decisive contest. General Atchison sent troops to disperse the mob, and restore order. They succeeded, but only for the moment. As soon as the troops had departed, the tumult recommenced. They pillaged the houses of the Mormons, and threatened them with death. The Governor, to whom the latter appealed, hesitating between law and public feeling, was unable to maintain even this miserable neutrality, and had the weakness to reply, that his hands were tied, and that he could afford them no assistance. From this moment the audacity of the rioters knew no bounds. The Mormons, pursued and tracked like wild beasts, found themselves hemmed in in the town of Far-West, and, surrounded on all sides, were exposed to the most fearful dangers.

It would be difficult to justify the conduct of the public officials under these circumstances. It would not be too much to say that they were utterly false to their duty. Instead of resisting the rioters, of maintaining the authority of the law, of protecting citizens misled, it may be, but certainly in the right, who did no more than exercise a liberty conferred by the constitution of their country, the government sided with the stronger party, and could give no other reason for this shameful policy, than the impossibility of opposing an effectual resistance. And more than this, finding the wave of popular fury incessantly rising and threatening to engulf the unhappy Mormons, Governor Boggs thought it the simplest plan to hurl them himself into the abyss. Towards the end of October * he gave instructions to bring matters to a close with the Mormons; and the more effectually to attain that end, it was resolved to lay hands upon the principal leaders.

Joseph Smith, invited to an interview with the officers of the militia, was arrested (the 31st of October, 1838) together with Parley Pratt, Sidney Rigdon, Lyman Wight, George W. Robinson, Hyrum Smith, and Amasa Lyman, and together with them was made prisoner in the camp of General Lucas. Condemned to death the following day, the sentence would have at once been carried into effect,

---

* The 27th of October, 1838, the Governor of Missouri, L. W. Boggs, in an order to General Clark, wrote in these terms: "The Mormons must be treated as enemies, and exterminated or driven from the State, if the public weal requires it." General Clark, in a public address made the 6th of November, 1838, at Far-West, thus expressed himself:—"The Governor has commanded me to exterminate you, and not to permit you to remain in the State; and had you not delivered up your leaders, and executed the conditions of our treaty, you would have been massacred; you, yourselves, and your families; and your houses would have been reduced to ashes. You are indebted to my clemency, etc. etc." See this extraordinary official order, or, as it is properly denominated, "exterminating order," cited at length in Joseph Smith's Autobiography, under the date of October, 1838, published in 'The Deseret News' of October 15th, 1853.

but for the opposition of General Doniphan, who declared that he would not assume the responsibility of such an act. Meanwhile, the city of Far-West was sacked. Joseph and the other prisoners were taken to Independence, in Jackson county, and afterwards to Richmond. Ultimately, General Clark, thinking that the matter was not within the jurisdiction of a court-martial, delivered up the prisoners to the civil authorities on a charge of treason, murder, theft, arson, etc. They were detained in prison for six months, and during the whole time were subjected to the most cruel privations and to the most infamous treatment. If the account of Smith is to be believed, they even sought to take their lives; several attempts were made to poison them; the flesh of their co-religionists was given them for food, which, in the brutal language of their persecutors, was called *Mormon beef.* Their keepers loaded them with insults, boasted of having shed their blood, plundered their goods, burnt their houses, and violated their wives and daughters. The mind can hardly conceive the horrors they had to undergo during this long imprisonment, or the ignominious conduct of the greater part of those who had them in their custody, or of the jury who had to decide upon their fate.

The trial, if Smith is to be believed, did not, by the way it was conducted, reflect credit on the American character. The witnesses for the prosecution were chosen from among the bitterest enemies of the accused. The witnesses for the defence were cast into prison and hunted down by the armed populace. The evidence of apostates was admitted, who made the most outrageous charges against their former co-religionists. Notwithstanding all this, the major part of the accused were released, and the accusation was only followed up against Joseph Smith and the principal Saints, five in number, who were confined in the prison at Liberty. Thence Smith, who never lost sight of the part he had to play, or of his mission, addressed to his Church a kind of epistle exhorting his brethren not to lose confidence in God. This epistle, which is very long and is not wanting in interest, is dated the 16th of December, 1838.

Meanwhile, a committee of Mormons, composed of citizens of Far-West, had addressed a petition to the House of Representatives of Missouri, stating their wrongs, and demanding redress. On the 19th of December a great debate on this subject took place in the State legislature, but it only resulted in the adjournment of the question to the month of July following, which was equivalent to a determination not to entertain it, and to a denial of justice. An indemnity of two thousand dollars, which was, in fact, nothing better than a shameful mockery, was, by a vote of the House, appropriated to the people, Mormons and others, of Davies and Caldwell counties; while, on the other hand, a vote for two hundred thousand dollars was taken for the payment of the troops employed during this lamentable prosecution, odious to all men, and ever memorable in the annals of the new religion.

On his side Joseph, yet in prison, protested against the illegality of his detention. That illegality was admitted; but the Secretary of State declared that neither he, nor the Governor, could do anything in the matter, and that there was nothing for him but to submit to it. What indeed could be done when the principle had been admitted of the right of the strongest, and when justice had been made to yield to popular violence? The irritation of the inhabitants of Missouri did not calm down; in Davies county were men who swore neither to eat nor drink, until they had slain Joseph. The position of the jailers who had charge of the prisoners, became one of difficulty. On the 6th of April, 1839, the judge before whom the case was brought, whether apprehensive of offending those in power, or of a riot, sent Joseph to Davies county under an escort of ten men, and placed him in the hands of the sheriff. The day after his arrival, the prisoner appeared before a jury who were all intoxicated, not excepting even Austin A. King, their foreman. Joseph, as well as his friends, were accused of murder, treason, theft, pillage, and arson. But having procured a change of venue he was taken to Broone county the 15th of April, and during the night of the 16th and 17th, perceiving that their jailers were drunk, Joseph and his fellow-prisoners contrived to escape. They made off in the direction of Illinois, taking care to keep out of the high-roads.

Illinois had become the asylum of the persecuted Mormons. A very painful account would be that of this episode in Mormon history, if one could enter into its details: it reminds us of the worst days of ancient persecutions. The Saints had seen their property plundered, their houses given to the flames, their children maltreated or butchered. Amanda Smith* records, in terms which rend the heart, the sufferings, persecutions, murders, robberies, of which she was the victim or witness. Her husband, and several children, had been butchered by the crowd under her very eyes. An old white-headed man had been cut down, and hacked to pieces by a fellow named Rogers. One of the Saints, who had come to Jackson county to claim his property, was trampled underfoot by the infuriated mob, until his bowels obtruded from his body, and death ensued.† At Hawn's Mill (the 30th of October, 1838) a massacre took place, followed by pillage, in which fifteen Mormons lost their lives, and many women and children were severely wounded. The assassins, two hundred and forty in number, even went to the extent of stripping the dead.

During this dreadful persecution, the losses of the Mormons amounted to between three and four hundred, men, women, and children included. All their property was destroyed or confiscated. The land they left behind them in Missouri, which had cost them 200,000 dollars, was never restored to them. When they arrived in Illinois they were in a most fearful state of destitution; unhappy victims of a religious persecution, the more deplorable from the fact of its occurring in a country where liberty of conscience is proclaimed by the constitution, put in practice—at least, on the common ground of Christianity—to the greatest possible extent, and pushed, if one may say so, almost to despotism.* No regret, which the facts just related may cause us, will be more than barely adequate to the occasion; nor would it be possible, all religious considerations apart, to over-estimate the constancy and courage exhibited by the Mormons during this period of iniquitous persecution. The women even, and of these, Amanda Smith in particular, exhibited a courage worthy of the noblest cause. As to the Prophet, his firmness of mind did not desert him for a single instant; on the field of battle, in prison, before the judgment seat, he rose to the height of the great part which as a religious regenerator he was enacting, and did so in a way as sometimes to tempt us to believe in his sincerity, and to do him honour as to a martyr to his faith. Singular inconsistency of human nature, which, in the same individual, can sink so low as falsehood, and soar so high as heroism!

---

* Judicial deposition of the 18th of April, 1839.

† Gunnison: 'The Mormons, or Latter-day Saints,' p. 112.

---

* Joseph denounces as the principal instruments of the persecution in Missouri, Generals Clark, Wilson, and Lucas; Colonels Price and Cornelius Gilliam, and Captain Bogart. The latter had stolen a horse, completely harnessed, from Joseph, and afterwards sold it to General Wilson. The General, being fully aware to whom the horse belonged, promised Joseph, on his word of honour, to restore it, which promise he never fulfilled.

During the few months that he resided in Missouri, Joseph had paid his lawyers about 50,000 dollars *for fees* in the various suits which had been brought against him. And for all this money he obtained very little justice, for his counsel were frequently paralyzed by fear of the mob, and sometimes were so drunk that they could do nothing when required to act. See Autobiography of Joseph Smith, published in 'The Deseret News.'

As a termination to this chapter, we give one of the letters which Joseph, when in prison, wrote to his people. It will prove that he was at times capable of eloquence; it may perhaps explain to us the secret of the influence which he exercised.

"*Liberty Jail, Clay County, Missouri, March* 20, 1839.

"TO THE CHURCH OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS AT QUINCY, ILLINOIS, AND SCATTERED ABROAD, AND TO BISHOP PARTRIDGE IN PARTICULAR.

"Your humble servant Joseph Smith, Jun., prisoner for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the Saints taken and held by the power of mobocracy under the exterminating reign of his Excellency the Governor Lilburn W. Boggs, in company with his fellow-prisoners and beloved brethren, Caleb Baldwin, Lyman Wight, Hyrum Smith, and Alexander M'Rae, send unto you all greeting. May the grace of God the Father and of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ rest upon you all, and abide with you for ever. May knowledge be multiplied unto you by the mercy of God. And may faith, and virtue, and knowledge, and temperance, and patience, and godliness, and brotherly kindness, and charity, be in you and abound, that you may not be barren in anything, nor unfruitful.

"Forasmuch as we know that the most of you are well acquainted with the wrongs and the high-toned injustice and cruelty that is practised upon us: whereas we have be taken prisoners, charged falsely with every kind of evil, and thrown into prison, enclosed with strong walls, surrounded with a strong guard, who continually watch day and night as indefatigable as the devil is in tempting and laying snares for the people of God:

"Therefore, dearly beloved brethren, we are the more ready and willing to lay claim to your fellowship and love. For our circumstances are calculated to awaken our spirits to a sacred remembrance of everything, and we think that yours are also, and that nothing therefore can separate us from the love of God and fellowship one with another; and that every species of wickedness and cruelty practised upon us will only tend to bind our hearts together and seal them together in love. We have no need to say to you, that we are held in bonds without cause, neither is it needful that you say unto us, 'We are driven from our homes and smitten without cause.' We mutually understand that if the inhabitants of the State of Missouri had let the Saints alone, and had been as desirable of peace as they were, there would have been nothing but peace and quietude in this State unto this day; we should not have been in this hell, surrounded with demons;—if not those who are damned, they are those who shall be damned;—and where we are compelled to hear nothing but blasphemous oaths, and witness a scene of blasphemy, and drunkenness, and hypocrisy, and debaucheries of every description.

"And again, the cries of orphans and widows would not have ascended up to God against them. It would not have stained the soil of Missouri. But oh, the unrelenting hand! the inhumanity and murderous disposition of this people! It shocks all nature; it beggars and defies all description; it is a tale of woe; a lamentable tale; yea, a sorrowful tale; too much to tell; too much for contemplation; too much to think of for a moment; too much for human beings; it cannot be found among the heathens; it cannot be found among the nations where kings and tyrants are enthroned; it cannot be found among the savages of the wilderness; yea, and I think it cannot be found among the wild and ferocious beasts of the forest,—that a man should be mangled for sport!—women be robbed of all that they have—their last morsel for subsistence—and then be violated to gratify the hellish desires of the mob, and finally left to perish, with their helpless offspring clinging around their necks.

"But this is not all. After a man is dead, he must be dug up from his grave, and mangled to pieces—for no other purpose than to gratify their spleen against the religion of God.

"They practise these things upon the Saints, who have done them no wrong; who are innocent and virtuous; who loved the Lord their God, and were willing to forsake all things for Christ's sake. These things are awful to relate, but they are verily true; it must needs be that offences come, but woe unto them by whom they come.

"O God! where art thou? and where is the pavilion that covereth thy hiding-place? How long shall thy hand be stayed, and thine eye, yea, thy pure eye behold from the eternal heavens the wrongs of thy people and of thy servants, and thine ear be penetrated with their cries? Yea, O Lord, how long shall they suffer these wrongs and unlawful oppressions, before thine heart shall be softened towards them, and thy bowels be moved with compassion towards them?

"O Lord God Almighty, Maker of heaven, earth, and seas, and of all things that in them is, and who controlleth and subjecteth the devil, and the dark and benighted dominion of Shayole! Stretch forth thy hand, let thine eye pierce; let thy pavilion be taken up; let thy hiding-place no longer be covered; let thine ear be inclined; let thine heart be softened, and thy bowels moved with compassion toward us; let thine anger be kindled against our enemies; and in the fury of thine heart, with thy sword, avenge us of our wrongs; remember thy suffering saints, O our God! and thy servants will rejoice in thy name for ever.

"Dearly and beloved brethren, we see that perilous times have come, as was testified of. We may look then, with most perfect assurance, for the rolling in of all those things that have been written, and, with more confidence than ever before, lift up our eyes to the luminary of day, and say in our hearts, 'Soon thou wilt veil thy blushing face. He that said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light, hath spoken this word. And again, thou moon, thou dimmer light, thou luminary of night, shall turn to blood.

"We see that everything is fulfilling; and the time shall soon come, when the Son of Man shall descend in the clouds of heaven. Our hearts do not shrink, neither are our spirits altogether broken, at the grievous yoke which is put upon us. We know that God will have our oppressors in derision; that he will laugh at their calamity, and mock when their fear cometh.

"Oh that we could be with you, brethren, and unbosom our feelings to you! We would tell, that we should have been liberated at the time Elder Rigdon was, on the writ of *habeas corpus*, had not our own lawyers interpreted the law, contrary to what it reads, against us: which prevented us from introducing our evidence before the mock court.

"They have done us much harm from the beginning. They have of late acknowledged that the law was misconstrued, and tantalised our feelings with it, and have entirely forsaken us and have forfeited their oaths, and their bonds; and we have a come back on them, for they are co-workers with the mob.

"As nigh as we can learn, the public mind has been for a long time turning in our favour, and the majority is now friendly; and the lawyers can no longer browbeat us by saying that this or that, is a matter of public opinion, for public opinion is not willing to brook it; for it is beginning to look with feelings of indignation against our oppressors, and to say that the Mormons were not in the fault in the least. We think that Truth, Honour, and Virtue, and Innocence, will eventually come out triumphant. We should have taken a *habeas corpus* before the High Judge, and escaped the mob in a summary way; but unfortunately for us, the timber of the wall being very hard, our auger-handles gave out, and hindered us longer than we expected; we applied to a friend, and a very slight incautious act gave rise to some suspicions, and before we could fully succeed, our plan was discovered; we had everything in readiness but the last stone, and we could have made our escape in one minute, and should have succeeded admirably, had it not been for a little imprudence or over-anxiety on the part of our friend.

"The sheriff and jailor did not blame us for our attempt; it was a fine breach, and cost the county a round sum; but public opinion says, that we ought to have been permitted to have made our escape; that then the disgrace would have been on us, but now it must come on the State; that there cannot be any charge sustained against us, and that the conduct of the mob, the murders committed at Haun's Mills, and the exterminating order of the Governor, and the one-sided, rascally proceedings of the Legislature, has damned the State of Missouri to all eternity. I would just name also that General Atchison has proved himself as contemptible as any of them.

"We have tried for a long time to get our lawyers to draw us some petitions to the Supreme Judges of this State, but they utterly refused. We have examined the law, and drawn the petitions ourselves, and have obtained abundance of proof to counteract all the testimony that was against us,—so that if the Supreme Judge does not grant us our liberty, he has got to act without cause, contrary to honour, evidence, law, or justice, sheerly to please the devil; but we hope better things, and trust before many days God will so order our case, that we shall be set at liberty, and take up our habitation with the Saints.

"We received some letters last evening,—one from Emma, one from Don C. Smith, and one from Bishop Partridge,—all breathing a kind and consoling spirit. We were much gratified with their contents. We had been a long time without information; and when we read those letters, they were to our souls as the gentle air is refreshing; but our joy was mingled with grief, because of the sufferings of the poor and much injured Saints. And we need not say to you that the floodgates of our hearts were hoisted, and our eyes were a fountain of tears; but those who have not been enclosed in the walls of prison, without cause or provocation, can have but little idea how sweet the voice of a friend is; one token of friendship, from any source whatever, awakens and calls into action every sympathetic feeling; it brings up in an instant everything that is past; it seizes the present with the avidity of lightning; it grasps after the future with the fierceness of a tiger; it retrogrades from one thing to another, until finally all enmity, malice, and hatred, and past differences, misunderstandings, and mismanagements, are slain victorious at the feet of Hope; and when the heart is sufficiently contrite, then the voice of inspiration steals along, and whispers, 'My son, peace be unto thy soul; thine adversity and thine afflictions shall be but a small moment; and then, if thou endure it well, God shall exalt thee on high; thou shalt triumph over all thy foes; thy friends do stand by thee, and they shall hail thee again, with warm hearts and friendly hands: thou art not yet as Job; thy friends do not contend against thee, neither charge thee with transgression as they did Job; and they who do charge thee with transgression, their hope shall be blasted, and their prospects shall melt away as the hoarfrost melteth before the burning rays of the rising sun; and also that God hath set to his hand and seal, to change the times and seasons, and to blind their minds that they may not understand his marvellous workings, that he may prove them also, and take them in their own craftiness; also because their hearts are corrupted, and the things which they are willing to bring upon others, and love to have others suffer, may come upon themselves, to the very uttermost; that they may be disappointed also, and their hopes may be cut off; and not many years hence, that they and their posterity shall be swept from under heaven, saith God, that not one of them is left to stand by the wall.' Cursed are all those that shall lift up the heel against mine anointed, saith the Lord, and cry, 'They have sinned' when they have not sinned before me, saith the Lord, but have done that which was meet in mine eyes, and which I commanded them; but those who cry 'Transgression,' do it because they are the servants of sin, and are the children of disobedience themselves. And those who swear falsely against my servants, that they might bring them into bondage and death, woe unto them, because they have offended my little ones; they shall be severed from the ordinances of mine house; their basket shall not be full; their houses and their barns shall perish, and they themselves shall be despised by those that flattered them; they shall not have right to the priesthood, nor their posterity after them, from generation to generation; it had been better for them that a millstone had been hanged about their necks, and they drowned in the depth of the sea.

"Woe unto all those that discomfort my people, and drive, and murder, and testify against them, saith the Lord of Hosts; a generation of vipers shall not escape the damnation of hell. Behold, mine eyes seeth and knoweth all their works, and I have in reserve a swift judgment in the season thereof, for them all; for there is a time appointed for every man, according as his works shall be.

"And now, beloved brethren, we say unto you, that inasmuch as God hath said that he would have a tried people, that he would purge them as gold, now we think that this time he has chosen his own crucible, wherein we have been tried; and we think if we get through with any degree of safety, and shall have kept the faith, that it will be a sign to this generation, altogether sufficient to bear them without excuse; and we think also, it will be a trial of our faith equal to that of Abraham, and that the ancients will not have whereof to boast over us in the day of judgment, as being called to pass through heavier afflictions; that we may hold an even weight in the balances with them: but now after having suffered so great sacrifice, and having passed through so great a season of sorrow, we trust that a ram may be caught in the thicket speedily, to relieve the sons and daughters of Abraham from their great anxiety, and to light up the lamp of salvation upon their countenances, that they may hold on now, after having gone so far unto everlasting life.

"Now, brethren, concerning the places for the location of the Saints, we cannot counsel you as we would if we were present with you; and as to the things that were written heretofore, we did not consider them anything very binding; therefore we now say, once for all, that we think it most proper, that the general affairs of the Church which are necessary to be considered while your humble servant remains in bondage, should be transacted by a general conference of the most faithful, and the most respectable of the authorities of the Church, and a minute of those transactions may be kept, and forwarded, from time to time, to your humble servant; and if there should be any corrections by the word of the Lord, they shall be freely transmitted; and your humble servant will approve all things whatsoever is acceptable unto God. If anything should have been suggested by us, or any names mentioned, except by commandment, or thus saith the Lord, we do not consider it binding: therefore our hearts shall not be grieved if different arrangements should be entered into. Nevertheless we would suggest the propriety of being aware of an aspiring spirit, which spirit has oftentimes urged men forwards, to make foul speeches, and influence the Church to reject milder counsels, and has eventually been the means of bringing much death and sorrow upon the Church.

"We would say, be aware of pride also; for well and truly hath the wise man said, that pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. And again, outward appearance is not always a criterion for us to judge our fellow-man; but the lips betray the haughty and overbearing imaginations of the heart; by his words and his deeds, let him be scanned. Flattery also is a deadly poison. A frank and an open rebuke, provoketh a good man to emulation; and in the hour of trouble he will be your best friend; but, on the other hand, it will draw out all the corruptions of a corrupt heart, and lying and the poison of asps shall be under their tongues; and they do cause the pure in heart to be cast into prison, because they want them out of their way.

"A fanciful, and flowery, and heated imagination be aware of, because the things of God are of deep import; and time, and experience, and careful, and ponderous, and solemn thoughts, can only find them out. Thy mind, O man! if thou wilt lead a soul unto salvation, must stretch as high as the utmost heavens, and search into and contemplate the lowest considerations of the darkest abyss, and expand upon the broad considerations of eternity's expanse; he must commune with God. How much more dignified and noble are the thoughts of God, than the vain imaginations of the human heart! None but fools will trifle with the souls of men.

"How vain and trifling have been our spirits, our conferences, our councils, our meetings, our private as well as public conversations! too low; too mean; too vulgar; too condescending for the dignified characters of the called and chosen of God, according to the purposes of his will, from before the foundation of the world, to hold the keys of the mysteries of those things that have been kept hid from the foundation until now, of which some have tasted a little, and on which many of them are to be poured down from heaven upon the heads of babes; yea, the weak, obscure, and despisable ones of the earth.

"Therefore we beseech of you, brethren, that you bear with those who do not feel themselves more worthy than yourselves,—while we exhort one another to a reformation with one and all, both old and young, teachers and taught, both high and low, rich and poor, bond and free, male and female; let honesty, and sobriety, and candour, and solemnity, and virtue, and pureness, and meekness, and simplicity, crown our heads in every place; and in fine, become as little children, without malice, guile, or hypocrisy.

"And now, brethren, after your tribulations, if you do these things, and exercise fervent prayer and faith in the sight of God always, he shall give unto you knowledge by his Holy Spirit, yea, by the unspeakable gift of the Holy Ghost, that has not been revealed since the world was until now; which our forefathers have waited with anxious expectation to be revealed in the last times; which their minds were pointed to, by the angels, as held in reserve for the fullness of their glory; a time to come, in the which nothing shall be withheld, whether there be one God or many Gods, they shall be manifest. All thrones and dominions, principalities and powers, shall be revealed and set forth upon all who have endured valiantly for the gospel of Jesus Christ; and also if there be bounds set to the heavens, or to the seas; or to the dry land, or to the sun, moon, or stars; all the times of their revolutions; all the appointed days, months, and years, and all the days of their days, months, and years, and all their glories, laws, and set times, shall be revealed in the days of the dispensation of the fullness of times, according to that which was ordained in the midst of the council of the Eternal God of all other Gods, before this world was, that should be reserved unto the finishing and the end thereof, when every man shall enter into his eternal presence, and into his immortal rest.

"But, I beg leave to say unto you, brethren, that ignorance, superstition, and bigotry, placing itself where it ought not, is oftentimes in the way of the prosperity of this Church; like the torrent of rain from the mountains, that floods the most pure and crystal stream with mire, and dirt, and filthiness, and obscures everything that was clear before, and all hurls along in one general deluge; but time weathers tide; and notwithstanding we are rolled in for the time being by the mire of the flood, the next surge peradventure, as time rolls on, may bring us to the fountain as clear as crystal, and as pure as snow; while the filthiness, flood-wood, and rubbish is left and purged out by the way.

"How long can rolling waters remain impure? What power shall stay the heavens? As well might man stretch forth his puny arm to stop the Missouri river in its decreed course, or to turn it up stream, as to hinder the Almighty from pouring down knowledge from heaven, upon the heads of the Latter-day Saints.

"What is Boggs or his murderous party, but wimbling willows upon the shore to catch the flood-wood? As well might we argue that water is not water, because the mountain torrents send down mire and roils the crystal stream, although afterwards renders it more pure than before; or that fire is not fire, because it is of a quenchable nature, by pouring on the flood, as to say that our cause is down because renegadoes, liars, priests, thieves, and murderers, who are all alike tenacious of their crafts and creeds, have poured down from their spiritual wickedness in high places, and from their strong holds of the devil, a flood of dirt, and mire, and filthiness, and vomit, upon our heads. No! God forbid! Hell may pour forth its rage like the burning lava of

Mount Vesuvius or of Etna, or of the most terrible of the burning mountains; and yet shall Mormonism stand. Water, Fire, Truth, and God, are all the same. Truth is Mormonism; God is the author of it. He is our Shield. It is by him we received our birth. It was by his voice that we were called to a dispensation of his gospel in the beginning of the fullness of times. It was by him we received the Book of Mormon; and it was by him that we remain unto this day; and by him we shall remain, if it shall be for our glory; and in his Almighty name we are determined to endure tribulations as good soldiers unto the end.

"But, brethren, we shall continue to offer further reflections in our next epistle. You will learn, by the time you have read this,—and if you do not learn it, you may learn it,—that walls and irons, doors and creaking hinges, and half scared to death guards and jailors, grinning like some damned spirits, lest an innocent man should make his escape to bring to light the damnable deeds of a murderous mob,—is calculated, in its very nature, to make the soul of an honest man feel stronger than the powers of hell.

"But we must bring our epistle to a close. We send our respects to fathers, mothers, wives, and children, brothers and sisters; we hold them in the most sacred remembrance.

"We feel to inquire after Elder Rigdon, if he has not forgotten us; it has not been signified to us by his scrawl. Brother George W. Robinson also, and Elder Cahoon, we remember him, but would like to jog his memory a little on the fable of the bear and the two friends who mutually agreed to stand by each other. And perhaps it would not be amiss to mention Uncle John, and various others. A word of consolation, and a blessing, would not come amiss from anybody, while we are being so closely whispered by the bear. But we feel to excuse everybody and everything, yea, the more readily, when we contemplate that we are in the hands of worse than a bear, for the bear would not prey upon a dead carcase.

"Our respects, and love, and fellowship to all the virtuous Saints. We are your brethren, and fellow-sufferers, and prisoners of Jesus Christ for the Gospel's sake, and for the hope of glory which is in us. Amen.

"JOSEPH SMITH, Jun.,
"HYRUM SMITH,
"LYMAN WHITE,
"CALEB BALDWIN,
"ALEXANDER M'RAE."

The original document which we have faithfully given above, with all the errors and obscurities which occasionally characterize the style of Joseph Smith, would it not seem to emanate from a pen guided by sincerity and conviction? With the exception of some sentiments hardly consistent with the charity to be expected from one aspiring to be a Christian prophet, it is animated with so much fervour, and has such an appearance of sincere faith, that were we to judge Joseph by this epistle alone, we should term him a fanatic rather than an impostor. As to his followers, the sincerity of their faith cannot be questioned. It would be possible to relate acts of theirs which fully prove it, and which might be supposed taken from the most trustworthy legends of ancient times. Thus, to fulfil a revelation,—that of the 8th of July, 1838,—a few of the faithful left Quincy the 26th of April, 1839, and, braving every peril, betook themselves secretly to Far-West, where, during the night, after having laid the first stone of the house of the Lord by rolling a huge block of marble to the south-west angle of a site chosen for the temple, and already consecrated, they offered up the prayers usual on such an occasion, and then took their way back to Quincy, where they arrived in safety. Their pious mission had been *miraculously* protected, and they might consider themselves fortunate in escaping the death which awaited them had they been discovered by their enemies.

We shall relate in the next chapter the new era which dawned upon the Mormons in Illinois, where, in the middle of winter, they had sought an asylum from the persecution in Missouri, and where, after his escape from prison, the Prophet had joined them on the 26th of April, 1839.

CHAPTER III.

FROM THE FOUNDATION OF NAUVOO TO THE DEATH OF THE PROPHET. 1839–1844.

HOSPITALITY IN ILLINOIS TO THE FUGITIVES.—JOURNEY OF THE PROPHET TO WASHINGTON.—FOUNDATION OF NAUVOO.—WONDERFUL PROSPERITY.—JUDICIAL PROCEEDINGS AGAINST THE PROPHET.—THE PROPHET APPOINTED GENERAL OF MILITIA.—HE IS A CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.—HIS ELECTORAL ADDRESS.—PROSPERITY INTOXICATES HIM.—LETTER OF THE PROPHET TO HENRY CLAY.—DESTRUCTION OF THE PRESSES OF A NEWSPAPER.—THE STORM WHICH FOLLOWS.—JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHER ASSASSINATED IN THE PRISON OF CARTHAGE.—MOURNING AT NAUVOO.—FUNERAL OF THE MARTYRS.—CHARACTER OF JOSEPH SMITH.

THE Mormons were exceedingly well received, on their arrival in Illinois, by the inhabitants of Quincy, a small town situate on the banks of the Mississippi. They were offered land a few miles to the north on that river, on a site which had been fixed upon for a town to be called Commerce. The situation was delightful, the temperature mild, the soil fertile, and adapted to all kinds of produce.

Prairies stretched far away until lost in the distance. The new town, then consisting of a few huts only, was built on undulating ground, which skirted the left bank of the Father of Waters. Smith accepted the offer* made him, and fixed the seat of the new Church at Commerce, hoping to be able to find a resting-place for his wandering and persecuted divinities—

> "Errantesque deos agitataque numina Trojæ."

But, resolute in asserting his right as in enduring persecution, Smith would not own himself vanquished, and, like all great characters, he was indefatigable in demanding justice, so long as a chance of obtaining it remained. On the 5th of May, at a conference, Rigdon was, at his suggestion, commissioned to go to Washington, to lay before the President a statement of their grievances. On the 14th of the same month, he wrote to the public journals, which had tried to give a false colouring to the events in Missouri, by falsely declaring that he had attributed the persecutions complained of to a particular political party: he entered his protest against this insinuation, emphatically asserting that politics had nothing to do with them, and that the responsibility rested on an infatuated populace, who were in all respects as much divided in political as in religious opinions. Ultimately, he started himself, towards the close of the summer, for Washington, in company with Rigdon, Elias Higbee, and P. O. Rockwell.* An anecdote is related in connection with this journey, which does great honour to the courage of the Prophet. The coach in which he had taken a place, and in which were other passengers, members of Congress, was carried off at full speed down a rapid descent, and a fearful accident was imminent. The driver having been thrown off, Joseph contrived to get on the box, seized the reins, and checked the horses. The travellers whom he had saved from almost certain death, were enthusiastic in their praise of his cool determination, and even went to the extent of saying that they would make a motion in Congress for a reward to their intrepid fellow-traveller. It must be added that, of course, when it was understood that their preserver was the famous leader of the Mormons, they ceased to talk about a reward: party spirit overcame all feeling of gratitude.

---

* On the 1st of May, 1839, Joseph, in the name of a committee of Mormons, bought of Dr. Isaac Galland and of Hugh White, new land for a sum of 14,000 dollars. Dr. Galland, one of the principal landowners of the country, exhibited from the beginning much sympathy with the newcomers; he was baptized, and became an Elder; but his faith was not of very long duration.

On his arrival at Washington, Smith and his friends at once immediately waited on the President, Martin Van Buren, who received the Mormon representatives with a good deal of stiffness. After listening with visible impatience to the recital of their complaints, he said to them:—

---

* P. O. Rockwell is the same person who subsequently acquired considerable notoriety in the affair of an attempted assassination of Governor Boggs, of which he was strongly suspected of having been one of the principal instigators.

"Gentlemen, your cause is just, but I can do nothing for you. Were I to take your part, I should lose the support of Missouri."

Congress, to which they shortly after appealed, did not prove more just or more gracious. Like the President, it recognized the justice of their cause, but declared that Missouri was an independent State, that they must apply to the tribunals of that State, and that the business was no affair of the federal government. Despite the ill-success of these efforts, the Mormons would not give up yet: so powerful is the sense of right in this Anglo-American race, and so persistent and irresistible the desire of having recourse to every means of obtaining it! On returning to Nauvoo,* the new name given to Commerce, Smith and his people drew up their legal depositions on the Missouri affair for transmission to Washington, and they preferred a claim to Congress for 1,381,044 dollars, as indemnity for the losses they had suffered during the persecutions in Missouri. The claim was not listened to. But as a final protest against the denial of justice, the Saints officially complained, in one of their conferences, of the members of Congress who, instructed to examine into their complaints, had reported against them.

In spite of all this, the period of persecution through which the Mormons had just passed, was not fruitless.

---

* *Nauvoo*, in the language of the Book of Mormon, means *beautiful*. "The name of our city is of Hebrew origin, and signifies a *beautiful site*, conveying besides an idea of *repose*."—*Proclamation of Joseph Smith, the 15th of January*, 1841.

The missionaries whom the Prophet had sent out to preach his doctrine in England and various parts of America, had met with sympathy and with proselytes. From all parts, even of the Old World, new-made converts flocked to Nauvoo. On the 6th of June, 1840, a body of forty English Mormons embarked at Liverpool to join the Saints in America. Dwellings rose in the new city as if by enchantment. Commerce consisted of five or six huts when the Mormons went to settle there in April, 1839. On the 1st of June, 1840, it already consisted of two hundred and fifty houses. The land was under cultivation, and the prairies were covered with cattle. Several small settlements of Saints sprang up in the vicinity; among others, Augusta and Zarahemla, on the opposite bank of the Mississippi, in the State of Iowa, facing Nauvoo. This prosperity acted on certain apostates as striking evidence of the truth of the creed they had forsaken, and brought them back to better sentiments. Hence it was that W. W. Phelps wrote Joseph a penitent letter, asking pardon, and returned to the bosom of the Church, which received him like the prodigal son. Meantime, some important conversions were made, the most notable of which was that of J. C. Bennett, Quarter-master-general of the State of Illinois, who had shown sympathy for the Mormons during the persecutions in Missouri. He was a person of note, but, as will be seen hereafter, he turned out to be no great acquisition to the Church which had received him in its fold.

Peace and harmony reigned in the new city, the prosperity of which the neighbouring towns regarded without envy. But the constantly increasing influx of emigrants called for extreme vigilance on the part of the administration. Bad characters, as was indeed inevitable, had found their way among the new population. Joseph took advantage of the circumstance to solicit the legislature of Illinois to pass an act of incorporation for the rising city. The charter was granted, with numerous privileges, which made Nauvoo a kind of free city. He also obtained a charter for the establishment of a university, and the power to form a special militia under the title of the Legion of Nauvoo.

Joseph Smith's talent for administrative and political action, which is so conspicuous in his history, did not remain inactive an instant. The charters we have just mentioned belong to the end of the year 1840. On the 19th of January, 1841, Joseph received a long revelation from the Lord, relative to other wants of the city. The revelation commanded the people to erect a magnificent temple, of which God himself would point out the site, and would determine the dimensions and shape; also to build an hotel (Nauvoo House) for the accommodation of strangers,—to serve, moreover, as a dwelling-house for Joseph and his posterity in perpetuity;* it confirmed Hyrum, the elder brother of the Prophet, in the patriarchate to which he had been nominated after the death of his father; it nominated Brigham Young president of the twelve apostles; it instituted the baptism of the dead, which could only be valid on condition of being administered in the appointed temple. Benedictions and reprimands were distributed according to merit or demerit. Joseph was proclaimed President of the whole Church, Translator, Revelator, Seer, and Prophet. The municipal council was instituted, and John C. Bennett was elected mayor of Nauvoo. Joseph was made lieutenant-general of the Legion, and Bennett major-general. Some time after, Joseph formed an agricultural and industrial society, the statutes of which were approved by the government of Illinois. He divided the city into four quarters. He published a decree which proclaimed liberty of worship, and the toleration of all religions, even Mohammedism, in the city of Nauvoo. He regulated public meetings, he organized his legion, superintended the nomination of municipal officers, made regulations for the sale of spirituous liquors, etc. etc. No founder of a State ever displayed more intelligence or activity. Project succeeded project, and every project was at once carried into execution.

---

* A provisional residence had been hastily constructed for the Prophet, called Nauvoo House. This he occupied with his family, keeping, at the same time, an hotel for travellers whom curiosity or business attracted to Nauvoo.

On the 6th April, 1841, Joseph reviewed his legion in the presence of a vast concourse, which had gathered to witness the imposing ceremony. The legion consisted of more than fourteen hundred men. The foundation-stone of the temple was laid with great ceremony. Joseph blessed the stone, which was understood to represent the general presidency of the Church; the president of the high-priests blessed the second; the president of the great council the third; the president of the bishops the fourth. These four stones each occupied one of the angles of the projected church. At the termination of the April conference, numerous baptisms took place in the waters of the Mississippi. Finally, some of the Saints, chosen less for their piety than for their aptitude for the high mission confided to them, were sent forth to preach the new doctrine.

This bright sky, however, was occasionally chequered with clouds. In Missouri the storm threatened to gather again, and to extend itself over Illinois. On the 5th of June, Governor Carlin, in other respects well disposed towards Joseph, caused him to be arrested on the requisition of the Governor of Missouri. He was required to meet the charge of murder, treason, etc., which still hung over him. This caused deep affliction among all his people. But it was of no great duration; their Prophet was restored to them in a few days. Arrested on the 5th of June, 1841, he entered Nauvoo* on the 10th, amid the acclamations of the faithful.

---

* It is true, all this had to be done over again the following year. A person, generally believed to have been Porter O. Rockwell, the friend of the Prophet, had, on the 6th of May, 1842, fired a pistol at the Governor of Missouri, Lilburn W. Boggs, the bitterest enemy of the Mormons. Joseph was accused of the crime, and thought it most advisable to seek

The resentment of the Missourians, however, still continued; for it is not in the Old World alone that the poet may exclaim,—

"Tant de fiel entre-t-il dans l'âme des dévots!"

Within Nauvoo itself subjects of dissension were ever arising. In a circle full of such conflicting elements, many bad passions were secretly at work in the dark, or bursting forth in open day. The mayor, J. C. Bennett, was foremost among the elements of trouble. Smith had long entertained suspicions of his hostility, but had as yet no proof against him. While reviewing, on the 7th of May, 1842, his legion, then two thousand strong, he got certain evidence that the mayor not only aimed at his authority, but at his life. However, he took no steps against him; but Bennett, being shortly after convicted, together with some other residents, of an immoral course of life, was ejected from office, and so deprived of the power of causing any more annoyance. But this was not the only difficulty. The Prophet himself was the subject of all kinds of accusations. It was alleged that he preached an immoral doctrine respecting women; and some even went the length of saying that he countenanced the robberies committed by some of the Saints. He found it necessary to justify himself against the first charge, which was easily accomplished,

safety in flight from the rancour of his enemies; but by the advice of Thomas Ford, the Governor of Illinois, he appeared at Springfield before Judge Pope, and easily proved an *alibi*.

no proof being brought against him; and in respect of the second, to declare that he would proceed against thieves, whoever they might be, with the utmost rigour. Then again, from time to time appeared disputants and rivals, who affected to possess, like Joseph, the gift of revelation and prophecy, and he was compelled to have recourse to censures and expulsion; extreme measures, which excited animosity, and shook the Church.

However, on the whole, these incidents, grave though they were, did not obstruct the prosperity of the new settlement. The excommunications were amply compensated by the success of the missionaries in the United States and in England,* and by the return within the fold of old members, such as Orson Hyde and W. W. Phelps, who, having been cut off from the Church by exclusion or apostasy, had shown great anxiety at this period to find favour again with the Prophet. Indeed, the energy and ability he displayed overcame all obstacles. Public censor, dispenser of rewards and punishments, high-priest, administrator, and frequently chief-justice, he proved equal to every part, and successfully faced every difficulty. His superiority, acknowledged by all, ensured him the confidence and sympathies of the faithful, on which, indeed, he knew he could count. In a conference on the 6th of April,

---

* Although Mormonism had not been preached in Great Britain until 1837, it numbered, in 1843, over 10,000 followers, with a weekly periodical styled the 'Millennial Star,' which was founded in May 1840, and is still in existence.

1843, respecting the construction of Nauvoo House, finding an opportunity of asking his people if they were satisfied with him and his administration, or whether they desired another president, they answered him as one man, that they were perfectly satisfied with him, and entreated him to remain in the post he so admirably filled. Such was the high value placed upon his services.

The year 1843 thus commenced under favourable auspices. The tempest in Missouri still growled at a distance; but they were now accustomed to it, and it no longer gave them any serious uneasiness. Nauvoo had considerably increased in the last three years;[*] it already contained

---

[*] Among the infidels who made part of the population of Nauvoo, were speculators who, foreseeing that the city would soon be obliged to extend its boundaries, had, at a low price, purchased the unoccupied lands in the vicinity, in the hope of selling them back to the Mormons at an enormous profit. Their anticipations were quickly realized, and Joseph had some difficulty in obtaining the land he required at a reasonable price. It is stated, —but the fact, although very possible, is not proved—that the Prophet brought these speculators to their senses by means as simple as ingenious. Three Mormons were ordered to visit one of these land-speculators, resided with him, followed him wherever he went like his shadow, never opened their mouths, remained insensible to every insult, and with the utmost gravity passed their time *whittling*. It is stated, that after three days of this kind of annoyance, the most intractable speculators yielded at discretion. *Whittling* consists in chipping up wood with a knife. This pastime is very much in vogue in the States. It is not unusual to meet on the high-road, and even indoors, with Yankees busy whittling, while engaged on business or in conversation. Even in Congress, senators have been seen keeping up their energy by this whittling. When by any accident they run short of bits of wood, they apply themselves to furniture or posts. We have seen, in St. Louis, the wood pillars of a public building almost entirely cut through by this American habit.

A

more than two thousand houses. The activity of the people equalled that of their leader. Commerce was flourishing, products easily exchanged by means of the numerous steamers which threaded the Mississippi. The Prophet himself owned a steamer called 'The Maid of Iowa,' which was employed for him and the Church. The temple was getting on; it was already of a considerable height; and the building of Nauvoo House was also proceeding vigorously. Neither was the drill of the legion neglected. On the 6th of May, 1843, Smith reviewed it with great ceremony, accompanied by twelve ladies, with Emma his wife at their head, and was exceedingly satisfied with its proficiency and soldierly appearance.

However, the hatred of Missouri did not subside, and the security in which they were wrapped turned out, as we have seen, sadly delusive. By the instigation of J. C. Bennett, who, since his exclusion from the Church, had constituted himself, as it were, the *ex officio* adversary of the Mormons and their Prophet, attempts were made, about the beginning of June, to surprise Joseph, and bring him up before the Governor of Missouri. He contrived on that occasion to avoid the snare; but on the 23rd of the month, being on a visit at Dixon, he was arrested on the requisition of the Governor of Missouri, by two officers of justice, one of whom belonged to the State of Illinois. On receiving tidings of this arrest, the Nauvoo legion put itself in movement to go and deliver their General. This mark of affection touched the Prophet, and filled him with pride; but he did not need the assistance thus offered him. He cleverly contrived to get his case brought before the court at Nauvoo, which, by a writ of *habeas corpus*, for a while secured him from his enemies.

It was about this period that the idea of polygamy, which had been for some time covertly entertained, and the first premonitory indications of which we have already noticed, began to emerge from obscurity and to exhibit itself with considerable openness. On the 12th of July, 1843, Joseph received, in the presence of Hyrum Smith and of Clayton, if we are to believe him, his famous revelation respecting polygamy, the starting-point of that institution. The concubinage of the patriarchs had always struck him, and he resolved at last to make a clean breast of it. He had therefore appealed to God, who had answered, "Do the works of Abraham. . . . If a man espouse ten virgins, who are given him by the law (the Mormon revealed law), he cannot commit adultery, for they belong to him; therefore is he justified. Let my daughter Emma receive all those *who have been bestowed* upon my servant Joseph, and who are virtuous in my sight."

Hyrum was charged to read this revelation to Emma, the Prophet's first wife, who, as will be seen hereafter, was not much edified by it.

A few days afterwards, Joseph preached, but with some reserve, upon this delicate subject, and intimated that he could not yet make known all that concerned it, on account of the ignorance and incredulity of the people.

This revelation would prove, did we require it, that Joseph at that time practised polygamy, despite Emma's repugnance to the new dogma. It is certain that about that period he had several wives; the Mormons make no secret of it, but they do not know the precise period at which he first began this practice or the number of his wives.

However this may be, the affairs of the Church continued to prosper. Joseph estimated that, in the various quarters of the earth where his religion had been preached, he had over a hundred and fifty thousand followers. There have been few founders of religions who, at the end of thirteen years, have been able to boast a similar result. How could such success fail to raise the confidence of the new Prophet? Hence he feared neither discussion nor comparison, and readily allowed the ministers of various sects to preach their doctrines in his capital. And remarkably enough, far from this tolerance doing him harm or alienating his adherents, it would seem as though it had been expressly done in the interest of the new religion, for the number of conversions increased daily. Were these conversions, whether made on the spot or elsewhere, all sincere? There is reason for doubt, and it is certain that to many they were but a means of fortune or aggrandisement. We will merely cite one example in support of this view. A namesake of the first mayor of Nauvoo (the apostate

J. C. Bennett), General J. A. Bennett, of New York, had been baptized at Long Island by Brigham Young in the end of August. Less than two months after, he wrote to Joseph Smith, asking him to support him as a candidate for the post of Governor of Illinois, and proposing to *become his right hand*. "Joseph," according to him, "was the most extraordinary man of his time, a new Mohammed, as superior to the old one as he was to Moses." Joseph was not duped by all this flattery. He sent him a long answer, interlarded, according to a habit he had recently adopted, with quotations in several languages, but full of ability and acuteness, wherein, without discouraging the zeal of his admirer, he gives him to understand that he quite sees into the secret motives which had brought him over to his new faith.

Meantime, the prosperous state of his spiritual and temporal matters revived the idea of once again claiming damages, with interest, for the losses caused to his people by the persecutions in Missouri. To attain his end with greater certainty, he conceived the idea of securing the support of the successful candidate for the Presidency. Five candidates were in the field, John Calhoun, General Lewis Cass, Richard M. Johnson, Henry Clay, and Martin Van Buren. On the 4th of November, 1843, he wrote to each of them. He asked them what, in the event of their standing, would be the line of policy they would follow with respect to the Mormons, considered as a separate people; and at the same time informed them that he would secure the votes of all his followers in favour of the candidate who would undertake to protect their rights.

He did not stop here. On the 28th of November he addressed a memorial to the federal government upon the subject of the persecutions in Missouri, claiming reparation for the losses inflicted on the Mormons in that State, in defiance of all justice, in 1838 and 1839. Further, he made an appeal 'to the Children of the Green Mountains' (Vermont, his native place), begging them to come forward and back the protests of his people against the barbarous usage they had received from Missouri. This document is rather curious from the fact of its containing quotations in seventeen languages. He also advised his brethren in the different States to make similar appeals to their local legislatures. The only one among these petitions worthy of notice is that which Sidney Rigdon (who still remained a Mormon at all hazards, although Joseph had withdrawn his confidence from him) addressed to the State of Pennsylvania, where he was born. He set forth with undoubted ability the grievances the Mormons had against Missouri, and their just grounds of complaint. "The only reason why the people of Missouri," he said, "have thus persecuted the Mormons, is because the latter having violated no law, no law could be enforced against them, and they were thus reduced to taking it into their own hands."

The municipal council of Nauvoo, completely at Smith's disposal, was not behindhand. It addressed a petition to the federal Congress, claiming the rights, powers, privileges, and immunities of a Territory, until such time as Missouri should make reparation. It requested, moreover, that the mayor of Nauvoo should be empowered to call in the troops of the Union, if need were, to keep the peace and protect the unoffending.

All this agitation met with but slight success. The answers of the five candidates for the Presidency were evasive or unsatisfactory. Wounded probably in his pride as prophet and popular leader, he suddenly conceived the idea of setting up himself for the Presidency. On the 7th of February, 1844, he accordingly issued an address to the people of the United States with this title, "Views on the powers and policy of the United States Government." His political programme, modelled on the democratic views of Jefferson, included among other things,—free-trade, the protection of person and property, etc.; the diminution by two-thirds of the members of Congress, and the reduction of their salary; the diminution of public functionaries, of their pay, and jurisdiction; the liberation of convicts from the penitentiaries; the reform of the penal code; the substitution of profitable labour for other penalties; the transformation of prisons into schools; the abolition of slavery,* with reasonable indemnity to the owners; the abolition of martial law as applicable to deserters (inasmuch as honour alone should be the guiding principle of all men); the penalty of death to be confined to murder; the creation of a national bank with branches for each State or Territory, the annexation, if required, of Oregon, Texas, Canada, Mexico; and even of all the nations of the earth.

---

* Although Joseph preached the abolition of slavery, he by no means intended to raise the Negroes to an equality with the white man. The very day after the publication of his manifesto, he tried and condemned two [illegible]groes who had intended to intermarry with two white women.

This document appears to us worthy of being given at full length; independent of its historical value, it is interesting to us as furnishing us with some idea of the moral worth of Joseph Smith, of the spirit which inspired his policy and, possibly, contributed to the popularity of his religious opinions:—

"*Nauvoo, Illinois, 7th of February*, 1844.

"VIEWS OF THE POWERS AND POLICY OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

"Born in a land of liberty, and breathing an air uncorrupted with the sirocco of barbarous climes, I ever feel a double anxiety for the happiness of all men, both in time and in eternity.

"My cogitations, like Daniel's, have for a long time troubled me, when I viewed the condition of men throughout the world, and more especially in this boasted realm, where the Declaration of Independence 'holds these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' but at the same time, some two or three millions of people are held as slaves for life, because the spirit in them is covered with a darker skin than ours; and hundreds of our own kindred, for an infraction, or supposed infraction, of some over-wise statute, have to be incarcerated in dungeon glooms, or suffer the more moral penitentiary gravitation of mercy, in a nutshell, while the duellist, the debauchee, and the defaulter for millions, and other criminals, take the uppermost rooms at feasts, or, like the bird of passage, find a more congenial clime by flight.

"The wisdom which ought to characterize the freest, wisest, and most noble nation of the nineteenth century, should, like the sun in his meridian splendour, warm every object beneath its rays; and the main efforts of her officers, who are nothing more or less than the servants of the people, ought to be directed to ameliorate the condition of all, black or white, bond or free; for the best of books says, 'God hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth.'

"Our common country presents to all men the same advantages, the same facilities, the same prospects, the same honours, and the same rewards: and, without hypocrisy, the Constitution, when it says, 'WE, the PEOPLE of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America,' meant just what it said, without reference to colour or condition, *ad infinitum*.

"The aspirations and expectations of a virtuous people, environed with so wise, so liberal, so deep, so broad, and so high a charter of *equal rights*, as appears in said Constitution, ought to be treated by those to whom the administration of the laws are entrusted, with as much sanctity as the prayers of the Saints are treated in heaven, that love, confidence, and union, like the sun, moon, and stars, should bear witness,

"(For ever singing as they shine,)
'*The hand that made us is divine!*'

"Unity is power, and when I reflect on the importance of it to the stability of all governments, I am astounded at the silly moves of persons and parties, to foment discord in order to ride into power on the current of popular excitement; nor am I less surprised at the stretches of power, or restrictions of right, which too often appear as acts of legislators, to pave the way to some favourite political scheme, as destitute of intrinsic merit, as a wolf's heart is of the milk of human kindness: a Frenchman would say, 'Presque tout aimer richesses et pouvoir:' (Almost all men like wealth and power.)

"I must dwell on this subject longer than others; for nearly one hundred years ago, that golden patriot, Benjamin Franklin, drew up a plan of union for the then colonies of Great Britain that *now* are such an independent nation, which among many wise provisions for obedient children under their father's more rugged hand, had this:—'They have power to make laws, and lay and levy such general duties, imports, or taxes, as to them shall appear most equal and just (considering the ability and other circumstances of the inhabitants in the several colonies), and such as may be collected with the least inconvenience to the people; rather discouraging luxury, than loading industry with unnecessary burthens.' Great Britain surely lacked the laudable humanity and fostering clemency to grant such a just plan of union—but the sentiment remains like the land that honoured its birth, as a pattern for wise men *to study the convenience of the people more than the comfort of the Cabinet.*

"And one of the most noble fathers of our freedom and country's glory; great in war, great in peace, great in the estimation of the world, and great in the hearts of his countrymen, the illustrious Washington, said, in his first inaugural address to Congress: 'I behold the surest pledges that as, on one side, no local prejudices or attachments, no separate views or party animosities, will misdirect the comprehensive and equal eye which ought to watch over this great assemblage of communities and interests, so, on another, that the foundations of our national policy will be laid in the pure and immutable principles of private morality; and the pre-eminence of free government be exemplified by all the attributes which can win the affections of its citizens, and command the respect of the world.'

"Verily, here shines the virtue and wisdom of a statesman in such lucid rays that had every succeeding Congress followed the rich instruction, in all their deliberations and enactments, for the benefit and convenience of the whole community and the communities of which it is composed, no sound of a rebellion in South Carolina; no rupture in Rhode Island; no mob in Missouri expelling her citizens by executive authority; corruption in the ballot boxes; a border warfare between Ohio and Michigan; hard times and distress; outbreak upon outbreak in the principal cities; murder, robbery, and defalcation, scarcity of money, and a thousand other difficulties, would have torn asunder the bonds of the Union; destroyed the confidence of man with man; and left the great body of the people to mourn over misfortunes in poverty, brought on by corrupt legislation in an hour of proud vanity, for self-aggrandisement.

"The great Washington, soon after the foregoing faithful admonition for the common welfare of his nation, further advised Congress that 'among the many interesting objects which will engage your attention, that of providing for the common defence will merit particular regard. To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.' As the Italian would say, *buono aviso* (good advice).

"The elder Adams, in his inaugural address, gives national pride such a grand turn of justification, that every honest citizen must look back upon the infancy of the United States with an approving smile, and rejoice that patriotism in the rulers, virtue in the people, and prosperity in the Union, once crowned the expectations of hope, unveiled the sophistry of the hypocrite, and silenced the folly of foes. Mr. Adams said, 'If national pride is ever justifiable or excusable, it is when it springs not from *power* or riches, grandeur or glory, but from conviction of national innocence, information, and benevolence.'

"There is no doubt such was actually the case with our young realm at the close of the last century; peace, prosperity, and union, filled the country with religious toleration, temporal enjoyment, and virtuous enterprise; and grandly, too, when the deadly winter of the 'Stamp Act,' the 'Tea Act,' and other *close communion* acts of royalty, had choked the growth of freedom of speech, liberty of the press, and liberty of conscience, did light, liberty, and loyalty flourish like the cedars of God.

"The respected and venerable Thomas Jefferson, in his inaugural address, made more than forty years ago, shows what a beautiful prospect an innocent, virtuous nation presents to the sage's eye, where there is space for enterprise, hands for industry, heads for heroes, and hearts for moral greatness. He said, 'A rising nation, spread over a wide and fruitful land, traversing all the seas with the rich productions of their industry, engaged in commerce with nations who feel power and forget right, advancing rapidly to destinies beyond the reach of mortal eye; when

I contemplate these transcendent objects, and see the honour, the happiness, and the hopes of this beloved country committed to the issue and the auspices of this day, I shrink from the contemplation, and humble myself before the magnitude of the undertaking.'

"Such a prospect was truly soul-stirring to a good man, but 'since the fathers have fallen asleep,' wicked and designing men have unrobed the government of its glory,—and the people, if not in dust and ashes, or in sackcloth, have to lament in poverty her departed greatness; while demagogues build fires in the north and south, east and west, to keep up their spirits *till it is better times*; but year after year has left the people to *hope* till the very name of *Congress, or State Legislature*, is as horrible to the sensitive friend of his country, as the house of 'Blue Beard' is to children, or 'Crockford's' Hell of London, to meek men.

"When the people are secure and their rights properly respected, then the four main pillars of prosperity, viz. agriculture, manufactures, navigation, and commerce, need the fostering care of government; and in so goodly a country as ours, where the soil, the climate, the rivers, the lakes, and the sea-coast; the productions, the timber, the minerals; and the inhabitants are so diversified, that a pleasing variety accommodates all tastes, trades, and calculations, it certainly is the highest point of supervision to protect the whole northern and southern, eastern and western, centre and circumference of the realm, by a judicious tariff. It is an old saying and a true one, 'If you wish to be *respected*, respect yourselves.'

"I will adopt, in part, the language of Mr. Madison's inaugural address: 'To cherish peace and friendly intercourse with all nations, having correspondent dispositions; to maintain sincere neutrality towards belligerent nations; to prefer in all cases amicable discussion and reasonable accommodation of differences to a decision of them by an appeal to arms; to exclude foreign intrigues and foreign partialities, so degrading to all countries, and so baneful to free ones; to foster a spirit of independence too just to invade the rights of others, too proud to surrender our own, too liberal to indulge unworthy prejudices ourselves, and too elevated not to look down upon them in others; to hold the union of the States as the basis of their peace and happiness; to support the Constitution, which is the cement of the Union, as well as in its limitations as in its authorities; to respect the rights and authorities reserved to the States and to the people, as equally incorporated with, and essential to the success of the general system; to avoid the slightest interference with the rights of conscience, or the functions of religion, so wisely exempted from civil jurisdiction; to preserve in their full energy the other salutary provisions in behalf of private and personal rights, and of the freedom of the press;' so far as intention aids in the fulfilment of duty, are consummations too big with benefits not to captivate the energies of all honest men to achieve them, when they can be brought to pass by reciprocation, friendly alliances, wise legislation, and honourable treaties.

"The Government has once flourished under the guidance of trusty servants; and the Hon. Mr. Monroe in his day, while speaking of the Constitution, says—'Our commerce has been wisely regulated with foreign nations, and between the States; new States have been admitted into our Union; our territory has been enlarged by fair and honourable treaty, and with great advantage to the original States; the States respectively protected by the national Government, under a mild paternal system, against foreign dangers, and enjoying within their separate spheres, by a wise partition of power, a just proportion of the sovereignty, have improved their police, extended their settlements, and attained a strength and maturity which are the best proofs of wholesome laws well administered. And if we look to the condition of individuals, what a proud spectacle does it exhibit! On whom has oppression fallen in any quarter of our Union? who has been deprived of any right of person or property? who restrained from offering his vows in the mode which he prefers to the Divine Author of his being? It is well known that all these blessings have been enjoyed in their fullest extent; and I add, with peculiar satisfaction, that there has been no example of a capital punishment being inflicted on any one for the crime of high treason.' What a delightful picture of power, policy, and prosperity! Truly the wise man's proverb is just,—'Sedaukauh teromain goy, veh-ka-sade le-u-meem khahmaut: Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.

"But this is not all. The same honourable statesman, after having had about forty years' experience in the government, under the full tide of successful experiment, gives the following commendatory assurance of the efficiency of the *Magna Charta* to answer its great end and aim: *to protect the people in their rights.* 'Such, then, is the happy government under which we live; a Government adequate to every purpose for which the social compact is formed; a Government elective in all its branches, under which every citizen may, by his merit, obtain the highest trust recognized by the Constitution; which contains within it no cause of discord; none to put at variance one portion of the community with another: a Government which protects every citizen in the full enjoyment of his rights, and is able to protect the nation against injustice from foreign powers.'

"Again, the younger Adams, in the silver age of our country's advancement to fame, in his inaugural address (1825), thus candidly declares the majesty of the youthful republic in its increasing greatness, 'The year of jubilee since the first formation of our Union has just elapsed; that of the declaration of Independence is at hand. The consummation of both was effected by this Constitution.

"'Since that period, a population of four millions has multiplied to twelve. A territory, bounded by the Mississippi, has been extended from sea to sea. New States have been admitted to the Union, in numbers nearly equal to those of the first confederation.

"'Treaties of peace, amity, and commerce have been concluded with the principal dominions of the earth. The people of other nations, the inhabitants of regions acquired, not by conquest but by compact, have been united with us in the participation of our rights and duties, of our burdens and blessings.

"'The forest has fallen by the axe of our woodsman; the soil has been made to teem by the tillage of our farmers; our commerce has whitened every ocean.

"'The dominion of man over physical nature has been extended by the invention of our artists. Liberty and law have marched hand in hand. All the purposes of human association have been accomplished as effectively as under any other government on the globe, and at a cost little exceeding, in a whole generation, the expenditures of other nations in a single year.'

"In continuation of such noble sentiments, General Jackson, upon his ascension to the great chair of the chief magistracy, said:—'As long as our Government is administered for the good of the people, and is regulated by their will; as long as it secures to us the rights of person and property, liberty of conscience and of the press, it will be worth defending: and so long as it is worth defending, a patriotic militia will cover it with an impenetrable Ægis.'

"General Jackson's administration may be denominated the *acme* of American glory, liberty, and prosperity, for the National Debt, which in 1815, on account of the late war, was 125,000,000 dollars, and being lessened gradually, was paid up in his golden day; and preparations were made to distribute the surplus revenue among the several States; and that august patriot, to use his own words in his farewell address, retired, leaving 'a great people prosperous and happy, in the full enjoyment of liberty and peace, honoured and respected by every nation of the world.'

"At the age, then, of sixty years, our blooming Republic began to decline under the withering touch of Martin Van Buren! Disappointed ambition, thirst for power, pride, corruption, party spirit, faction, patronage; perquisites, fame, tangling alliances; priestcraft and spiritual wickedness in *high places*, struck hands, and revelled in midnight splendour.

"Trouble, vexation, perplexity, and contention, mingled with hope, fear, and murmuring, rumbled through the Union, and agitated the whole nation as would an earthquake at the centre of the earth, the world heaving the sea beyond its bounds, and shaking the everlasting hills: so, in hopes of better times, while jealousy, hypocritical pretensions, and pompous ambition, were luxuriating on the ill-gotten spoils of the people, they rose in their majesty like a tornado, and swept through the land, till

General Harrison appeared, as a star among the storm-clouds, for better weather.

"The calm came; and the language of that venerable patriot, in his inaugural address, while descanting upon the merits of the Constitution and its framers, thus expressed himself:—'There were in it features which appeared not to be in harmony with their ideas of a simple representative democracy or republic. And knowing the tendency of power to increase itself, particularly when executed by a single individual, predictions were made that, at no very remote period, the Government would terminate in virtual monarchy.

"'It would not become me to say that the fears of these patriots have been already realized. But as I sincerely believe that the tendency of measures and of men's opinions, for some years past, has been in that direction, it is, I conceive, strictly proper that I should take this occasion to repeat the assurances I have heretofore given, of my determination to arrest the progress of that tendency, if it really exists, and restore the Government to its pristine health and vigour.'

"This good man died before he had the opportunity of applying one balm to ease the pain of our groaning country, and I am willing the nation should be the judge, whether General Harrison, in his exalted station, upon the eve of his entrance into the world of spirits, *told the truth or not:* with Acting-President Tyler's three years of perplexity and pseudo-whig-democrat reign, to heal the breaches, or show the wounds, *secundum artem* (according to art).

"Subsequent events, all things considered, Van Buren's downfall, Harrison's exit, and Tyler's self-sufficient turn to the whole, go to show, as a Chaldean might exclaim, 'Beram etai elauh beshmayauh gauhah rauzeen' (*certainly there is a God in heaven to reveal secrets*).

"No honest man can doubt for a moment but the glory of American liberty is on the wane, and that calamity and confusion will, sooner or later, destroy the peace of the people. Speculators will urge a national bank as a saviour of credit and comfort. A hireling pseudo-priesthood will plausibly push abolition doctrines and doings, and 'human rights,' into Congress and into every other place where conquest smells of fame or opposition swells to popularity. Democracy, whiggery, and cliquery will attract their elements and foment divisions among the people, to accomplish fancied schemes and accumulate power, while poverty, driven nearly to despair, like hunger forcing its way through a wall, will break through the statutes of men to save life, and mend the breach in prison glooms.

"A still higher grade of what the 'nobility of nations' call 'great men,' will dally with all rights in order to smuggle a fortune at 'one fell swoop:' mortgage Texas, possess Oregon, and and claim all the unsettled regions of the world for hunting and trapping: and should a humble honest man, red, black, or white, exhibit a better title, these gentry have only to clothe the judge with richer ermine, and spangle the lawyer's finger with finer rings, to have the judgment of his peers and the honour of his lords as a pattern of honesty, virtue, and humanity, while the motto hangs on his nation's escutcheon, '*Every man has his price.*'

"Now, O people! people! turn unto the Lord, and live; and reform this nation. Frustrate the designs of wicked men. Reduce Congress at least two-thirds. Two senators from a State, and two members to a million of population, will do more business than the army that now occupies the hall of the national legislature. Pay them two dollars and their board *per diem* (except Sundays); that is more than the farmer gets, and he lives honestly. Curtail the officers of government in pay, number, and power, for the Philistine lords have shorn our nation of its goodly locks in the lap of Delilah.

"Petition your State legislatures to pardon every convict in their several penitentiaries, blessing them as they go, and saying to them, in the name of the Lord, *Go thy way, and sin no more.*

"Advise your legislators, when they make laws for larceny, burglary, or any felony, to make the penalty applicable to work upon roads, public works, or any place where the culprit can be taught more wisdom and more virtue and become more enlightened. Rigour and seclusion will never do as much to reform the propensities of men as reason and friendship. Murder only can claim confinement or death. Let the penitentiaries be turned into seminaries of learning, where intelligence, like the angels of heaven, would banish such fragments of barbarism: imprisonment for debt is a meaner practice than the savage tolerates with all his ferocity. 'Amor vincit omnia:' Love conquers all.

"Petition also, ye goodly inhabitants of the slave States, your legislators to abolish slavery by the year 1850, or now, and save the abolitionist from reproach and ruin, infamy and shame.

"Pray Congress to pay every man a reasonable price for his slaves out of the surplus revenue arising from the sale of public lands, and from the deduction of pay from the members of Congress.

"Break off the shackles from the poor black man, and hire him to labour like other human beings, for 'an hour of virtuous liberty on earth is worth a whole eternity of bondage.' Abolish the practice in the army and navy of trying men by court-martial for desertion; if a soldier or marine runs away, send him his wages, with this instruction, that *his country will never trust him again; he has forfeited his honour.*

"Make Honour the standard with all men; be sure that good is rendered for evil in all cases; and the whole nation, like a kingdom of kings and priests, will rise up in righteousness, and be respected as wise and worthy on earth, and as just and holy for heaven, by Jehovah the author of perfection.

"More economy in the National and State Governments, would make less taxes among the people, more equality through the cities, towns, and country; would make less distinction among the people, and more honesty and familiarity in societies; would make less hypocrisy and flattery in all branches of the community, and open, frank, candid decorum to all men, in this boasted land of liberty, would beget esteem, confidence, union, and love; and the neighbour from any State or from any country, of whatever colour, clime, or tongue, could rejoice when he put his foot on the sacred soil of freedom, and exclaim: 'The very name of *American* is fraught with *friendship!*' Oh! then, create confidence, restore freedom, break down slavery, banish imprisonment for debt, and be in love, fellowship, and peace with all the world! Remember that honesty is not subject to law; the law was made for transgressors; wherefore a Dutchman might exclaim, '*Ein ehrlicher Name ist besser als Reichthum*' (a good name is better than riches).

"For the accommodation of the people in every State and Territory, let Congress show their wisdom by granting a national bank, with branches in each State and Territory, where the capital stock shall be held by the nation for the mother bank, and by the States and Territories for the branches, and whose officers and directors shall be elected yearly by the people, with wages at the rate of two dollars per day for services; which several banks shall never issue any more bills than the amount of capital stock in her vaults and the interest.

"The net gain of the mother bank shall be applied to the national revenue, and that of the branches to the States' and Territories' revenues. And the bills shall be par throughout the nation, which will mercifully cure that fatal disorder known in cities as *brokerage*, and leave the people's money in their own pockets.

"Give every man his constitutional freedom, and the President full power to send an army to suppress mobs, and the States authority to repeal and impugn that relic of folly which makes it necessary for the Governor of a State to make the demand of the President for troops in case of invasion or rebellion.

"The Governor himself may be a mobber, and, instead of being punished as he should be for murder or treason, he may destroy the very lives, rights, and property he should protect. Like the good Samaritan, send every lawyer, as soon as he repents and obeys the ordinances of Heaven, to preach the gospel to the destitute, without purse or scrip, pouring in the oil and the wine: a learned priesthood is certainly more honourable than '*an hireling clergy.*'

"As to the contiguous territories to the United States, wisdom would direct no tangling alliance: Oregon belongs to this Government honourably, and when we have the red-man's consent, let the Union spread from the east to the west sea: and if Texas petitions Congress to be adopted among the sons of liberty, give her the right-hand of fellowship; and refuse not the same friendly grip to Canada and Mexico: and when the right arm of freemen is stretched out in the character of a navy, for the protection of rights, commerce, and honour, let the iron eyes of power watch from Maine to Mexico, and from California to Columbia; thus may union be strengthened, and foreign speculation prevented from opposing broadside to broadside.

"Seventy years have done much for this goodly land; they have burst the chains of oppression and monarchy, and multiplied its inhabitants from two to twenty millions, with a proportionate share of knowledge, keen enough to circumnavigate the globe, draw the lightning from the clouds, and cope with all the crowned heads of the world.

"Then why, oh! why, will a once flourishing people not arise, phœnix-like, over the cinders of Martin Van Buren's power, and over the sinking fragments and smoking ruins of other catamount politicians; and over the windfalls of Benton, Calhoun, Clay, Wright, and a caravan of other equally unfortunate law doctors, and cheerfully help to spread a plaister and bind up the *burnt, bleeding wounds* of a sore but blessed country?

"The southern people are hospitable and noble; they will help to rid so *free* a country of every vestige of slavery whenever they are assured of an equivalent for their property. The country will be full of money and confidence when a national bank of twenty millions, and a State bank in every State, with a million or more, gives a tone to monetary matters, and makes a circulating medium as valuable in the purses of a whole community as in the coffers of a speculating banker or broker.

"The people may have faults, but they should never be trifled with. I think Mr. Pitt's quotation in the British Parliament, of Mr. Prior's couplet, for the husband and wife, to apply to the course which the King and Ministry of England should pursue to the then colonies of the *now* United States, might be a genuine rule of action for some of the *breath-made* men in high places, to use towards the posterity of this noble, daring people:—

'Be to her faults a little blind;
Be to her virtues very kind.'

"We have had democratic Presidents, whig Presidents, a pseudo-democratic whig President, and now it is time to have *a President of the United States;* and let the people of the whole Union, like the inflexible Romans, whenever they find a *promise* made by a candidate that is not *practised* as an officer, hurl the miserable sycophant from his exaltation, as God did Nebuchadnezzar, to crop the grass of the field, with a beast's heart, among the cattle.

"Mr. Van Buren said, in his inaugural address, that he went 'into the presidential chair the inflexible and uncompromising opponent of every attempt, on the part of Congress, to abolish slavery in the district of Columbia against the wishes of the slave-holding States; and also with a determination equally decided to resist the slightest interference with it in the States where it exists.'

"Poor little Matty made this rhapsodical sweep with the fact before his eyes that the State of New York, his native State, had abolished slavery without a struggle or a groan. Great God! how independent! From henceforth slavery is tolerated where it exists, constitution or no constitution, people or no people, right or wrong; *vox Matti—vox Diaboli*, 'the voice of Matty—the voice of the Devil;' and peradventure his great 'sub-treasury' scheme was a piece of the same mind; but the man and his measures have such a striking resemblance to the anecdote of the Welshman and his cart-tongue, that when the constitution was so long that it allowed slavery at the Capitol of a free people, it would not be cut off; but when it was so short that it needed a *sub-treasury* to save the funds of the nation, *it could be spliced!* Oh! Granny, Granny, what a long tail our puss has got! (As a Greek might say, *hysteron proteron*, the cart before the horse; but his mighty whisk through the great national fire for the presidential chestnuts *burnt the locks of his glory with the blaze of his folly*.)

"In the United States the people are the government, and their united voice is the only sovereign that should rule, the only power that should be obeyed, and the only gentlemen that that should be honoured at home and abroad, on the land and on the sea. Wherefore, were I the President of United States by the voice of a virtuous people, I would honour the old paths of the venerated fathers of freedom; I would walk in the tracks of the illustrious patriots who carried the ark of the government upon their shoulders with an eye single to the glory of the people; and when that people petitioned to abolish slavery in the slave States, I would use all honourable means to have their prayers granted, and give liberty to the captive by paying the southern gentleman a reasonable equivalent for his property, that the whole nation might be free indeed.

"When the people petitioned for a national bank, I would use my best endeavours to have their prayers answered, and establish one on national principles, to save taxes, and make them the controllers of its ways and means; and when the people petitioned to possess the territory of Oregon or any other contiguous territory, I would lend the influence of a chief magistrate to grant so reasonable a request, that they might extend the mighty efforts and enterprise of a free people from the east to the west sea, and make the wilderness blossom as the rose; and when a neighbouring realm petitioned to join the Union of the sons of liberty, my voice would be *come*; yea, come Texas, come Mexico, come Canada, and come all the world; let us be brethren, let us be one great family, and let there be a universal peace. Abolish the cruel custom of prisons (except certain cases), penitentiaries, courts-martial for desertion; and let reason and friendship reign over the ruins of ignorance and barbarity; yea, I would, as the universal friend of man, open the prisons, open the eyes, open the ears, and open the hearts of all people to behold and enjoy freedom, unadulterated freedom; and God, who once cleansed the violence of the earth with a flood, whose Son laid down his life for the salvation of all his Father gave him out of the world, and who has promised that he will come and purify the world again with fire in the last days, should be supplicated by me for the good of all people.—With the highest esteem, I am a friend of virtue and of the people,

"JOSEPH SMITH."

This scarcely grammatical manifesto, in which practical and useful ideas are mixed up with others purely fanciful, was reprinted in a great number of newspapers, and Joseph Smith met with support, even among others than his sect. But at the same time it was strongly disapproved, or treated with contempt, in other quarters. The conduct of the Prophet in this instance, it must be admitted, was hardly distinguished by his usual prudence. He knew himself to be surrounded by powerful and bitter enemies; he knew that the prosperity of his colony had excited, even in Illinois, formerly so well disposed towards him, an undercurrent of discontent; moderation and silence might perhaps have disarmed them, but a fussy unrestrained ambition would naturally arouse their hatred, and expose him to fresh peril. So, in fact, it turned out. The inhabitants of Illinois, full of the worst feeling towards the Mormons, and urged on, even at this time, by apostates on the one hand and by Missouri on the other, at length began to devise means of expelling the Saints from their territory. In the beginning of 1844 they held meetings for this purpose. The people of Carthage especially, whose hostile disposition was of long standing, had reached such a pitch of irritation, that Joseph no longer dared present himself in that city. To allay the storm, or rather to fly from the point it threatened, was the wisest course; and there is reason to believe that Joseph at first seriously thought of doing so. With this intention, as much perhaps as for the purpose of hurrying forward the execution of his designs, which apparently aimed at nothing less than the establishment of a great temporal power, Joseph, at a meeting on the 20th of February, spoke of leaving the country, or at least hinted that he entertained such an idea. He gave instructions to the twelve apostles relative to an expedition to California and Oregon. The question under consideration now was, to find a good site to which to retire after the completion of the temple, there to build a great city where, sheltered by the mountains, they could establish a good government, and "where the devil could not reach them." This would be to abandon Zion, but that was a difficulty easily got over. Smith was of the school of Sertorius:

> "Rome n'est pas dans Rome; elle est toute où je suis."

And moreover he gave abundant latitude for fixing the site of Zion. "All America from north to south constitutes Zion. The whole of America is designated by the prophets, who declare that it is the Zion where is the mountain of the Lord, and that it is in the centre of the country."*

This idea of a settlement in Oregon, which idea has been realized in our days by the occupation of Salt Lake, was it perchance suggested to the Prophet by the recollection of the conversation he had in 1840, at Washington, with Henry Clay, and of the advice given him, at least indirectly, by that statesman, to retire into Oregon? It is impossible to say; but the actual state of things would naturally suggest it. Unfortunately Smith did not persist in his project of emigrating as resolutely as it was his interest to do. The fumes of ambition, for a time dissipated, again clouded his judgment, as the elections drew near, and under their intoxicating influence he abandoned himself to the most absurd conceits. Before sending his exploring parties to the west in search of a new territory, he wrote to the federal

---

* Sermon of Joseph Smith at the conference in April, 1844.

Congress to ask for authority to levy a hundred thousand volunteers for the purpose of protecting American citizens emigrating to Texas, Oregon, and the adjoining parts, where they could not find the protection necessary for the prosperity of their settlements. In addition to this he requested to have the rank of General in the United States' army. It is hardly necessary to say that these requests were very summarily disposed of.

Did his ambition soar still higher? Did he seriously aim at the Presidency of the Union? Did he really imagine for a moment he could attain the supreme magistracy of the republic? It would be difficult to reply. But certainly his language, through its studied and enigmatical obscurity, may sometimes induce one to suppose it. Thus, in the conference of the 6th of April, 1844, he said to his followers, there assembled to the number of twenty thousand: "The great Jehovah has always been with me, and the wisdom of God will guide me at the seventh hour. I feel that I am in more immediate communion with God and on a better footing with him than I have ever been in my life; and I am happy to appear among you under these circumstances." And what is even more certain is, that subsequent to the conferences in April, he sent out two hundred and forty-four missionaries to go into the various States of the Union, to preach up his candidacy for the Presidency, together with the new gospel.

But however this may be, and whatever were the hopes of the Prophet and of the faithful as to the immediate success of the ambitious projects of the moment, the future appeared to them arrayed in the most brilliant colours, and gave them the assurance of the most glorious destinies. Brigham Young, in one of his sermons, during the April conference, seemed inspired with the like confidence, and said, in that apocalyptic style so common to the sect, and through the mists of which it is so difficult for the profane to discern a meaning, "If they strike us, we will upset the world, and will put the cart before the horse and let it draw them." Events moreover were of a kind to raise illusions, especially among the simple and credulous, and the simple and credulous were not wanting among the Mormons. What wonder if their heads were turned, when they beheld fresh converts arriving daily from all sides! A single vessel had just brought eight hundred brethren from England, and announced that propagandism was making rapid progress in the mother country. And, moreover, did not a missionary write them, from Great Britain, on the 10th of April, a letter, filled with miracles accomplished in witness of their faith? "The Marquis of Downshire," he stated, "who had persecuted the Saints at Hillsborough, in Ireland, had the felicity of seeing his son, Lord William, killed by a fall from his horse while hunting; and Mr. Reilly, his agent, who had aided him in persecuting the Saints, had suffered a third attack of paralysis, while his son, who had headed an outbreak against our Church, has fallen ill without hope of recovery. *So much for them.*" Surely, after such prodigies, God could not do less than bestow on them the empire of America. It is positive that about that time there was entertained such a hope, if not by the leaders themselves, at all events by their followers. A single fact will suffice to give an idea of their credulity. When they learned that Lorenzo Snow had presented the Book of Mormon to the Queen of England, the joy among them was great; they imagined that if her gracious Majesty read their sacred writings, it would be enough to convince her of the truth of their creed, and to induce her to become a convert.

Without sharing all the illusions of his people, Smith, not over-modest himself, felt proud of the power he had created, of his character of Prophet, of the progress of his sect, of that kind of celebrity he had acquired, and which had admitted of his becoming candidate for the highest office in the republic. So that he believed himself to be in a position to treat on a footing of equality with his competitors; and as none of them had replied satisfactorily to his communication of the 4th of November, he took upon himself to write to Henry Clay a letter full of insolence and irony, but at the same time very remarkable and frequently eloquent. To present a complete idea of the mental calibre of the hero whose history we are relating, we think it necessary to give word for word his letter to Mr. H. Clay.

"*Nauvoo, Illinois, May 13th*, 1844.

"SIR,—Your answer to my inquiry, 'What would be your rule of action towards the Latter-day Saints, should you be elected President of the United States,' has been under consideration since last November, in the fond expectation that you would give (for every honest citizen has a right to demand it) to the country a manifesto of your views of the best method and means which would secure to the people, *the whole people*, the most freedom, the most happiness, the most union, the most wealth, the most fame, the most glory at home, and the most honour abroad, at the least expense; but I have waited in vain. So far as you have made public declarations, they have been made, like your answer to the above, soft to flatter, rather than solid to feed the people. You seem to abandon all former policy which may have actuated you in the discharge of a statesman's duty, when the vigour of intellect and the force of virtue should have sought out an everlasting habitation for liberty; when, as a wise man, a true patriot, and a friend to mankind, you should have resolved to ameliorate the awful condition of our *bleeding* country by a mighty plan of wisdom, righteousness, justice, goodness and mercy, that would have brought back the golden days of our nation's youth, vigour, and vivacity, when prosperity crowned the efforts of a youthful Republic, when the gentle aspirations of the sons of liberty were, 'we are one.'

"In your answer to my questions last fall, that peculiar tact of modern politicians declaring, '*if you ever enter into that high office, you must go into it free and unfettered, with no guarantees but such as are to be drawn from your whole life, character, and conduct*,' so much resembles a lottery-vendor's sign, with the goddess of good luck sitting on the car of fortune, a-straddle of the horn of plenty, and driving the merry steeds of beatitude, without reins or bridle, that I cannot help exclaiming, 'O frail man, what have you done that will exalt you?' Can anything be drawn from your *life*, *character*, or *conduct* that is worthy of being held up to the gaze of this nation as a model of *virtue*, charity, and wisdom? Are you not a lottery picture with more than two blanks to a prize? Leaving many things prior to your Ghent treaty, let the world look at that, and see where is the wisdom, honour, and patriotism which ought to have characterized the plenipotentiary of the only free nation upon the earth? A quarter of a century's negotiation to obtain our rights on the north-eastern boundary, and the motley manner in which Oregon tries to shine as American Territory, coupled with your presidential race and come-by-chance secretaryship in 1825, all go to convince the friends of freedom, the golden patriots of Jeffersonian democracy, free-trade, and sailors' rights, and the protectors of person and property, that an honourable war is better than a dishonourable peace.

"But had you really wanted to have exhibited the wisdom, clemency, benevolence, and dignity of a great man in this boasted Republic, when fifteen thousand free subjects were exiled from own homes, lands, and property, in the wonderful patriotic State of Missouri, and you then upon your oath and honour, occupying the exalted station of a senator of Congress from the noble-hearted State of Kentucky; why did you not show the world your loyalty to law and order, by using all honourable means to restore the innocent to their rights and property? Why, Sir, the more we search into your character and conduct, the more we must exclaim from Holy Writ, 'the tree is known by its fruit.'

"Again, this is not all; rather than show yourself an honest man, by guaranteeing to the people what you will do in case you should be elected President, 'you can enter into no engagement, make no promises, and give no pledges,' as to what you will do. Well, it may be that some hot-headed partisan would take such nothingarianism upon trust, but sensible men, and even *ladies*, would think themselves insulted by such an evasion of coming events. If a tempest is expected, why not prepare to meet it, and in the language of the poet, exclaim,—

"'Then let the trial come; and witness thou,
If terror be upon me; if I shrink
Or falter in my strength to meet the storm
When hardest it besets me.'

True greatness never wavers, but when the Missouri compromise was entered into by you for the benefit of *slavery*, there was a shrinkage of *western honour*: and from that day, Sir, the sterling Yankee, the struggling Abolitionist, and the staunch Democrat, with a large number of the liberal-minded Whigs, have marked you as a *blackleg* in politics, begging for a chance to *shuffle* yourself into the Presidential chair, where you might deal out the destinies of our beloved country for a *game* of *brag* that would end in '*Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound.*' Start not at this picture; for your 'whole life, character, and conduct,' have been spotted with deeds that cause a blush upon the face of a virtuous patriot. So you must be contented in your lot, while crime, cowardice, cupidity, or low cunning, have handed you down from the high tower of a statesman to the black-hole of a gambler. A man that accepts a challenge or fights a duel is nothing more nor less than a murderer; for Holy Writ declares that '*whoso sheds man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed*;' and when in the renowned city of Washington the notorious *Henry Clay* dropped from the summit of a senator to the sink of a scoundrel to shoot at that chalk line of a Randolph, he not only disgraced his own fame, family, and friends, but he polluted the *sanctum sanctorum* of American glory; and the kingly blackguards throughout the whole world are pointing the finger of scorn at the boasted 'asylum of the oppressed,' and hissing at American statesman as *gentleman vagabonds and murderers*, holding the olive branch of peace in one hand and a pistol for death in the other! Well might the Saviour rebuke the heads of this nation with *woe unto you scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites!* for the United States government and Congress, with a few honourable exceptions, have gone the way of Cain, and must perish in their gainsayings like Korah and his wicked host. And honest men of every clime, and the innocent, poor, and oppressed, as well as heathens, pagans, and Indians, everywhere, who could but hope that the tree of liberty would yield some precious fruit for the hungry human race, and shed some balmy leaves for the healing of nations, have long since given up all hopes of equal rights, of justice and judgment, and of truth and virtue, when such polluted, vain, heaven-daring, bogus patriots, are forced or flung into the front rank of government to guide the destinies of millions. Crape the heavens with weeds of woe, gird the earth with sackcloth, and let hell mutter one melody in commemoration of fallen splendour! for the glory of America has departed, and God will set a flaming sword to guard the tree of liberty, while such mint-tithing Herods as Van Buren, Boggs, Benton, Calhoun, and Clay, are thrust out of the realms of virtue as fit subjects for the kingdom of fallen greatness; *vox reprobi, vox Diaboli!*

"In your late addresses to the people of South Carolina, where rebellion budded but could not blossom, you 'renounced ultraism,' 'high tariff,' and almost banished your 'banking systems' for the more certain standard of 'public opinion.' This is all very well, and marks the intention of a politician, the calculations of a demagogue, and the allowance for leeings of a shrewd manager, just as truly as the weathercock does the wind when it turns upon the spire. Hustings for the south, barbacues for the west, confidential letters for the north, and 'American system' for the east:—

"'Lullaby baby upon the tree top,
And when the wind blows the cradle will rock.'

Suppose you should also, taking your 'whole life, character, and conduct,' into consideration, and, as many hands make light work, stir up the old 'Clay party,' the 'National Republican party,' the 'High Protective Tariff party,' and the late coonskin party, with all their paraphernalia, *ultraism, ne plus ultraism,—sine quâ non,* which have grown with your growth, strengthened with your strength, and shrunk with your shrinkage, and ask the people of this enlightened Republic what they think of your powers and policy as a statesman; for verily it would seem, from all past remains of parties, politics, projects, and pictures, that you are the *Clay* and the people the *potter;* and as some vessels are marred in the hands of the potter, the natural conclusion is, that *you are a vessel of dishonour.*

"You may complain that a close examination of your 'whole life, character, and conduct' places you, as a Kentuckian would pleasantly term it 'in a bad fix;' but, Sir, when the nation has sunk deeper and deeper in the mud at every turn of the great wheels of the Union, while you have acted as one of the principal drivers, it becomes the bounden duty of the whole community, as one man, to whisper you on every point of government, to uncover every act of your life, and inquire what mighty acts you have done to benefit the nation, how much you have tithed the mint to gratify your lust, and why the fragments of your raiment hang upon the thorns by the path as signals to *beware!*

"But your *shrinkage* is truly wonderful! Not only your banking system, and high tariff project, have vanished from your mind, 'like the baseless fabric of a vision,' but the 'annexation of Texas' has touched your pathetic sensibilities of national pride so acutely, that the poor Texans, your own *brethren*, may fall back into the ferocity of Mexico, or be sold at auction to British stock-jobbers, and all is well, for 'I,' the old senator from Kentucky, am fearful it would militate against my interest in the north to enlarge the borders of the Union in the south. Truly 'a poor wise child is better than an old foolish king who will be no longer admonished.' Who ever heard of a nation that had too much territory? Was it ever bad policy to make friends? Has any people ever become too good to do good? No, never; but the ambition and vanity of some men have flown away with their wisdom and judgment, and left a creaking *skeleton* to occupy the place of a noble *soul.*

"Why, Sir, the condition of the whole earth is lamentable. Texas dreads the teeth and toenails of Mexico. Oregon has the rheumatism, brought on by a horrid exposure to the heat and cold of British and American trappers; Canada has caught a bad cold from extreme fatigue in the patriot war; South America has the headache, caused by bumps against the beams of Catholicity and Spanish sovereignty; Spain has the gripes from age and Inquisition; France trembles and wastes under the effects of contagious diseases; England groans with the gout, and wiggles with wine; Italy and the German States are pale with the consumption; Prussia, Poland, and the little contiguous dynasties, duchies, and domains, have the mumps so severely, that 'the whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint;' Russia has the cramp by lineage; Turkey has the numb palsy; Africa, from the curse of God, has lost the use of her limbs; China is ruined by the Queen's evil, and the rest of Asia fearfully exposed to the small-pox the natural way from British pedlars; the islands of the sea are almost dead with the scurvy; the Indians are blind and lame; and the United States, which ought to be the good physician with 'balm from Gilead,' and an '*asylum for the oppressed,*' has boosted and is boosting up into the council chamber of the government, a clique of political gamblers, to play for the old clothes and old shoes of a sick world, and '*no pledge, no promise to any particular portion of the people,*' that the rightful heirs will ever receive a cent of their Father's legacy! Away with such self-important, self-aggrandising, and self-willed demagogues! their friendship is colder than polar ice; and their professions meaner than the damnation of hell.

"O man! when such a great dilemma of the globe, such a tremendous convulsion of kingdoms, shakes the earth from centre to circumference; when castles, prison-houses, and cells, raise a cry to God against the cruelty of man; when the mourning of the fatherless and the widow causes anguish in heaven; when the poor among all nations cry day and night for bread and a shelter from the heat and storm; and when the degraded black slave holds up his manacled hands to the great statesmen of the United States, and sings,

"'O Liberty, where are thy charms,
That sages have told me were sweet!'

And when fifteen thousand free citizens of the high-blooded Republic of North America are robbed and driven from one State to another without redress or redemption, it is not only time for a candidate for the Presidency to *pledge* himself to execute judgment and justice though be there laws or not, but it is his bounden duty as a man, for the honour of a disgraced country, and for the salvation of a once virtuous people, to call for a union of all honest men, and appease the wrath of God by acts of wisdom, holiness, and virtue! 'The fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.'

"Perhaps you may think I go too far with my strictures and innuendoes, because in your concluding paragraph you say: 'It is not inconsistent with your declarations to say, that you have viewed with a lively interest the progress of the Latter-day Saints; that you have sympathized in their sufferings under injustice, as it appeared to you, which has been inflicted upon them; and that you *think*, in common with all other religious communities, they ought to enjoy the security and protection of the constitution and the laws.' If words were not wind, and imagination not a vapour, such 'views' '*with a lively interest*' might coax out a few Mormon votes; such 'sympathy' for their suffering under injustice, might heal some of the sick yet lingering amongst them, raise some of the dead, and recover some of their property from Missouri; and finally, if thought was not a a phantom, we might, in common with other religious communities, '*you think*, *enjoy* the *security* and *protection of the constitution and laws!*' But during ten years, while the Latter-day Saints have bled, been robbed, driven from their own lands, paid oceans of money into the treasury to pay your renowned self and others for legislating and *dealing* out equal rights and privileges to those *in common with all other religious communities*, they have waited and expected in vain! If you have possessed any patriotism, it has been veiled by your *popularity* for fear the Saints would fall in love with its charms. Blind charity and dumb justice never do much towards alleviating the wants of the needy, but straws show which way the wind blows. It is currently rumoured that your *dernier ressort* for the Latter-day Saints is to emigrate to Oregon or California. Such cruel humanity, such noble injustice, such honourable cowardice, such foolish wisdom, and such vicious virtue, could only emanate from Clay. After the Saints have been plundered of three or four millions of land and property by the people and powers of the *sovereign* state of Missouri; after they have sought for redress and redemption from the county court to Congress, and been denied through religious prejudice and sacerdotal dignity; after they have builded a city and two temples at an immense expense of labour and treasure; after they have increased from hundreds to hundreds of thousands; and after they have sent missionaries to the various nations of the earth to gather Israel according to the predictions of all the holy prophets since the world began, that great plenipotentiary the renowned Secretary of State, the ignoble duellist, the gambling senator, and Whig candidate for the Presidency, *Henry Clay*, the wise Kentucky lawyer, advises the Latter-day Saints to go to Oregon to obtain justice and set up a government of their own.

"O ye crowned heads among all nations, is not Mr. Clay a wise man and very patriotic? Why, great God! to transport 200,000 people through a vast prairie, over the Rocky Mountains, to

Oregon, a distance of nearly two thousand miles, would cost more than *four millions!* or should they go by Cape Horn in ships to California, the cost would be more than *twenty millions!* and all this to save the United States from inheriting the disgrace of Missouri for murdering and robbing the Saints with impunity! Benton and Van Buren, who make no secret to say, that if they get into power, they will carry out Boggs's exterminating plan to rid the country of the Latter-day Saints, are

"'Little nipperkins of milk,'

compared to 'Clay's' great aquafortis jars. Why, he is a real giant in humanity: 'send the Mormons to Oregon, and free Missouri from debt and disgrace!' Ah! Sir, let this doctrine go to and fro throughout the whole earth, that we, as Van Buren said, know your cause is just, but the United States Government can do nothing for you, because it has no power; '*you must go to Oregon, and get justice from the Indians!*'

"I mourn for the depravity of the world, I despise the hypocrisy of Christendom, I hate the imbecility of American statesmen, I detest the shrinkage of candidates for office from pledges and responsibility; I long for a day of righteousness, when 'He whose right it is to reign shall judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth,' and I pray God, who hath given our fathers a promise of a perfect government in the last days, to purify the hearts of the people and hasten the welcome day.

"With the highest consideration for virtue and unadulterated freedom,

"I have the honour to be,
"Your obedient Servant,
"JOSEPH SMITH."

"Hon. H. Clay, Ashland, Ky."

The candidacy of Joseph, the noise it made, the personal importance it gave him, were, as we have stated, and as it is easy to understand, a great occasion of joy and pride to the Mormons. In their enthusiasm, and in the anticipation of the political career which was opening to their Prophet, as well as of the high destiny he was preparing for their cause, they determined to give him a striking mark of their gratitude and of their love; the 17th of May they gave him an ovation, carrying him in triumph through the streets of Nauvoo.

The Tarpeian rock is not far distant from the Capitol, neither is persecution from success, especially religious success. While Joseph revelled in his glory amid his people, his enemies, rendered more inveterate in their hatred by his very success, and by the noise which he everywhere made, were devising means of destroying him and of giving him a decisive and final blow. To the shame of sectarian spirit it must be said, they little cared by what means; it was deemed imperative at any cost to get rid of the man who gave them such umbrage. On the 21st of May, at Carthage, a summons was sent to Joseph Smith, at the instigation of a few apostates and fanatics, to appear before the court to answer a charge of adultery and perjury. Joseph at first thought it advisable to keep out of the way of his enemies and lie in concealment; ultimately he made up his mind to appear, and, thanks to those guarantees which even bad passions cannot entirely override in free States, his cause was allowed to stand over to another term.

Time would perhaps have allayed hatred and brought men back to reason. Unfortunately, Joseph, over-confident and too little under self-control, soon contrived to furnish arms against himself. Some apostates and personal enemies of the Prophet, among others* the renegade J. H. Jackson, an ex-Catholic priest, who having been refused the hand of Hyrum's daughter, determining to avenge the affront, conceived the idea of starting at Nauvoo a newspaper called the 'Expositor,' with the avowed object of opposing the Mormons, and the secret purpose of irritating them to reprisals and excesses, and furnishing a handle against them. The blow was well directed, and all that hatred had anticipated was not long in occurring. The first number of the 'Expositor' appeared the 10th of June; it contained such violent and terrible attacks† that an explosion immediately ensued. Joseph, indignant and exasperated, immediately, in his capacity of mayor, assembled the municipal council, which, without a moment's hesitation, declared the paper 'a public nuisance which ought to be suppressed.' An order to destroy the journal, signed by Joseph, was immediately put into execution by a police officer, who proceeded the same day to break up the presses.

---

* Among the most inveterate enemies of Joseph at this period we may mention also William Law, Francis M. Higbee, and Dr. Foster. All three had been expelled the Church for unseemly conduct. Higbee, for the purpose of revenging himself on the Prophet, commenced a lawsuit against him, which was long and scandalous, but resulted in nothing. Dr. Foster accused Joseph of having attempted to seduce his wife by preaching to her the doctrine of "the spiritual wife." We are not in a position to state whether the facts justified this serious accusation; there is room for belief that it arose from Higbee's enmity.

† These charges were made to rest on the depositions, true or false, of sixteen women, accusing Joseph and the principal dignitaries of the Church of immoral conduct.

This was an outrage in a country in which the liberty of the press is sacred, and considered as the foremost and most vital of all liberties; it was moreover an imprudence in the position in which the Mormons then were, and an impolitic act likely to lead to formidable results. No sooner did the destruction of the presses of the 'Expositor' get wind, than menaces of death against the Prophet resounded on all sides from the "gentiles." This time they had a plausible and legitimate excuse for giving vent to their fury, and they eagerly hastened to make use of it. On the 12th of June, Joseph and some other Mormons regarded as his accomplices in the fatal day of the 10th, were summoned to appear before the court to answer a charge of disturbing the public peace. Joseph got off by obtaining, as in similar circumstances he had done before, a writ of *habeas corpus;* and the court of Nauvoo, on the ground that the mayor had simply enforced according to law a decision of the municipal council, dismissed the charge.

But this judgment could hardly be to the taste of the gentiles; it left a flagrant violation of the constitution unpunished. They protested; they met the 13th of June, at Carthage, to consider the means of obtaining justice, and resolved to take arms against the Mormons.

The position became alarming. Joseph comprehended the danger all the more serious inasmuch as he was not now upheld by the goodness of his cause. He wrote to the Governor of Illinois, and after laying before him the circumstances which had led to the destruction of the presses of the 'Expositor,' he begged him to come to Nauvoo to suppress the rioters at Carthage, who were preparing to march against him and his people with five pieces of artillery.

Before receiving an answer, Joseph on the 17th of June was once more arrested along with his accomplices, and again brought before the court of Nauvoo, to answer a counter-charge of riot in the affair of the 'Expositor.' He was discharged as in the first instance. The same day he convened the Saints, informed them he was resolved to defend himself if attacked by the mob from Carthage, and made an energetic appeal to the police, and to the legion of Nauvoo. The following day, receiving unsatisfactory news from Carthage and Missouri, and fearing an immediate attack, he was induced to take extreme measures, and on his own responsibility proclaimed martial law. He then harangued his troops, exhorting them to fight with him to the death in defence of their religion and their liberties.

The ensuing days were employed in making preparations for defence.

However, the Governor of Illinois, Thomas Ford, had arrived in Carthage. After having investigated the facts, he declared that the municipal council of Nauvoo had exceeded its powers in decreeing the suppression of the 'Expositor' newspaper, and he wrote to Smith advising him to give himself up to justice.

It would seem that Joseph had not anticipated any such result: he had flattered himself that the Governor would have entertained different views, and would have looked upon the facts in quite another light. He however lost no time in answering him. His letter, written immediately upon the receipt of the Governor's, was humble enough: "He was ready," he said, "to give way if he had unwittingly violated the constitution; but he would not go to Carthage for fear of being assassinated by his enemies." He was discouraged and agitated by sinister presentiments. Knowing of what his enemies were capable, he seemed thoroughly resolved not to fall into their hands. He at first thought of going to Washington; ultimately he made up his mind to seek safety in the West, and at two o'clock one morning he crossed the Mississippi, intending to retire towards the Rocky Mountains.

This was the wisest course, and it would have been fortunate for Joseph had he persevered in it to the last. The residence of himself and followers in Illinois was no longer possible. The public mind was excited against him to the highest pitch; the influence gained by the Mormons in the elections by their acting together, the singularity and progress of their doctrine, had united against them both the spirit of party and the spirit of sect, two powers formidable everywhere, but especially amid a democracy where liberty is unbounded. The affair of the 'Expositor' had brought matters to a crisis, and given popular animosity a favourable and almost justifiable occasion to explode. The Governor had hoped that Joseph, with that clear-headedness which indisputably characterized him, would have understood his position, and would have felt the necessity of quitting Illinois as he had quitted Missouri, and of going to settle in the vast districts which western America offers to the emigrant and to human industry. This course was an obvious one; Joseph's flock would have followed him in mass, and enmity would have departed with them.

But fate willed it otherwise. The very day of Smith's flight, Emma, alarmed at the aspect of Nauvoo during his absence, despatched a messenger, begging him to return and surrender himself to justice. Several intimate friends added their entreaties to hers. Too easily led by them, Joseph recrossed the Mississippi. He presently (the 24th of June) received from the Governor an order to disarm the legion of Nauvoo. He offered no resistance, and even aided in effecting the disarmament. He had decided upon placing himself in the hands of justice at Carthage, and he left the same day with seventeen others charged with violating the laws. Although the Governor had assured him of his protection, he was not free from uneasiness, and he said to his companions during the journey, "I go like a lamb to the slaughter, but I am calm as a summer's morn." It was midnight when they arrived at Carthage. In spite of the advanced hour of the night, the streets were filled with people. Joseph passed through them amid shouts and threats which served to confirm his presentiments and apprehensions.

The 25th of June, Governor Ford, who had promised the militia of Carthage to show them the Prophet and the Patriarch, passed before them with the two Smiths at his side. When they had thus been made to gratify the curiosity of the mob, they were taken before the judge. Remanded upon bail (7500 dollars), and ordered to appear next term to take their trial at Hancock, they for a moment possibly, thought themselves out of danger. But a constable shortly after called upon the two brothers to surrender as prisoners, on a charge of treason against the State, by having called out the Nauvoo legion on the 19th of June.

The following day (the 26th of June) the two prisoners were brought up before the court. The proceedings were very brief, and at their conclusion they were remanded to prison. The final judgment was to have been pronounced the following day, the 27th of June; but the

Governor, who had just determined to send troops to Nauvoo to maintain order, intending to go there himself that very day with a detachment of them, the decision of the court was deferred until the 29th. This circumstance was fatal to the prisoners. Was it a preconcerted matter? Was the Governor in collusion with the rioters? Be that as it may, on the morning of the 27th, the Governor dismissed the greater portion of the militia and went to Nauvoo with a small escort, leaving Hyrum and Joseph in prison, under the guard of a few militiamen, charged to protect them against the people, and at the same time to prevent their escape.

The exasperation of the people seemed somewhat to have diminished, and it must be admitted, in exoneration of the Governor, that there is reason to believe he did not anticipate any serious danger; but Joseph, whether he better understood the public feeling, or that he was warned by the instinct of self-preservation and the consciousness of immediate danger, felt the keenest alarm. His fears were shared by Hyrum and by the two friends who had insisted on accompanying them to prison, John Taylor and Dr. W. Richards: the result will show these fears were but too well founded.

The same day, between five and six in the afternoon, some hundred armed men, so disguised as not to be recognizable, made an attack on the jail where the unfortunate prisoners were. They fired a few shots at the guard, killing no one; the guard returned the fire with as little result. All had been arranged beforehand, and they only exchanged shots to keep up appearances. The assailants, as may be imagined, were soon in possession of the place; they forced an entrance into the prison and rushed towards the room the prisoners were in. The door had no fastening whatever. They pushed it ajar and fired upon those within. Joseph, whom a faithful friend had secretly furnished with a revolver, fired and wounded the assassin by whose hand his brother Hyrum had just been shot in the face; the unfortunate Patriarch crying out as he fell, "I am a dead man;" in the act of falling he received three more bullets which despatched him. John Taylor at the same moment fell, severely wounded in several places.

The firing was still kept up through the half-opened door. Up to this time Joseph was untouched. He had defended himself manfully, but now his revolver having missed fire three times, and being without further means of resistance, he tried to escape through the window, and had got his legs across the sill when he was struck by a couple of balls. He fell to the ground, a height of twenty feet, in the midst of his assassins, exclaiming, "O Lord, my God!" One of the mob dragged his body along, and propped it up against the wall of a well. Life was almost extinct, when Colonel Williams ordered four men to advance within eight paces and fire. The unfortunate victim, already mutilated by his fall and his wounds, received these four shots in his body, which put an end to him. The assassin who had dragged the body to the well, was about to cut off his head with a cutlass, when, if the Mormons are to be believed, a sudden flash of lightning struck him with terror and stayed his arm. The assassins panic-struck fled in disorder towards Warsaw.

Thus perished the two principal persons among the Mormons. As to the two Saints who had accompanied them and who were with them in prison, viz. Dr. W. Richards and John Taylor (to whom, together with another witness named Daniels, not a Mormon, we are indebted for these facts), they managed to escape with life from this bloody struggle. Dr. Richards received only a scratch on the left ear, and assisted his companion, who was dangerously wounded, to get away after the assassins had departed.

The principal object of the rioters had been attained. But their plot, aiming at more than the death of the Prophet, extended to his whole people. They had timed the murder so as to coincide with the Governor's presence in Nauvoo, in the hope that, the news of the death of the Prophet suddenly reaching the Mormons while he was still in their city, there would be an irresistible burst of popular grief and indignation, and that they would seek to revenge upon him the loss of so important and beloved a victim, a step which would have given a plausible pretext and a legitimate reason for the extermination of the abhorred sect. Fortunately this frightful calculation miscarried.

The Governor—who, during the bloody scene enacting at Carthage, was addressing the Mormons at Nauvoo, reproaching them with the destruction of the 'Expositor,' exhorting them to avoid the shedding of blood, and threatening them with terrible vengeance unless they remained peaceable and submissive to the laws—first learned the tragic end of the Prophet during the night, on his return to Carthage from Nauvoo; and it is by no means certain that, even had he been on the spot when the sad news arrived, that their first impulse would have been the desire of vengeance. All hearts were plunged in grief. The lamentation was universal; the city in a state of stupor.

The bodies of the martyrs were brought from Carthage to Nauvoo the day after the catastrophe. The whole populace hurried out to meet them. Nothing but cries of grief and despair was heard during the passing of the funeral procession. If eye-witnesses can be credited, never was there such an affecting sight.

They at once proceeded to bury the bodies. But as the assassins had threatened the Mormons that they would not even leave them the solace of possessing the ashes of their beloved marytrs, the coffins they lowered into the grave, instead of containing the precious remains, were filled with bags of sand, and the funeral pomp, although magnificent, served only to cheat the eye and to put their enemies on a false scent. At midnight the bodies of the martyrs were secretly deposited under Nauvoo House, which was still in course of construction. The grave was covered in such a manner as to leave no trace of the place of sepulture. The following autumn the remains were removed, at Emma's request, and interred near the *Mansion* in the spot where the Bee House was subsequently erected. The deceased children of the Prophet were afterwards buried in the same tomb.

The death of Joseph Smith, from whatever point of view we regard it, is a blot upon the democracy of the United States, and nothing can justify it. But, unhappily, nothing is more easy of explanation. Starting from a different principle, and placing himself outside the common ground of the one revelation admitted by all the various sects, Joseph had necessarily united them all against him. Opposing to a gospel considered definitive by all, another gospel represented as new and superior to it, he was regarded as a kind of monster which must at any cost be cut off and destroyed. Moreover, as we have already explained, he had excited political jealousy against him. The unity of the Mormon voters rendered them masters of the local elections; this disarranged the plans and views of politicians, and of the ambitious and intriguing of all parties. At variance upon other points, they agreed in their hatred of the new sectaries, and also in the necessity of extirpating them, or at the very least, of freeing the country of them. All this suffices to explain the calumnies of every kind, the accusations of theft and felony, which were everywhere circulated against them. The singularity of their doctrine, and the mystery in which it was wrapped, were yet a further cause of suspicion and hatred. The agitation was assiduously kept up for the purpose of being turned to account. The people, too, on their side, animated with the same feelings as those of their agitators, were easily led to take part in every movement against the Mormons, and once let loose, went into every excess. The authorities were taken by surprise or overawed; if, indeed, they were not, at times, themselves under the influence of the general excitement. Occasionally efforts were made to mislead them. Governor Thomas Ford has officially admitted that the enemies of the Mormons had recourse to artifice to make him believe that the Saints were engaged in seditious intrigues, and thus to induce him to be a party to their plans of extermination.

To these causes of their ruin, the Mormons themselves contributed others. Their prosperity, which had increased in spite of persecution, the flattering expectations in which they indulged, the great reputation of their Prophet, had inflamed their pride, and carried their confidence even to insolence. Finally, the apostates, the excommunicated and the ejected, covered with shame in the presence of the gentiles from whom they had first deserted, exposed to raillery and abuse, vowed implacable hatred against the leaders whose new doctrine had misled them, who were much too clever to become their dupes, and who, they thought, were making a speculation of their support. Were not these sufficient causes for popular irritation and excitement? America is unquestionably a very free country; religious liberty knows no bounds, but this, it must be observed, is in practice only true with respect to creeds resting on the common ground of Christianity; for any new religious system, professedly attacking Christianity, cannot attempt to establish itself without incurring considerable risk. The time has not yet anywhere arrived, when man can give his religious ideas the outward form he believes best calculated to represent and fully express them.

It was feared that Nauvoo would seek vengeance for the death of the man who had founded and governed it: it was wealthy, powerful, and animated by that peculiar and lofty courage inspired by religious fanaticism. The Governor of Illinois at first shared this apprehension: he expected to see the Mormons burst upon Carthage, and commit all sorts of excesses. He even lost no time in going to Quincy, to be in a position to watch events. He was mistaken in his expectation. Every heart in Nauvoo seemed resigned to the catastrophe, which appeared to be a Divine confirmation of the Prophet's mission. The leaders, themselves moderate in their views, and rendered prudent by events, experienced no difficulty in keeping the people calm and composed; content to wait for justice from man, and, that failing, for vengeance from the great Elohim.

The Mormons, independent of the animosity which still threatened them from without, were also in a very critical position as regarded their internal affairs. All depended on their leader, and this leader was no more. Those who were most fitted to replace him were absent on various duties. Of the twelve apostles, ten were dispersed over different parts of the Union, where they were engaged in supporting the Prophet's election for the presidency. It was impossible, until their return, to proceed to the election of the new president of the Church. And then, who would be equal to the requirements of such a post, and competent to fill the void left by such a man?

It was indeed no easy matter to find an efficient successor to Joseph Smith. This man, whatever our opinion may be as to his doctrine and the part he played, was no ordinary man.* This man, born in an obscure condition of life, without fortune, without education, early conceived and executed a project, difficult in all ages, and which, until his time, had been considered impossible in ours. We may blame the imposture, the conception, and performance of the part he played, the profound contempt for the human mind he evinced, many of the means he employed in order to succeed, and his persistent use of falsehood. We may assert, if we will, that success was only possible on the spot where it was sought for, in the theatre and before the pit where the farce was played; that elsewhere the actor would have been pitilessly hissed, if indeed, which is not probable, he had been able elsewhere to find a stage; that what he indispensably required was, that medley multitude, made up of such varied and impure elements, which is either the growth of the New World or an importation from the Old, in order to obtain an audience and draw down applause. This is all very true, and we do not dispute it. But it is none the less a fact, that a new religion has been fashioned by this man, whatever may be the

---

* In confirmation of the opinion we here emit, it may be well to give a few extracts from a severe criticism on Smith's character, which appeared in an American periodical, 'The Christian Reflector,' written shortly after his death. "It is but a few weeks," says the 'Reflector,' "since the death of Joe Smith was announced. His body now sleeps, and his spirit has gone to its reward. Various are the opinions of men concerning this singular personage; but whatever may be the views of any in reference to his principles, objects, or moral character, all agree that he was one of the most remarkable men of the age..... The Prophet's virtues have been rehearsed and admired in Europe; the ministers of Nauvoo have even found a welcome in Asia, and Africa has listened to the grave sayings of the Seer of Palmyra. The standard of the Latter-day Saints has been reared on the banks of the Nile, and even the Holy Land has been entered by the emissaries of this wicked impostor. He founded a city in one of

the most beautiful situations in the world, in a beautiful curve of the 'Father of Waters,' of no mean pretensions; and in it he has collected a population of twenty-five thousand, from every part of the world. He planned the architecture of a magnificent temple, and reared its walls nearly fifty feet high, which, if completed, will be the most beautiful, most costly, and the most noble building in America." (This, of course, was written previous to the expulsion from Nauvoo.) . . . "Reasoning from effect to cause, we must conclude that the Mormon Prophet was of no common genius; few are able to commence and carry out an imposition like this, so long, and to such an extent. And we see in the history of his success, most striking proofs of the gullibility of a large portion of the human family. What may not men be induced to believe?" Such was the impression made by Joseph Smith on the men of his own day and country.

merits of this religion; that the seeds of a nation have been sown in a virgin soil, and that up to this moment, at any rate, these seeds are in process of development and actively germinating. It must not be imagined either, that men, however humble they may be, that the multitude, base as we may consider it, can be so easily seduced and persuaded. Many of undoubted intellect would fail were they to attempt the experiment. In truth, great influence is never obtained over mankind without real superiority, and if this be admitted, Smith is undoubtedly a superior man.

And now let us consider whether, independent of the eternal censure attaching to his imposture, Joseph Smith merits that esteem which is due to uprightness of life and purity of morals and character. If we believe the enemies of the Mormons, and apostates, the question will not be difficult to answer, and the result will be far from favourable; if we place faith in the report of his friends and followers, it will be exactly the other way. There is not a vice* with which the former do not load his name; there is not a virtue with which the latter do not adorn his memory. It is a law, that men who have played a part in the world, who have powerfully affected the imaginations and minds of their fellow-men, should be themselves subject to conflicting judgments, and never be either calumniated or extolled by halves. Perchance the truth lies midway between these extreme views; and extraordinary men, being compounded, like their fellows, of good and evil, might say to their friends and to their enemies, in the words of the poet,—

---

* Among the numerous vices attributed to Smith is drunkenness. It is related, but we do not vouch for the fact, that he one day said to some persons who expressed astonishment at a prophet getting intoxicated, "It is necessary, in order to prevent my disciples from adoring me as a God." Some years later, he is stated to have made his excuse for the same fault, by saying, "Several Elders have often got drunk without confessing it; I got in the same state to show them how disgusting it is, and to set them a good example by confessing my sin."—*Caswell, 'The City of the Mormons in 1842,' pp.* 50, 51.

"Je n'ai point mérité
Ni cet excès d'honneur ni cette indignité."

It would undoubtedly be difficult to rebut the accusations made against his morality, and to exhibit the promoter of polygamy as a Hippolytus. But if he had that failing, so common to many great men, and which Mohammed, one of his predecessors, so candidly acknowledged, he possessed other qualities which can hardly be ignored, and which are of some weight. He was gentle, humane, and conciliatory; he readily pardoned wrongs against himself, either in his public or private capacity. He had a peculiar fondness for children: he constantly associated with them, mingled in their sports, and consoled them in their little troubles. Amid his family he overflowed with kindness and love, both as a father and husband. His mother never refers to him but as the most affectionate and dutiful of sons. His brothers were his friends rather than his mere instruments. In his daily relations with his followers, the man constantly effaced the prophet, without thereby compromising his ascendency. A lawyer, John S. Reid, whose testimony there appears no reason to suspect, spoke of him before a State convention, on the 17th of May, 1844, in a deposition made upon oath, as follows:—"I have known Joseph Smith from eighteen years of age; his conduct was irreproachable: he was well known for his veracity and uprightness; he mixed in the best circles of his locality, and he was spoken of as a young man of intelligence and good moral conduct, endowed with a mind capable of the highest intellectual acquirements." Doubtless this testimony only applies to the earlier parts of his career; but there is one fact which is worth all the rest, and which deserves consideration in the eyes of every impartial judge, which is, that tried thirty-nine times, by all kinds of courts, on various charges, the greater part hostile to him, he was never once convicted. May we say in passing, that this fact, which is such an eloquent answer to all the calumnies against him, does as much honour to the administration of justice in the United States as to him? Perhaps we ought: it is a remarkable thing that in this country, where we have just seen religious and political fanaticism urging the populace to so many culpable excesses, that the administration of justice should have maintained its incorruptibility in the very trials which fanaticism had instigated.

As to his capacity as administrator and organizer, there is no room for doubt: it stands out prominently throughout his whole life, and this it is perhaps, combined with his power of influencing mankind, which is the most distinguished feature in the career of the founder of Mormonism.

As respects his moral qualities, his kindness, his sensitiveness, his attachment to his friends, without referring to other more manly traits, are positive and incontestable. True, Smith was an impostor, but when the mask was raised, he was still a man at heart, and it is not often we can say as much of all of those who have misled mankind.*

---

* The portrait of Joseph Smith and that of his brother Hyrum, which illustrate this work, have been copied with scrupulous fidelity from the original picture, now in the possession of Brigham Young, after having long been the property of the mother of the Prophet, who died at Nauvoo in 1856. According to the testimony of the oldest among the Mormons, these two portraits are most striking likenesses.

SECTION II. PONTIFICATE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM THE ACCESSION OF BRIGHAM YOUNG TO THE ORGANIZATION OF THE TERRITORIAL GOVERNMENT OF UTAH. 1844–1851.

THE CANDIDATES FOR THE PONTIFICATE.—THE LION OF THE LORD.—FRESH PERSECUTIONS.—CIRCULAR OF THE HIGH COUNCIL OF THE CHURCH.—THE EXODUS RESOLVED ON.—DEDICATION OF THE TEMPLE OF NAUVOO.—DEPARTURE FOR THE WEST.—SIEGE OF NAUVOO.—THE SAINTS IN THE DESERT.—MORMON BATTALION.—FOUNDATION OF KANESVILLE.—WINTER AMONG THE INDIANS.—EXPLORING THE GREAT BASIN.—BRIGHAM YOUNG ELECTED PROPHET.—THE JOURNEY TO THE SALT LAKE.—THE NEW ZION OF THE DESERT.—LOCUSTS AND GULLS.—GOLD DISCOVERED BY THE MORMONS IN CALIFORNIA.—UTAH.—HOSTILITY OF THE INDIANS.—PROVISIONAL STATE OF DESERET.—THE TERRITORY OF UTAH.—THE NEW PROPHET APPOINTED GOVERNOR.

THE Prophet was dead; and owing to the absence of the apostles, who were all, with the exception of two, upon missions, the Church appeared left without a guide. However, the influential Mormons who remained in Nauvoo, and

Daniel Spencer, the new mayor, succeeded, by their prudent advice, in repressing the thirst for revenge which, as soon as the dejection caused at first by their grief had passed away, sprang up in every breast, and also, in calming down their brethren to a dignified self-command, alike honourable to the good sense and moral courage of the persecuted sect.

The 15th of July, 1844, an epistle, signed by four of the principal Mormons, was addressed to all the Saints on the earth: it urged them to persevere in the faith, despite the death of the Prophet, to repress all idea of revenge, and to come to the aid of the Saints of Nauvoo, who were reduced to a state bordering on famine, by persecutions and heavy rains.

"As to our country and nation," says the address, "we have more reason to weep for them, than for those they have murdered; for they are destroying themselves and their institutions, and there is no remedy; and as to feelings of revenge, let them not have place for one moment in our bosoms, for God's vengeance will speedily consume to that degree, that we would fain be hid away, and not endure the sight. . . . . Let no vain or foolish plans or imaginations scatter us abroad, and divide us asunder as a people, to seek to save our lives at the expense of truth and principle, but rather let us live or die together, and in the enjoyment of society and union. . . . . None can hinder the rolling on of the eternal purposes of the Great Jehovah. And we have now every reason to believe that the fulfilment of His great purposes is much nearer than we had supposed, and that not many years hence we shall see the kingdom of God coming with power and great glory to our deliverance."*

Towards the beginning of August, Brigham Young and all the apostles had returned to Nauvoo. The Council of Twelve immediately assumed, as it was authorized to do, the presidency *ad interim* of the Church, and the 15th of August, Brigham, in the name of the great council of which he was the head, issued a further epistle, whereby he exhorted all the Saints of the earth to remain quiet and to refrain from all excesses, to have confidence in the justice of the laws, to come to Nauvoo to continue the construction of the temple and the extension of the city, to abstain from all intermeddling with political matters, and to concentrate their attention upon the social and religious affairs of their body. The epistle also reminded them that, although dead, Joseph still held the keys of the last dispensation, and would hold them to all eternity.

"Forasmuch as the Saints have been called to suffer deep affliction and persecution, and also to mourn the loss of our beloved Prophet, and also our Patriarch, who have suffered a cruel martyrdom for the testimony of Jesus, having voluntarily yielded themselves to cruel murderers, who had sworn to take their lives, and thus, like good shepherds, have laid down their lives for the sheep, therefore it becomes necessary for us to address you at this time on several important subjects. You are now without a prophet present with you in the flesh to guide you; but you are not without apostles, who hold the keys of power to seal on earth that which shall be sealed in heaven, and to preside over all the affairs of the Church in all the world; being still under the direction of the same God, and being dictated by the same Spirit, having the same manifestations of the Holy Ghost to dictate all the affairs of the Church in all the world; to build up the kingdom upon the foundation which the Prophet Joseph has laid. . . . How vain are the imaginations of the children of men, to presume for a moment that the slaughter of one, two, or a hundred of the leaders of this Church, could destroy an organization so perfect in itself and so harmoniously arranged, that it will stand while one member of it is left alive upon the earth! Brethren, be not alarmed, if the Twelve should be taken away, still there are powers and offices in existence which will bear the kingdom of God triumphantly victorious in all the world."

---

* See the whole of this address in 'The History of the Mormons, or Latter-day Saints; with Memoirs of the Life and Death of Joseph Smith, the American Mahomet,' 1852, p. 190.

Without, animosity had somewhat cooled down, and the Mormons enjoyed comparative repose in that respect. But within, tranquillity was put to severe trial, from the ambition of the disputants for the succession of the Prophet. Foremost among the competitors, or rather of the intriguers, who aspired to the place so suddenly left vacant, was S.

Rigdon, a Mormon who had frequently been a backslider, but whom ambition or conviction had constantly brought back to the fold. It cannot be denied, that the high position he had held in the Mormon hierarchy, the immense services he had done the Church, and perhaps also the learning he possessed, perfectly justified his pretensions. To all these grounds, he professed to add another which could not fail to be of great weight in the estimation of the sacred college, that of revelator. God, said he, had commanded him to lead the Saints of Illinois into the State of Pennsylvania, and also to pay a visit to Queen Victoria, and overthrow her if she refused to accept the new gospel. Rigdon was of all the candidates certainly the most formidable; the one, in fact, most feared by Brigham Young. He had moreover a tolerably strong party at his back, and his daring and eloquence supplied him with arms not easily resisted. However, in spite of all these elements of success, the majority of the Mormons refused to support him. They bore in mind that Rigdon had been for some time kept at a distance by the Prophet, that his conduct for the last few years had been equivocal and frequently blamable; add to which, that the doctrine of the *spiritual wife*, of which he was the originator, had alienated the minds of the majority from him. At the very moment when he believed himself on the point of succeeding to the inheritance left by Joseph, whose powers and functions he already assumed, Rigdon was summoned to answer for his misdeeds before the twelve apostles and the High Council of the Church. The trial was fixed for the 15th of September; Rigdon refused to appear, and on the motion of Brigham Young was excommunicated; in consequence of which, being obliged to quit Nauvoo, he took refuge in Pennsylvania, carrying with him a few schismatics who acknowledged his supremacy.

The departure of Rigdon apparently restored peace and harmony. There were many others who aspired to succeed the Prophet, but they were easily disposed of. J. Strong, who, according to his own account, was designated by Joseph Smith to inherit the presidency, and who exhibited in support of his assertion autograph letters of the Martyr, was, like Rigdon, excommunicated by the High Council. Strong, in the first place, strove to found a city in Wisconsin, subsequently, he retired to Beaver Island in Lake Michigan, where he assumed the title of "King of the Saints." Lyman Wight, another pretender to the vacant place, was also, by excommunication, baulked in his presumptuous aspirations; he withdrew to Texas, at the head of a very few followers. Finally, William Smith, the Martyr-Prophet's brother, and, in that respect, having some small foundation for his pretensions to the pontifical throne, was in like manner set aside by a public excommunication.

On the 7th of October, 1844, the Council of Twelve, who, by virtue of secret instructions given by Joseph some time prior to his death, had declared itself alone competent to deal with the question of election, announced that it assumed the government of the Church, appointing Brigham Young, the Lion of the Lord,* its President. This decision satisfied the people, and the immense majority of the Mormons accepted and acknowledged the new authority.

Brigham Young, who thus found himself, in effect, at the head of the Church, was born at Whitingham, in Windham county, in the State of Vermont, the 1st of June, 1801, his parents being John Young and Naleby Howe. His father was a farmer, and with his eleven children became a convert to Mormonism. A brother of Brigham's, Phineas, had been a pastor of the Reformed Methodist Church; he was a visionary who, before the organization of the religion of Joseph, had performed a miracle, whereby a young girl on the point of death, had been restored to life. Phineas was converted by reading the Book of Mormon. Brigham Young was a carpenter by trade, and of the Methodist persuasion. The Book of Mormon had converted him to the creed of Joseph, and he had been baptized the 14th of April, 1832. The gift of tongues was early manifested in his person, and the records of the period inform us that he spoke many which were unknown, among others especially the *Adamic* tongue. Joseph prophesied about 1832, that Brigham would one day be President of the Church.

---

* Brigham Young, the St. Peter of Mormonism, is to this day often styled by his people, *The Lion of the Lord.* Mr. Phelps informs us that the eleven other apostles had, at that time, a special affix to their names, viz.:—

Heber C. Kimball, the Herald of Grace.
Parley P. Pratt, the Archer of Paradise.
Orson Hyde, the Olive Branch of Israel.
Willard Richards, the Keeper of the Rolls.
John Taylor, the Champion of Right.
William Smith, the Patriarchal Staff of Jacob.
William Woodruff, the Banner of the Gospel.
George A. Smith, the Entablature of Truth.
Orson Pratt, the Gauge of Philosophy.
John E. Page, the Sundial.
Lyman Wight, the Wild Ram of the Mountains.

Up to the period when he was called upon to preside over the destinies of Mormonism, Brigham had led an exceedingly active life, and had entirely devoted himself to the defence and propagation of the new doctrine. He had been constantly employed in the missions to Canada, to the United States, and to England. His activity did not decrease in the high position to which he had risen. All kinds of industry went rapidly ahead, and Nauvoo very soon recovered its prosperity, counting, towards the month of December, fourteen thousand inhabitants, of whom about nine-tenths were Mormons. The temple progressed, and gave promise of being a really remarkable construction. Brigham urged above all things that it should be promptly completed. The other public buildings of the city were, the Hall of the Seventy, the Masonic Hall, and the Social Hall.

Under the vigorous and wise rule of Brigham, the Church began to enjoy somewhat of peace, and the year 1844, which had been so full of storms and calamities, closed, comparatively speaking, in great tranquillity. Without, matters proceeded less favourably. In January 1845, the legislature of Illinois, considering itself authorized by the events of the preceding year, definitely deprived Nauvoo of its charter. Nevertheless, the Governor of Illinois undertook to bring to justice the assassins of the Prophet, nine in number, respecting whose complicity public opinion was unanimous. During the course of the judicial investigation, the diabolical plan of the murderers was clearly brought to light. It was shown, as had been suspected, that in murdering Joseph while the Governor was at Nauvoo, the assassins had reckoned that the Mormons would have sought revenge upon this public officer for the death of their pontiff, and that thence would have ensued a rising of the whole people of the State, which would have led to the total destruction of the Mormons. In spite of all this, such was the terror which the culprits had contrived to inspire, that no legal proof of their guilt was forthcoming, and they were liberated the 30th of May, 1845.

Although kept down for a time by the force of circumstances, the hatred entertained by a numerous party against the Mormons was not extinguished. The repeal of the charter of Nauvoo, followed shortly after by the discharge of the assassins, seemed to inspire popular feeling with new ardour for the persecution of the Saints. It was the plan of the gentiles to attain their ends this time by calumny. Every crime committed in the State was laid to the charge of the unfortunate inhabitants of Nauvoo, who were represented as adverse to republican institutions, and as savages who outraged the laws of public morality. It was everywhere asserted that Nauvoo had become the haunt of criminals, the refuge of thieves, receivers, and coiners. The 'Expositor' newspaper rose again from its ruins, and all kinds of violent attacks re-appeared in its columns. It became evident that once more the clamour for expulsion or extermination was about to issue from every mouth. The efforts made by the Mormons to establish their innocence beyond all doubt were useless. In vain they defied their enemies to prove their assertions, in vain offered them every possible facility of discovering the retreat of criminals, if there were any among them; in vain they watched to prevent malefactors getting among them, and committing crimes in their name; it was all useless. Hatred and party spirit had stifled every feeling of justice in their enemies. In vain Governor Ford, who had visited the place to investigate personally the moral condition of the city, had declared upon his conscience that no more thefts were committed in Nauvoo, than in any other city of equal population, and even that fewer were committed there than elsewhere: nothing could allay the irritation, so much is the despotism of a majority above law and justice, in the vast society of the Union! Popular animosity had recourse to abominable manœuvres to strike a decisive blow against the Mormons. Thus it was proved that the gentiles paid wretches to forward to them at Nauvoo, articles stolen some distance off, and thence to send them to accomplices settled within the boundaries of Iowa State, hoping thus to produce the impression that it was at Nauvoo the rascality was committed.

Amid this kind of trickery, half the year 1845 passed away. However, during their anxieties, the Saints, under Brigham's direction, never for a moment ceased their labours, and by the end of May the walls of the temple were completed amid great public rejoicings. The coolness of the faithful disciples of Joseph, and their comparative success, soon gave a finishing touch to the hatred of the gentiles; in September they burnt the houses and property of the Saints who resided in the settlement of Morley. During the day of the 11th of September alone, twenty-nine houses became a prey to the flames, and the unhappy inhabitants were reduced to sleep in the open air under a pelting rain.

The Mormons, however, bore these outrages with resignation; they relied on the support of the law, which was once more to fail them. The storm was not to be allayed. The anti-Mormons,—one is surprised to find among them senators, civil and military officers, and even clergymen,—increased in audacity and numbers in proportion as their savage persecutions augmented. They soon found themselves absolute masters of the position, and on the 22nd of September, 1845, at a meeting held at Quincy, they resolved that the expulsion of the Mormons should be effected at any cost, even by means of force, should persuasion fail. They at once deputed delegates to Nauvoo, charged to communicate to the heads of the Church the resolution come to at that meeting. Brigham Young had the good sense to understand that he was in a crisis in which the feeling of the majority supplants law, and that it was henceforth impossible for his people to live in the State; he answered the Quincy deputies, that it was his intention to abandon Illinois the following spring, that was to say, as soon as the Mormons were able to dispose of their property. This sudden and unexpected determination sufficed, if not to extinguish, at least to suspend hostilities.

The Mormons submitted to the decision come to by their chief in their name, as if they had long foreseen the extremity. At the conference which was held the 6th of October, under the unfinished roof of the temple, the principal part of the preachers spoke of the means of effecting the projected emigration. The new patriarch, Joseph's uncle, had a vision, wherein it was revealed to him, that they should go and seek for peace in the deserts of the west. Before this, Lyman Wight had proposed Texas, where, in fact, he had himself gone after his excommunication; John Taylor had indicated Vancouver's Island; others were in favour of California. After a long but calm debate, wherein they carefully weighed the advantages and disadvantages of each of the proposed places, it was resolved that they should go and settle in some valley in the Rocky Mountains.

As soon as the exodus was solemnly decided on and assented to by the Saints of Nauvoo, Brigham Young published an apostolic letter, announcing that the departure would take place in the spring, and at the same time urging the faithful to contribute all their means to the prompt completion of the temple, so that it might be consecrated before abandoning Nauvoo. On the rumour of the approaching expatriation were to be seen flocking from all parts, like a troop of famished wolves, shameless speculators who combined together to obtain at the lowest possible price, the lands and other effects which the Mormons had so dearly purchased with their sweat and tears.

In spite of the previous agreement, the gentiles, impatient to be rid of the Mormons, and to get hold of the property the latter could not dispose of, recommenced their annoyances and attacks in the month of January, 1846. Urged on at the sword's point, the Great Council of the Church published a circular, announcing that a company of young pioneers would begin the emigration in the month of March. This document is sufficiently remarkable, in more respects than one, to warrant us in giving some extracts from it.

"Beloved Brethren and Friends,—We, the members of the High Council of the Church, by the voice of all her authorities, have unitedly and unanimously agreed, and embrace this opportunity to inform you, that we intend to send out into the western country, from this place, some time in the early part of the month of March, a company of pioneers, consisting mostly of young hardy men, with some families. They are to be furnished with an ample outfit; taking with them a printing-press, farming utensils of all kinds, mill-irons and bolting-cloths, seeds of all kinds, grain, etc.

"The object of this early move is to put in a spring crop, to build houses, and prepare for the reception of families, etc. etc.

"We also further declare, for the satisfaction of some who have concluded that our grievances have alienated us from our country, that our patriotism has not been overcome by fire, by sword, by daylight nor by midnight assassinations, which we have endured, neither have they alienated us from the institutions of our country. . . . We are Americans; and should our country be invaded, we hope to do our duty.

"Much of our property will be left in the hands of competent agents, for sale at a low rate, for teams, for goods, or for cash. The funds arising from the sale of property will be applied to the fund for the removal of families from time to time, as fast as it is consistent; and it now remains to be proven, whether those of our family and friends who are necessarily left behind for a season, to obtain an outfit through the sale of property, shall be mobbed, burnt, and driven away by force. Does any American want the honour of doing it? or will Americans suffer such acts to be done, and the disgrace of them to remain on their character, under existing circumstances? If they will, let the world know it. But we do not believe they will.

"We agreed to leave the country for the sake of peace, upon the condition that no more vexatious prosecutions be instituted against us. In good faith have we laboured to fulfil this engagement. Governor Ford has also done his duty to further our wishes in this respect. But there are some who are unwilling that we should have an existence anywhere; but our destinies are in the hands of God, and so also is theirs. . . ."

In spite of this circular, in spite of the solemn assurances it contained of an early departure, the people of Illinois showed themselves so turbulent and so badly disposed, that the Mormons found themselves compelled to anticipate the period fixed on for their emigration. The pioneers started the 3rd of February, and the week after, the twelve apostles and the great council of priests, followed by one thousand six hundred emigrants, men, women, and children, crossed the Mississippi on the ice. One can easily conceive that the march of this advanced guard was necessarily beset with difficulties. The rigour of the elements at the worst season of the year, the absence of roads, the want of shelter during the bitter freezing nights, privations of all kinds, fatigue, the difficulty of carriage, the uncertainty about the morrow, all conspired to spread discouragement among these unfortunates. The example and the exhortations of the chiefs contributed to cheer up the most exhausted; but at times the difficulties were so great, that Brigham found himself compelled to leave at different intervals, several companies on the road. As the fine season approached, other detachments left Nauvoo, and started on the track of those who had preceded them.

The Saints who had as yet been unable to leave Nauvoo, continued to labour assiduously at the completion of the temple, so as to accomplish one of the most solemn prophecies of their well-beloved martyr. The sacred edifice was ultimately entirely finished, at the end of April, 1846, after having cost the Saints more than a million dollars.*

---

* The temple of Nauvoo was constructed of white limestone, almost as hard as marble. It was 128 feet long, by 88 feet wide, and nearly 60 feet high. The steeple rose to between 150 and 200 feet, thirty costly pilasters adorned its walls, with bases in the shape of a crescent, and with capitals representing a sun with a human face in bold relief, about two and a half feet broad, ornamented with rays of light and waves, surmounted by two hands holding trumpets. Above the roof were two stories especially appropriated to the use of the Melchizedek and Aaronic priesthoods. There were four rows of windows, two of a round form and two Gothic. The baptismal font, which was placed in the basement story, was supported by twelve oxen, and was intended to be entirely coated with gold. On the western pediment of the temple was the following inscription in letters of gold:—

"THE HOUSE OF THE LORD:
BUILT BY THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.
HOLINESS TO THE LORD."

This celebrated temple, which was considered the most beautiful in North America, is no longer in existence. On the 10th of November, 1848, some unknown hand set fire to it at the very time the new inhabitants of Nauvoo were thinking of turning it into a model school. In 1850, the Icarians, who had settled in Nauvoo, under the guidance of M. Cabet, had

It was consecrated with great pomp on the 1st and 2nd of May, 1846. Orson Hyde, one of the apostles, but recently returned from a mission to Palestine, officiated at this important ceremony. The day after the consecration of the temple had been celebrated, the Mormons withdrew from the building all the sacred articles which adorned it, and satisfied with having done their duty in accomplishing, though to no purpose otherwise, a Divine command, they crossed the Mississippi to rejoin those who had gone before them.

Nauvoo was abandoned. There remained within its deserted walls but some hundred families, whom the want of means and the inability to sell their effects had not allowed as yet to start upon the road to emigration. The presence of those who were thus detained, together with the bruit caused by the ceremony of dedication, raised the murmurs of the gentiles, and seemed to keep alive their animosity and alarm. Their eager desire to be entirely rid of the Mormons, made them extremely sensitive to every idle story respecting the projects of the latter to return. They imagined that the Saints had only left in detachments to seek recruits among the red-skins, meaning to come back with sufficient

undertaken to restore this curious edifice, when, on the 27th of May, a violent hurricane swept the remains of it to the ground, only leaving the western façade standing. The Icarians wished to make it their Assembly Hall, but the ravages of the storm were so terrible, that they were compelled to give up their project, and abandon an undertaking which had already cost them considerable labour.

force once more to take possession of their property in Illinois. These apprehensions rose to such a pitch that the anti-Mormons plunged into fresh acts of illegality and barbarism against the handful of inoffensive Saints whose indigence detained them at Nauvoo. Among other unjustifiable acts, the gentiles had the cowardice to drag from his house, at night-time, a poor helpless old man, and, after stripping him, to whip him till the blood came. This unfortunate victim of popular fury was guilty of nothing but being a Mormon.

Annoyance upon annoyance, injury upon injury, so passed the time until September 1846. There had been more than once attempts made by the people of the neighbouring country to march out against this remnant of the Mormons; but, restrained by the intervention of the civil power, they had been unable to carry their culpable projects into execution. In the end, however, they but too well succeeded in accomplishing their designs. On the 10th of September, 1846, an army of a thousand men, possessing six pieces of artillery, started to begin the attack under the direction of a person named Carlin, and of the Reverend Mr. Brockman. Nauvoo had only three hundred men to oppose to this force, and but five small cannon, made from the iron of an old steamboat. The fire opened on the afternoon of the 10th, and continued on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of September. Finding so obstinate a resistance, a committee was formed at Quincy, which on the 14th made overtures of peace, so as to avoid if possible further bloodshed. The besiegers, who had been constantly repulsed with loss by the brave defenders of Nauvoo, but who must nevertheless have triumphed in the end over the smaller number, consented to suspend their operations upon the condition that the besieged should evacuate the State of Illinois at the end of five days. These proposals were accepted. The Mormons had only three men killed and a few wounded during the whole affair; the loss of their enemies is unknown, but it would seem that it was heavy. It was agreed that a committee of five persons should remain at Nauvoo to attend to the interests of the exiles, and the 17th of September, while the enemy, to the number of one thousand six hundred and twenty-five, entered the city to plunder, the remnant of the Mormons crossed the Mississippi to follow "the track of Israel towards the west."

Thus was consummated the expulsion of the Saints. The constitution, which they had never violated, was impotent to protect them against the animosity of the sovereign people. Whatever respect is due to a majority, especially in so enlightened a country as the American Union, it is impossible to refrain from regretting the weakness or unjust bias manifested by the authorities in these lamentable events. Let us at once drop a veil over these excesses, to keep down the unwholesome thoughts they engender against liberty, and let us retrace our steps to see what has become of our principal emigrants.

We have seen them commence their exodus in the early part of February. Companies, more or less in numbers, followed at short intervals. The instructions given to them were, to proceed in a westerly direction, but nothing more; their only road, the tracks left by the pioneers. Brigham Young left among the first, as we have already seen, to clear the way for his people. While crossing the State of Iowa, he met with Colonel T. L. Kane, belonging to the United States army, who afterwards showed so much sympathy for the misfortunes of the Mormons, and who has given us a narrative of their exodus touching as eloquent. These first explorers had to endure misery without end, cold, privations, fatigue, want of fuel and often of food for themselves and their cattle. The ground soaked with rain delayed their march till spring. Frequently they could not procure wood for rafts and bridges. In March and April many died of fatigue, want, and fever. Nothing could be so heartrending as the burials they performed on their road in the midst of these vast deserts. When famine set in, the young people gave up their provisions to the old, and went to hire out their labour on the frontiers of Missouri and Iowa to obtain food, while the pioneers sowed corn at intervals on the road, in the hope of raising a crop for the benefit of those who were to follow them. Thus the advanced guard of the emigrants thought of those who were coming after them, and sought to smooth away some of the numberless obstacles with which they would have to contend.

About the end of June, 1846, the first column of the emigrants arrived on the banks of the Missouri, a little above the point of confluence of this immense river with the Platte, in the country of the Pottawatamies, where it stopped to await the detachments in its rear. This spot, now known by the name of Council Bluffs, was christened Kanesville* by the Mormons, in honour of Colonel Kane, whose generous heart had already shown its sympathy with the cause of the oppressed. At this place, in the course of July, the federal government made an appeal to the patriotism of the Mormons, and asked them to furnish a contingent of five hundred men for the Mexican war. Did the government wish to favour the Saints by affording them an opportunity of making money by taking service, or did it merely wish to test their fidelity? This we cannot decide; but certain it is that Brigham Young, whatever he may have thought of this demand, made at a time when his people were flying from the violence of the Americans, replied to the persons sent, "You shall have your battalion, even though I should be obliged to seek recruits from among my elders." The Saints generally regarded this levy as a species of persecution; however, as they most heartily wished to show their patriotism and their attachment to a constitution for which their fathers had shed their blood, they furnished a battalion of five hundred and twenty men, and received twenty thousand dollars for equipment from the war department. In consenting to deprive themselves of their most vigorous hands, at the time when their youth were either exploring or hiring themselves out, the Mormons made an immense effort, an enormous sacrifice, for which they reasonably hoped their country would be grateful. Three days sufficed to form and equip the sacred battalion, so thoroughly were all animated by the desire to show their devotion to their great and ungrateful Republic. The eagerness reached even to enthusiasm. A farewell ball was given on this occasion in the midst of the prairie, and Brigham Young, on blessing the warriors at their departure, predicted that they would return conquerors without having shed a drop of blood.* The battalion began its march towards the shores of the Pacific Ocean by the route of Santa Fé, whence they proceeded towards Lower California, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Cook, and where they arrived after a most painful march over desert and unknown regions.

---

* Kanesville, or Council Bluffs City, is situate on the left bank of the Missouri. On the right bank, opposite Kanesville, the Mormons had another camping place, which they called Winter Quarters, in memory of having passed the winter of 1846–1847 there.

This affair over, the Mormons went busily to work to ensure the success of the emigration. Some detachments resolved to advance further before the bad season, and left Kanesville, crossing the Missouri on a ferry-boat of their own invention, which was night and day employed in transporting their cattle and their waggons from one bank to the other. Some remained on the banks of the Missouri; others went and established their quarters on the banks of the Petit Papillon. In all their halts, whether long or short, the Saints did not remain idle; it may be even said that they were all the busier for it. While the men worked up old iron again, made waggons, repaired harness, collected fodder, and tanned hides, the women spun, knitted, mended, and made preserves of wild fruits to meet future wants. The administrative arrangements of their camps was throughout admirable, being a sort of military organization. The cattle were tended with almost as much kindness as the children. The line of country through which they had to pass was marked out, and bridges were thrown over the rivers.

---

* The five hundred and twenty Mormons were engaged for a year. They were discharged in July 1847, on the coast of California. Some re-enlisted, the remainder returned to Council Bluffs.

In the midst of these occupations, the Mormons had to undergo very painful trials. In some of the camps, in the beginning of the month of August, they reckoned there were as many as thirty-seven per cent. of their people attacked by fever and a kind of scurvy. This pest was owing to several causes, but mainly to the insalubrity of the spots fixed upon, arising from emanations from the soil, and from damp. Many of these unfortunates died dreaming of the promised land.

The head-quarters of the emigration were still at Kanesville, whence the encampments extended on the other side of the river between the Missouri and the Platte for nearly two hundred miles in advance. The Mormons were preparing to push further westward, in order to pass the winter, when they learned by special couriers, that Nauvoo had been given up to pillage on the 17th of September, and that their brethren of the rear-guard, driven out of the city by violence, were about to join them without provisions or means of conveyance, in almost absolute destitution. This bad news caused a change of plan. They resolved to remain and wait during the winter on the prairie where they had passed some of the summer months. They were fortunately in the country of the Pottawatomies and Omahas, tribes formerly ill-treated by the United States government, and on that account favourably disposed towards the Mormons, whom they looked upon as brethren in misfortune. Among the Omahas at Kanesville the Saints built themselves more than seven hundred huts or houses, as well as a tabernacle, and even fortifications intended to protect them against the Sioux, with whom the hospitable Omahas were at war.* The other emigrants encamped on the land of the Pottawatomies who were in a state of profound peace, had no need of taking any precautions whatever for their safety, having nothing to protect themselves against but the cold.

In other camps, where from want of materials it had not been possible to build habitations, the Mormons dwelt in tents; but when the winter set in rigorously, they were compelled to abandon such insufficient shelter against the frost and to dig caves in the earth. Fearful were the trials of these unhappy creatures, exposed to all the horrors of cold, suffering, and disease; and a great number sank under them. But all these tribulations did not make them hang their harps and trumpets on the willows of the stream like those who sang

> "We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof."

But they were not going captive to Babylon: they were marching, on the contrary, towards a new Zion, where peace, joy, and liberty awaited them. Moreover a revelation allowed them to dance and sing in the midst of their calamities; and the Church music was employed to raise their courage and dispel their grief by daily concerts. A paper was started at Kanesville under the name of the 'Frontier Guardian,' to supply the various encampments at once with news of local interest and with the consolations and encouragements of the apostles.

In spite of whatever alleviation of their sufferings the Saints derived from music and the press, the winter of 1846–1847 was none the less one of the most terrible trials they had hitherto had to pass through. This can easily be conceived. Cast, to the number of fifteen thousand men, women, children, and aged people, in a vast territory traversed only by Indian tribes, having no shelter but their carts or huts hurriedly run up, no food but the scanty store they had brought with them, reduced moreover by disease, privations, and fatigue, disheartened by the constantly recurring spectacle of some dying friend, history records few instances of such calamity. But in spite of all, and thanks, too, to the influence of Brigham Young, to which they submitted as to a species of enchantment, the poor creatures supported their miseries with resignation, and thanked God for having delivered them from the hands of their persecutors.

While the majority of the Mormons emigrated by land, others embarked at New York* to go by way of Cape Horn, California, or Oregon, where they believed the Church would be established. These escaped all the horrors of hunger, cold, fatigue, and disease, to which their brethren were exposed in the midst of the American continent. So we may leave them to their ocean voyage, and return to the borders of Missouri.

---

* Among the vessels which carried the Saints, we may mention the Brooklyn, of 370 tons, freighted by Samuel Brannan, a journeyman printer, who joined the Mormons in 1842, and had been the editor of the 'New York Messenger,' a weekly journal devoted to the interests of the Church. The Brooklyn sailed the 4th of February, 1846, with 236 passengers. It arrived at Honolulu after a five months' voyage, passed a few weeks in the Hawaiian port, and then made sail for California, where it landed its passengers, the 31st of July, on the banks of the Yerba Buena, a small village which has since become, as if by enchantment, the city of San Francisco. The Saints remained some time on the shores of the Pacific, and joined the brethren at the Salt Lake at a later period. Samuel Brannan, renouncing his faith, remained in California, where his speculations at first proved unfortunate; but soon after the discovery of gold, he became more successful, and acquired a fortune, estimated at about £80,000 a year, to which, no doubt, he is indebted for his appointment as senator of the State.

Winter passed away. The spring of 1847, while it brought back the flowers to the prairies, shed a balm upon all wounds, opened all hearts to hope, and restored all arms to labour. On the 14th of April, Brigham Young and eight apostles, at the head of a hundred and forty-three picked men and seventy carts laden with grain and agricultural implements, started in search of Eden in the far-west.

Upon quitting Council Bluffs, these bold pioneers followed the basin of the Platte, nearly along the trail left by Fremont in 1842. They traversed those immense plains which have no tenant but the bison,—erroneously called buffalo in the United States,—the antelope, the cayote, and grouse, where scarcely any other plant is found but the *Artemisia* (Sage-bush), and where the surface of the soil is frequently covered with an alkaline crust; they next traversed the wild and snowed-up defiles of the Rocky Mountains, rounding Fremont's Peak, and making their way subsequently across the deserts of Utah, encountering a thousand difficulties, of which the worst was crossing rivers. In the desert they carefully investigated all the natural resources of the country, and more especially occupied themselves with finding out water, wood, and pasturage, things of immediate necessity on account of their rarity in that part of the continent. Even science had its demands on these intrepid adventurers; an ingenious odometer was attached to one of the waggons;

and careful notes taken of the distances. A guide-book was also compiled for the use of those who might have to go the same journey. Orson Pratt the apostle, a man of scientific acquirements, ascertained the latitudes and longitudes, registered the variations of temperature, and calculated altitudes by the barometer. Facts though seemingly insignificant, all phenomena even the least striking, were recorded with the same exactness as the most remarkable occurrences and the most extraordinary events.* Nothing was omitted in the journal of the caravan, and the minutest geographical details were more especially recorded.

The 23rd of July, 1847, Orson Pratt, escorted by a small advanced guard, was the first to reach the Great Salt Lake. He was joined the following day by Brigham Young and the main body of the pioneers. That day, the 24th of July, was destined to be afterwards celebrated by the Mormons as the anniversary of their deliverance. After a journey of nearly a thousand miles across an unknown country, these bold pioneers arrived in a state of exhaustion, but priding themselves on not having lost a single man, and animated by the prospect of gathering in autumn a late harvest from the seed which they at once set about sowing.

---

* Near the Sweetwater, in the basin of the Platte, was discovered a lake containing a solution of borax, and another lake filled with *saleratus*, which was collected for making bread. Good bituminous coal was found on the Platte and Green River. The poisonous nature of certain springs was ascertained, and some notice of the fact was left for the benefit of future travellers.

Brigham Young declared, by divine inspiration, that they were to establish themselves upon the borders of the Salt Lake, in this region, which was nobody's property, and wherein consequently his people could follow their religion without drawing upon themselves the hatred of any neighbours. He spent several weeks in ascertaining the nature of the country, and then fixed upon a site for the holy city. He divided the land destined for the city into four parts, each containing ten acres; determined on the width and direction of the streets, and marked out the spot suitable for the temple and the public squares. When he had thus laid the foundations of his future empire, he set off on his return to Council Bluffs, leaving on the borders of the Salt Lake the greater portion of the companions who had followed him in his distant search.

During the summer, a convoy of five hundred and sixty-six waggons, laden with large quantities of grain, left Kanesville and followed upon the tracks of the pioneers. This little army of emigrants pushed forward in perfect order, in accordance with a model system of organization. They made bridges, and ferry-boats to cross the rivers. Women took a share in the work; they drove the waggons while the men were engaged in more arduous labours. When from the summit of the mountains the azure bosom of the Salt Lake was first discovered, they gazed upon it in ecstasy. On their arrival at the spot indicated by the president of the Church, they set to work without a moment's repose. Land was tilled, trees and hedges planted, and grain sown before the coming frost.

About the same time, a portion of the Mormon battalion, which was returning, as Brigham had predicted, victorious, without having lost a drop of blood, placed itself at the head of those of its brethren coming by the way of the Sandwich Islands and California, to join the first settlers of Utah. The ground was everywhere cleared, fortifications thrown up against the Indians, and temporary shelters raised, in which to pass the first winter on the borders of the Great Lake, that second Dead Sea of a second Judea.

Meantime Brigham Young and his escort, after repelling several attacks of the Sioux who stole some of their horses, and being compelled to hunt the bison and antelope on their way to make up for their deficiency of provisions, arrived at Kanesville the 31st of October, 1847, where they found the main body of the Mormons, who were impatiently awaiting the order of the Church to strike their camp. Immediate preparations were made to ensure every one the means of being able, the ensuing year, to quit the Missouri and cross the Rocky Mountains.

On the 23rd of December, 1847, the twelve apostles addressed from Council Bluffs a long and stirring epistle to all the Saints throughout the world. Therein they narrated the principal occurrences since the expulsion from Nauvoo, the sufferings of the people during the emigration, and the proofs of patriotism given to the federal government. The borders of the Salt Lake were therein indicated as the site of the new Zion. The resources and disadvantages of the new locality were summarily pointed out. The Saints were requested to hasten their departure as much as possible, and to take with them everything which might prove of utility in a desert country, such as seed of every species, tools of all kinds, scientific and practical books, specimens of everything peculiar to each country to form a museum, paper for printing purposes, etc. etc. The Saints were urged to be virtuous, and the gentiles, to whatever religion they belonged, were invited to come to Salt Lake, upon the sole condition of their being respectable and believing in Jesus Christ. "It matters not," said the epistle, "whether a man's religious persuasion be this or that; provided he bend the knee to Jesus, and confess that he is the Christ, that he do what is right, and maintain the laws established for the regulation of the settlement, we will hail him as a brother, and will be to him what he is to us; for his religion is a matter between his own soul and God alone. Our universal device is: 'Peace with God, and goodwill towards all men.'" The apostles also announced that the hierarchy of the Church would be re-established upon the same footing as in Joseph's time. Finally, the epistle contained this remarkable paragraph respecting the submission of the Mormons to the United States government:—"We intend to petition, as soon as circumstances will admit, for the formation of a territorial government, in the Great Basin" (which was the name then given to the land of Utah). This shows that the Mormons did not dream of separating from the United States, although the position of the spot they had chosen admitted of their aspiring to independence.

The day after this epistle was signed, Brigham Young was, at a conference held at Kanesville, proclaimed first President of the Church, Prophet, Revelator, and Seer. He appointed H. C. Kimball and Willard Richards as Councillors of the Presidency. The people, with one voice, confirmed all these appointments, and Brigham was thus placed officially at the head of the Church, of which he had been virtually the leader since the death of the founder. This election was moreover solemnly ratified in the general conference held at Kanesville the 6th of April, 1848.

Winter passed swiftly away amid the preparations made for the general emigration. The harvest, which had been gathered in the preceding autumn at all points where the emigrants had stopped on the borders of Missouri and the Platte, turned out very good; it had amply sufficed for their nourishment, and enough grain remained to supply their wants on the journey. They were thus enabled to set out with the certainty of not wanting those things most necessary for existence. About the 1st of May, 1848, the Mormons began to leave the Missouri in long trains in the direction of the Salt Lake. They took with them all their cattle, their implements of husbandry, and the materials necessary for the trades they intended to carry on in the Eden they were seeking. They however left at Kanesville and in the vicinity a certain number of pious families, so as to keep a post to serve as a means of communication and a halting-place for the emigrants they expected from Europe and elsewhere.

The principal body of the emigrants, having at its head the new prophet (Brigham Young), arrived on the borders of the Salt Lake during the course of the autumn, and were received by their brethren, four thousand in number, who had arrived there the preceding year. These first settlers had already performed immense works, and proved the fallacy of the opinions of those trappers who had predicted that a settlement could never be established in a country which they considered unfitted for agriculture. Harassed as they were by their long and painful journey across plains, mountains, and deserts, they had at once applied themselves to work, and had cleared and sown as much land as possible in the autumn of 1847.* The extreme mildness of the winter gave the intrepid settlers an opportunity of clearing the land and erecting habitations; but owing to this warm temperature, favourable in some respects, myriads of locusts, which the Americans call *crickets*, began to swarm, and spreading over the country like a cloud, threatened to devour the crops in the summer of 1848.

---

* They had planted large quantities of potatoes, and sown about two thousand bushels of corn.

Being unable to do anything else to get rid of this horrible plague, they had recourse to prayer, when, fortunately for them and for their crops, appeared prodigious flights of pretty gulls (*Larus*), white as snow, which rising from the islets of the Salt Lake, pursued and devoured the destructive insects; and thus the coming harvest escaped total destruction. The Mormons saw in the seasonable apparition of the gulls, a direct intervention of Providence, and they glorified God for it. It was prohibited under the severest penalties to kill or drive away these charming and useful birds, which had so successfully contributed to destroy the messengers of destruction and death.*

Although checked by the intervention of the gulls, the ravages of these insects had nevertheless considerably diminished the bright prospect of the harvest of 1848. When Brigham Young arrived in autumn with his thousands of disciples, he at once saw that the produce on which he had relied would be insufficient for their wants. There was every reason to fear a terrible famine, and to ward it off as much as possible, it was resolved to put everybody on short allowance. The inventory made in February showed that there remained no more than twelve ounces of corn per day each until the 5th of July, 1849, the estimated time for harvest. The first six months of the year were thus necessarily very trying. The winter, moreover, did not resemble the last: it set in early, and was so severe that the snow everywhere covered the ground from one to three feet in depth. Surprised by the early arrival of the bad season, many of the rear-guard of the emigrants found themselves destitute of fuel or shelter. This was a terrible trial coming after so many others, and when they believed they had reached a place of rest and happiness. Many of the Saints might be seen scattered over the surrounding country competing with the Indians for a few roots or wild plants. In company with the Utahs, they searched the earth for bulbs* to eat.

---

* The locust or cricket of Utah (*Œdipoda corallipes*, Haldemans) is a species very much resembling the French. The Mormons, in their simple and picturesque descriptions, say, that these insects are the produce of a cross between the spider and the buffalo. The American buffalo or bison no longer existed in Utah at the period of the arrival of the Mormons, although from the accounts of Indians then living, there were droves still in existence, as well as deer, in 1820. At the present day the bison has been driven back to the plains between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi, where droves are to be seen in such vast numbers, that, *mirabile dictu*, they have been known to be three days getting out of sight. I believe that it may be affirmed, that there is not now a solitary specimen of the great bison west of the Rocky Mountains.

To console the Saints in their misery and to reward their perseverance, the harvest of 1849 was abundant. The locusts indeed threatened to renew the havoc of the preceding year, but the gulls appeared in time to prevent any great mischief. Another piece of good fortune, which, however, contained within itself elements of destruction that might have been fatal to the new settlement, now occurred. Some brethren of the sacred battalion, who had remained in California after the expiration of their engagement, and had hired their services to Captain Sutter, were fortunate enough while digging out a trench for a saw-mill on the banks of Rio de los Americanos, near Sacramento, in Nueva Helvetia, to find* that the Californian soil abounded in gold. They came in 1849, to join their brethren at Salt Lake, after having obtained a considerable quantity of the precious metal, which they presented to the Church. Brigham Young coined it into money, and the depreciated notes of the Kirtland Bank rose to par, thus realizing to the letter one of the prophecies of Joseph, which said that a time would come when his notes would be as valuable as gold.

---

* These bulbous roots were principally those of the *Calochortus luteus* of Douglas, a liliaceous plant, called by the Indians *Sigo*, which grows plentifully in the valleys of Utah, where it flowers in spring.

In spite of that, the discovery of the Californian placers was a terrible test for the infant colony of Utah. On the arrival of the fortunate gold-seekers there was but one cry among the Saints,—"To the mines!" Brigham Young, however, succeeded in keeping down the enthusiasm and in retaining his disciples. Some certainly went, but they were desired to remain in California, and not to return to the new Jerusalem. "Gold," says a circular of the Church, "is fitted to pave streets with, to roof houses, and make plate. The treasures of the earth are in the storehouse of the Lord; raise grain, build cities, and God will do the rest." The voice of Brigham was generally listened to, and the young colony escaped the danger of dissolution. The future, from that time, assumed a calm and even glowing aspect. Difficulties were overcome, dangers turned aside. The city extended according to the plan traced by Brigham Young, in the spot selected by him on the right bank of a small stream, the Jordan, which discharges the waters of Lake Utah into the Great Salt Lake.

---

* It is well known that the discovery of gold in California, a discovery which electrified the world, is owing to the Mormons. It is generally believed that one James W. Marshall was the first to find gold-dust, in January 1848, while making a cutting intended to supply the mill with water.

The country which the Mormons had thus taken possession of, and their right to which no one ever dreamed of disputing, unless perhaps some Indian tribes, offered but few resources in itself; and the occasional trappers who had visited it had long since, as we have already said, predicted that a numerous settlement would certainly starve there. But the new settlers thought otherwise, and set to work demonstrating once again that nothing can resist man's will. Near the vast salt plains which covered, to a great extent, their new territory, existed smaller plains which produced grasses and brushwood. The plough could furrow it, and everything showed that grain would thrive. Fresh water, at the first glance, seemed absolutely deficient; but an attentive research led to the discovery among the mountains of numerous rivulets which might be utilized for the irrigation of the plains. At the foot of the mountains even, gentle slopes, covered with grass, presented soil fit for agriculture. In the heart of the mountains were openings accessible to cattle, and rich in pasturage. Everything was turned to account, and the face of the country changed, as by a miracle, under the energetic labour imposed upon the new proprietors by necessity, and stimulated by the spur of faith. What principally was deficient in Utah was timber for building and firing; the plains were as bare of it as the mountains; but it was to be found in narrow valleys, some distance off, and difficult of access. It consisted principally of pine, fir of different kinds, maple, poplar, willow, and oak. With perseverance and determination they contrived to reach it, by roads made in the hollows of the valleys, and by bridges thrown over the rivers. The thing itself was there; time alone was required to reach it, and the indomitable activity of the Mormons did not shrink from the trouble it occasioned them. Other building materials existed in abundance; so that handsome and convenient houses sprang up on all sides, some built of granite, others of stone, and others even of adobes.

The plain in which the foundations of the Great Salt Lake City were thus laid, is traversed by the Jordan and by streams of fresh-water. Cultivation was soon commenced, and enough pasturage remained in the vicinity to rear cattle at the very gates of the capital. The lake supplied salt in endless quantity, which was a great advantage at such a distance from the sea. There were plenty of birds that were fit to eat. Coal, iron, and sulphur, which were soon discovered, gave evidence that the country afforded the elements necessary for the existence of a large community. The climate of Utah is healthy and temperate. The winter, occasionally somewhat severe, is generally of short duration, and the spring, summer, and autumn, are almost invariably beautiful. With its pure and clear sky, and its mild temperature, it is probably one of the finest climates to be found in the latitude in which it is situate. It seems as if one breathed more freely in these mountains and plains, and as if the purity of the atmosphere were enough for happiness. Moreover the country would be all the more agreeable to these poor emigrants, from their feeling themselves its lawful proprietors by the right of first occupancy, and having nothing to pay for it. What contributed to render it even dearer to them was, that they felt themselves by their isolation safe from all persecution, and could breathe freely there as upon a sacred and unassailable spot. Thus, proud and happy, the Mormons strove to derive from the country they had thus conquered by their energy, all that was desirable and possible. They literally changed its face, and turned a desert uninhabited from the beginning of the world, into the dwelling-place of a thriving nation. Mechanical labour of all kinds, combined with agriculture in developing the physical well-being of the people. They were still obliged to obtain many things from the United States, but a thousand different trades were already carried on in the capital, and gave room to hope that at no remote period they would be able to satisfy the demand.

The cultivation of flowers was not forgotten. Orchards too were promptly planted; and it was not long before pear, apple, apricot, peach, plum, cherry, and gooseberry trees were in full bearing, yielding the finest fruit, a phenomenon, a really wonderful sight, in a country almost utterly deficient in natural vegetation.

The havoc caused by the locusts in 1848, and the severe trials which had resulted from it, did not recur in 1849, when the harvest was most abundant, thanks to the beneficent gluttony of the gulls, those beautiful birds of a bountiful God, as the Saints called them. The anxiety which harassed the colony that year was of another description; it arose from the hostility of the Indians, which however they had foreseen. On their arrival, they had been met in a very friendly way by a chief of the Utahs, Wakara, surnamed Joseph Walker, and by his brother Arapine. However, in the beginning of 1849, constant maraudings indicated a change of feeling. They were compelled to resort to force, and after a fight or two, comparatively bloodless, victory, proving favourable to the colonists, for a time kept them quiet. However, towards the end of the year the antipathy of the Indians broke out again, showing itself in [illegible]re serious acts, principally directed against the establish[illegible]ents which the Saints had formed to the south of the capital. First the cattle disappeared wholesale in consequence of depredations organized on a large scale; soon after, arrows were shot at the settlers while at work in the fields. Negotiations were tried in vain; every means of conciliation attempted, utterly failed. Brigham Young and the heads of the Church were loath to have recourse to violence to repel the savages; but the latter took for weakness and fear the reluctance to proceed to extremities with them, and plundered more daringly. Ultimately it became necessary to have recourse to arms. Brigham raised a troop of a hundred men under the command of General D. H. Wells. This little force marched against the Indian hordes, who were firmly entrenched on the borders of Timpanogos, and quite ready to fight it out. Protected by their position, and hidden among the bushes, the Indian position at first appeared impregnable. They were soon, however, driven from their position and pursued into the mountains around Lake Utah. This was in the month of February 1850; the lake was frozen, and more than one engagement between the mounted men on either side took place on the ice. The war, which was soon over, was not very murderous; the Mormons had but one man killed, five wounded, and seven horses killed. On the other hand, the Indians had thirty killed, including several of their principal chiefs, besides fifteen horses; sixty-three of them were made prisoners. So great a difference in the result of the contest convinced the Indians of their inferiority, and they agreed to a treaty of peace. The Mormons having found that their enemies made use of fire-arms, at once interdicted, under the severest penalties, the sale of guns, ammunition, and even liquor.

Tranquillity in this respect was restored by the peace thus obtained. They soon afterwards learned that the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, concluded in 1848 between Mexico and the United States, ceded to the government of the Union all New California, which comprised Utah. The unfortunate Mormons thus found themselves, once more, without their knowledge, settled on American territory. They at first thought little about it, as can readily be understood, when it is borne in mind that already, in 1847, in one of his circulars, Brigham started the idea of praying Congress to permit the annexation of the territory.

However, although Utah now formed part of the possessions of the United States, the federal government was in no hurry to organize its administration. Fortunately for the Mormons, an immense majority of the new residents in Utah belonged to the same religious creed, so that they allowed themselves to be governed by their ecclesiastical leaders. But they soon became desirous of having a civil government. To satisfy this wish, all citizens residing in Upper California, east of the Sierra Nevada, were convoked to Great Salt Lake City the 5th of March, 1849, to form a convention for the purpose of deliberating on the propriety of forming the country into a Territory or a State.

The convention took place, and on the 18th of March nominated a committee of ten members to frame a constitution for the new State, which they had resolved to call Deseret. They quickly came to an understanding, and the 15th of March the draft of a constitution was completed and adopted. It was therein declared that a provisional government had been established under the name of the State of Deseret, with legislative, executive, and judicial powers. Brigham was elected Governor, and in that capacity took the oath of fidelity to the constitution of the United States.

The 2nd of July, 1849, the legislative assembly met for the first time, and resolved that A. W. Babbitt should at once be despatched to Washington, to submit the proposed constitution to the federal Congress for its approval, resting its application on the imposing number of the citizens who claimed its admission into the Union as a State. The Mormon delegate further received instructions to beg Congress, in the event of its being averse to the formation of a new State, to grant, according to its pleasure and wisdom, such form of civil government as it might deem advisable.

About the end of August 1849, Captain Howard Stansbury arrived in the new Zion to make, by the order of the federal government, a topographical survey of the valley of the Great Salt Lake. The Mormons who, from what they had heard of this expedition, supposed its object was to register their lands for the purpose of obliging them to pay for what they considered themselves lawfully entitled to, were at first very much disposed to give the commanding officer of the expedition a rough reception. However, the considerate manner in which he treated them, soon changed their intentions, and Mr. Stansbury had every reason to be satisfied with the proofs of goodwill and assistance he received from the Mormons during the whole period of his service.

The emigrants from Europe and the States who were hurrying on in quest of Californian gold, over the Rocky Mountains and by the borders of the Salt Lake, either disposed for a mere trifle of the goods they brought with them, or else exchanged them for fresh meat and vegetables, on the most advantageous terms for the Mormons, so that prosperity seemed to be completely restored to them; in point of fact, never since their existence as a sect, had they been in a more thriving condition. An official journal was now published, called 'The Deseret News,' the first number of which appeared on the 15th of June, 1850.

The legislature framed laws providing for all the exigencies of the country, and proceeded in a regular way, just as if it were acting in the name of a formally recognized State. The federal Congress kept them a long time in suspense. It was not until the 9th of September, 1850, that President Fillmore gave his assent to an Act of Congress by which the self-styled State of Deseret was reduced to the rank of a territory, under the name of the Territory of Utah. The Mormons were the more especially disgusted, inasmuch as the Act, while it contracted the limits they had assigned to their State, deprived them of the seaboard of the Pacific. Nor were they less annoyed at seeing California raised into a State, although its population was considerably less than that of Utah. They were, however, soon consoled for these disappointments on hearing that Brigham Young had, at the recommendation of Colonel Kane, been nominated Governor of the new territory and Chief Agent of Indian affairs, with a salary of five hundred pounds a year for the two offices. The federal government had, moreover, allotted four thousand pounds for the construction of a State House. Finally, by the act of Congress, Utah was to receive the same privileges and regulations as other Territories.

Brigham Young took the oaths as Governor on the 3rd of February, 1851, and, on the 26th of March in that year, he published, in a special message to the General Assembly of the Provisional State of Deseret, the federal Act organizing the Territory of Utah. The 5th of April this Assembly was dissolved, to make way for the territorial government.

Thus the Mormons, without having altogether reached the acme of their desires, became in some respects a sovereign people, with their prophet as civil governor; a most signal favour after so many reverses, and which, to a great extent, consoled them for not having completely succeeded in obtaining the political status which was the object of their ambition and most eager desires. We shall in the next chapter see how they fared under their new territorial organization.

CHAPTER V.

FROM THE ORGANIZATION OF THE TERRITORY OF UTAH TO THE PRESENT DAY. 1851–1859.

FLIGHT OF THE FEDERAL OFFICERS.—PROGRESS OF THE SETTLEMENT AND OF THE SECT.—DIFFICULTIES WITH THE UTAH INDIANS.—MORE LOCUSTS.—COLONEL STEPTOE.—THE POLICY OF BRIGHAM YOUNG TOWARDS THE INDIANS.—JUDGE DRUMMOND.—HIS REPORTS AGAINST THE MORMONS.—ARMED EXPEDITION AGAINST UTAH.—BRIGHAM'S PROCLAMATION.—PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.—GOVERNOR CUMMING.—MEMORIAL TO THE PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS.—COLONEL KANE.—THE STORM DISPERSES.—THE STATE OF AFFAIRS AFTER THE QUARREL.—SEPARATION OF CARSON VALLEY.—PORTRAIT OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.

THE star which the Mormons had hoped to place upon the flag of the Union as representing the State of Deseret, was not yet to glitter there; Utah had first to serve its apprenticeship as a Territory. Although this was a disappointment to them, they were yet able to congratulate themselves upon being the sole occupants of the new territory, and they easily made up their minds to wait till the future should bring them that more complete independence which is the privilege of a State alone.

An incident altogether unforeseen, was, about the commencement of September, nearly leading to a collision between the Saints and the federal government, whose officers had now, for some weeks past, been discharging their functions. One of them, Mr. Perry E. Brocchus, a Judge of the Supreme Court, had the folly, in a speech which he made at one of the half-yearly conferences of the Saints, to insult the citizens of Utah, and to impeach the virtue of their wives. Brigham Young warmly refuted the calumnious insinuations of the magistrate, and requested him to retract his words. The Judge declined; but, becoming alarmed at the idea of Brigham's anger, he thought fit to take himself off at once. The chief justice and the secretary of state accompanied him in his flight, carrying off with them the twenty-four thousand dollars which Congress had allotted for the salaries of the members of the legislature. On arriving at Washington, the deserters, to palliate their conduct, did not fail to lay before the President most hostile reports respecting the administration of Brigham Young. The affair was serious, but luckily the public saw through these reports, got up to justify their misconduct, and their authors were bitterly ridiculed for having abandoned their posts. The Government, irritated at first, at length sent other officers to replace them, and the storm passed over.

The legislature of Utah opened its first session the 22nd of September, 1851. Among its first acts, it legalized and admitted as territorial laws the enactments made by the Provisional State of Deseret, and resolved that Fillmore, a small town situate in the south, on the route to California, should be the capital and seat of government of the Territory of Utah.

About the same time, the President of the Apostles addressed his sixth general epistle to the Saints throughout all the world. Brigham therein gave an account of the position of affairs at Deseret, tendered his advice thereon, and, without blinding himself as to the nature of certain difficulties, showed distinctly enough how favourably he thought of their future prospects.

And, indeed, all prospered in this new Zion. The population visibly increased, and conversions were incessant.* Numerous settlements were springing up around the central establishment. By the end of 1851, a railway was in the course of construction, intended to unite the town with the mountain; and the Hall of the Seventy, the tithe storehouse, and the workshops intended for the construction of the temple,[*] were in progress. The tabernacle erected in the midst of the square of the temple-block, was already far advanced. A pottery had been established to supply the wants of the community. Carding-machines were in operation on all sides; flour and saw mills were scattered in considerable numbers on all the streams in the vicinity. Tanneries, lime-kilns, all sorts of machines and manufacturing works, were daily starting up. It was proposed to bring over from France workmen skilled in the manufacture of sugar from beet-root, that plant being most successfully raised on the soil of Utah.[†] A postal service was established, communicating monthly with the Atlantic States and with California.

---

* England especially supplied a considerable number. At the end of 1851, the registers of the Liverpool presidency numbered 32,894 Mormons. So great was the emigration movement from different parts of the world, that it became necessary to think of means to facilitate it. Brigham Young for this purpose formed an aid society under the name of the PERPETUAL EMIGRATING FUND COMPANY. This aid society, established in 1849 and actually incorporated at the end of 1850, in the outset raised but little funds, but it was not long before it received considerable impetus, and is still in existence, spite of the calls upon it within the last year or two. Those who avail themselves of its help for the journey to the Salt Lake, bind themselves to repay the advances made to them, either in labour or in any other shape, so soon as their means admit of their so doing. The means of emigration and the road they must follow, are pointed out to them, and they are superintended by agents who act according to circumstances.

Nor were intellectual and moral requirements less thought of than material wants. Schools were opened in all parts. A public library was founded, thanks to the liberality of Congress, which devoted a sum of £1000 for that purpose. A printing-office was in operation, producing various publications daily. Several settlements even began to rise in the midst of the plains.[‡] They already enjoyed a regular municipal legislation. Finally, the whole country had been divided into counties, to which had been assigned clearly defined limits.

---

[*] To forward the works at the temple, the faithful were urgently requested to pay tithe punctually, which, by a revelation now of old standing, was fixed at a tenth of the capital of each man on his admission into the Church, and afterwards, at a tenth of his annual revenue.

[†] A beet-root has been grown measuring thirty-one inches in diameter.

[‡] The Mormons also founded in California, on the frontiers of Utah,

The activity of the Mormons, so remarkable in their new settlements, was displayed with equal ardour in other countries in the advancement of their faith. Their missionaries were scattered in all directions,—in Europe, in Asia, in America, in Africa, in Tahiti, in the Hawaiian Archipelago (where, in the commencement of 1851, they had baptized two hundred and fourteen natives in the island of Maui alone), in Iceland, in Italy, in China, in Japan. They had some even in France. John Taylor, and especially Curtis Bolton, sought to make proselytes in Paris; they secretly spread their doctrines there, and translated and printed the Book of Mormon in French. But France did not appear to be a soil fitted for the seed of the new doctrine, which did not find in that country the free air of America and of England, nor even the chances of success it met with in countries less free. Lorenzo Snow, who journeyed through France in January 1852, writes that nowhere in the world did the preaching of the gospel meet with so

towards the end of 1851, an important establishment under the name of San Bernardino. They purchased at that spot over a hundred thousand acres of excellent land, which they at once brought into cultivation. In founding this establishment, the Mormon chiefs had principally in view the assisting of emigrants who might come from Europe by California; another object was to settle in that spot the Saints from warmer countries, who might be distressed by the severe winters at the Salt Lake.

many difficulties, and that nowhere else did it experience so much discouragement. He did not however despair of the future; but the present was hardly inviting, and he draws a sad picture of it. "In passing through this country," says he, "and in sounding the feeling of the people in my communications with its inhabitants, my heart bleeds to contemplate the dark, frightful, bloodstained destiny of this nation, and the chastisement which threatens it. The blood of hundreds is scarcely washed from off its pavements; the death-rattle of the dying is barely hushed, and the tears of widows and orphans are yet flowing. . . . France is nevertheless a sweet country; one can hardly wish to live in a finer climate; but, side by side with this, what darkens the picture is the number of poor women exposed to working in the open air at various occupations too severe for their sex."

In spite of this, the progress elsewhere was considerable, and the general prosperity brilliant. John Smith, the patriarch,* Joseph's uncle, said,—"Our work, twenty years since, was but a grain of mustard-seed; now it is a mighty forest, under which the birds of heaven can repose."

Brigham Young, proud of these successes, in a large measure owing to his administration, wished to return thanks to the Lord; and on the 19th of December, 1851, ordained that the 1st of January following should be a day of public thanksgiving, to offer up praise to God, and to thank him for the blessings he had showered upon his people. In the proclamation which fixed the thanksgiving-day occurs the following passage:—"Follow my advice until you arrive at one of those days of Kolob, that planet which is nearest the dwelling-place of the Eternal Father, where the day is of the length of a thousand of our years."

---

* This aged patriarch, the uncle and successor of Hyrum, died the 23rd of May, 1854. John Smith the younger, the son of Hyrum, succeeded him on the 18th of February, 1855.

The blessings of the Lord, to use the language of Brigham, continued through 1852. Trade increased daily. A manufactory of nails and cutlery was established, wherein they employed iron obtained in the country. The construction of a mill for the production of beet-root sugar was commenced. Grapes were gathered from the vines planted on their arrival three years previously. Cotton-planting was tried and succeeded. Roads were made. The building of the State House at Fillmore was begun.

The winter had been mild and pleasant, and in spite of the hail and rains which had succeeded the summer, the harvest was good. Provisions of all kinds were abundant.* The payment of the tithe was made without the least difficulty.† Trade was so flourishing, that in the six months preceding October 1852, the inhabitants had purchased £60,000 of goods imported from the United States, and principally from St. Louis. Towards the end of 1852, the population of Utah had reached the number of thirty thousand inhabitants.* And emigration still continued! Emigrants from Europe arrived in considerable numbers.† In the month of June, Curtis E. Bolton, who lived upon dry bread and water in Paris, had baptized fifteen French, at 282, Rue Saint-Honoré, in that capital of the civilized world. Nearly ten thousand Saints arrived in Utah during the course of the year 1852. At the same time Brigham did not forget the moral wants of his people. Some of the Saints gave lessons in astronomy to their brethren; the laws made during the year were printed and brought within every man's knowledge. The Indians had now acknowledged the superiority of the pale-faces; several even had been baptized, and the Shoshonès had concluded a treaty with the formidable tribe of the Utahs.

---

* The Mormons had no difficulty in finding means for the sale or exchange of their produce. The territory was crossed during the summer by thousands of persons attracted by Californian gold, and who laid in a fresh stock of provisions at the Salt Lake.

† The revenues which the Church drew from tithes had increased from the 6th of November, 1848, to the 27th of March, 1852, to close upon £8000.

Proud of this prosperity, the Mormons enthusiastically celebrated the fifth anniversary of their arrival at the Salt Lake; and Brigham Young now believed that the people had been sufficiently tried to enable him without danger to publish the revelation made to Joseph Smith the 12th of June, 1843, on the subject of polygamy. This celebrated revelation was openly published in the month of September, 1852.

---

* At this period Great Salt Lake City comprised seven thousand souls.

† During this year several Saints from England traversed the plains, and crossed the Rocky Mountains to reach the Salt Lake, wheeling their luggage and provisions in hand-barrows.

The year 1853 had begun: the 14th of February the President of the Church performed the solemn consecration of the spot destined for the temple, the construction of which had been decided upon at the last general conference. Brigham on this occasion, from a light waggon, pronounced a discourse full of fire and unction, wherein, among other things, he urged the necessity of constructing a temple to God, although no revelation had been received upon the subject, while at Nauvoo Joseph had relied upon a special revelation. It was not God either who had bestowed the model of the new temple, but the architect Truman O. Angel, aided by the suggestions of Brigham, who moreover added, that if any respectable person had improvements to suggest to the proposed plan, they would be eagerly received and adopted. And, from that time, two hundred workmen were employed upon the construction of the sacred edifice.

It was not a spectacle devoid of interest, this of a settlement taking root in a region hitherto a wilderness, and amid moral conditions of an entirely new and somewhat singular character, giving themselves up to that headlong activity which is so conspicuous in the race that has civilized America. At all events, it is a real pleasure to us to follow step by step, and, as it were, day by day, the progress of a society in all respects so eccentric and novel in its efforts and its success.

The year 1853 was neither less actively nor less wisely employed than the preceding. The machine for the manufacture of beet-root sugar, so long expected, had arrived,* and was at once at work. Manufactures of woollens and beaver hats were established. It was proposed to breed crabs, lobsters, and oysters in the Great Salt Lake. The Social Hall was opened and inaugurated the 1st of January, and dramatic representations were soon after given there. In February the Agricultural Society of Deseret was instituted, and the foundations of the University were laid. A commission appointed to form a code of laws at once began its work. A militia was organized; at the time of its formation it consisted of two thousand men. An arsenal and an establishment for warm baths, commenced the preceding year, were built and got ready. The winter was severe; in spring and summer there were great floods, which interfered with the arrival of the mails for some time; but these proved less obstacles than stimulants to the activity of the people.

More serious dangers approached towards the middle of the year. The Indians, for some time tranquil, recommenced hostilities at several points. The chief Wakara, better known by the Americanized name of Walker, and his two brothers, Arapine and Ammon, began, about the month of July, to harass the outlying settlements of the Mormons. They murdered an inoffensive man, fired upon others, whom fortunately they did not injure, stole cattle and horses, and attacked the forts of the settlements. Brigham thought it necessary to have recourse to arms. He proclaimed war, and at once despatched a hundred and fifty men to the scene of action, commanded the colonists to build forts at all their settlements, and began to construct the walls of Great Salt Lake City, which was to be twelve feet high and seven miles long, and to be surrounded by a ditch. This war, to which, as it was afterwards ascertained, the Indians had been urged by the Mexicans, was of no great duration. Hostilities relaxed towards the end of the year, and Wakara sued for peace. The Mormons lost but twelve men.*

---

* This machine cost the Mormons, delivered in Utah, nearly £20,000.

The two succeeding years, 1854 and 1855, were as fruitful as the preceding ones, and brought fresh elements of prosperity to the settlements, which, at the end of 1853, had been increased by ten thousand emigrants. The cultivation of flax and hemp was introduced, a paper manufactory was established, a road was commenced intended to extend to California, towards which Government had contributed 25,000 dollars.* The Endowment House was finished. The block reserved for the temple was entirely walled in. The house and offices of the Historian of the Church were completed in the autumn, as well as the Court House, the Bowery, the Warden House, and the Penitentiary. Brigham, who had real property of the value of 200,000 dollars, was building a new palace. Bridger's Ranch was purchased in the name of the Church. During the year 1855, over five thousand emigrants arrived at Salt Lake;† three thousand at the expense of the Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company. A taste for study was encouraged; a grammar of several Indian dialects was published; and the acquisition of foreign languages, of which several were already spoken in society, was greatly in favour. A friendly and social feeling was spreading. A Philharmonic Society was founded, as also the Polysophical Society, the Universal Scientific Society, the Deseret Theological Institute, and the Horticultural Society of the State of Deseret.

---

* It was at this time, and during this hostile movement of the Indians, that Captain T. W. Gunnison, of the corps of Topographical Engineers, sent by the Federal Government to Utah, perished. He was massacred the 26th of October, 1853, at six in the morning, by the Indians, on the borders of Sevier River, about twenty miles to the north of Lake Sevier. Eight of his companions met the same fate; among others, the botanist Creutzfeldt. Gunnison fell pierced by twenty arrows. The notes, instruments, cattle, and all the baggage, remained in the hands of the Indians. Four persons only escaped. The unfortunate men were surprised at breakfast. In vain Captain Gunnison stated he was the friend of the Indians; he was not listened to; they were bent on revenge. Some emigrants on their way to California had, during their journey, killed one Pahvant Indian and wounded two others. It was solely to this cause that Gunnison and his companions owed the savage attack of the Indians. The remains of the unfortunate explorers were partially destroyed by wolves; one of Gunnison's arms and both of Creutzfeldt's were devoured. Subsequently, a part of the notes and of the instruments belonging to these enlightened engineers, whose death was a loss to science, was recovered.

---

* This road was never completed, from want of funds.

† Natives of India and Australia, recently converted, came and settled at San Bernardino, in the autumn of 1855.

Balls were given in winter, to which the American officers were invited.

The year 1855 was not favourable towards the close. The locusts, despite the gulls, had ravaged everything, even the young trees; and the potatoes had been attacked by a destructive insect. The summer had been unusually dry, and everything was parched up. Famine was imminent; in the month of July flour was sold at eight dollars the hundred pounds.* Fortunately there was some relief. The locusts had destroyed the first crops, but their ravages having occurred in the early part of the year, there was yet time to sow maize and plant root-crops, so as in autumn to get wherewithal to carry them on, with economy, until the harvest of 1856.

Meanwhile the relations of Utah with the federal government were on a pretty good footing, and hardly anything more could be desired on that score. The Honourable Mr. Read, Chief Justice of Utah, rendered good account, in his correspondence, of those within his jurisdiction, of the morality of their women, and frequently did not disguise either his admiration for, or sympathy with, them. The federal government, on its part, in return for services received, and principally for expenses incurred in the war against the Indians, allotted the Territory of Utah

---

* Amid all these trials, a miraculous circumstance, if we are to credit the Mormons, sweetened their pill. During several weeks they collected a substance very like sugar, which covered the leaves of all the trees with a layer the thickness of common glass.

154,568 dollars. Colonel Steptoe, who had been sent with troops to California, and who was subsequently appointed Governor of Utah in the place of Brigham Young, whose term had expired, refused this appointment; and taking in good part the wishes of the inhabitants for the reappointment of Brigham, backed a petition to this effect addressed to the President, and it was taken into consideration. The federal government gave still further proofs of its solicitude for the new Territory. The 21st of February, 1855, it appointed a Surveyor-General of Utah for the survey of the State, and instructed him to reserve two sections in each township for schools. The Congress finally allotted 63,468 dollars for sundry expenses.

Their relations with the Indians, moreover, were not in an unfavourable state. Wakara died* at Meadow Creek, the 29th of January, 1855. Apprehensions had been entertained that that event might change the feeling of this fierce tribe, and bring about fresh hostilities. But all was quiet. Arapine, also called Sen-a-rock, had succeeded his brother as chief of the Utahs, and had no difficulty whatever in restraining them. The Pahvants, of their own accord, delivered up to Colonel Steptoe seven of the murderers of Gunnison and his companions. Several Indians also came to be baptized in the month of August. These results were due to the policy of moderation and kindness employed by Brigham towards the Indians. "They are of the seed of Abraham," said he, "and God is ever their God. Moreover, a pacific policy is the cheapest of any; it is preferable to clothe and feed than fight them. We make innumerable efforts to enlighten the pagan nations of distant lands: are not the Indians, who live in the midst of us, worth as much as them? Bestow on them then your faith and your prayers. At the same time be on your guard against their savage nature, and show them that you are their superiors by your virtue." This is noble language, rarely held, more rarely listened to, by many men who pass for great politicians!

---

* Sixty horses, two of his wives, and several prisoners, were sacrificed on his tomb.

The early parts of 1856 were trying. The winter was severe and had destroyed much cattle. In the spring, provisions were scarce, in spite of the economy used in their consumption. Kimball, and even Brigham, were obliged to allowance their families to half a pound of bread daily, at the same time assisting many of their brethren.

On the other hand, there were yet, from time to time, hostilities on the part of certain tribes. Several Mormons had been massacred by Indians in the Elk Mountains. In the spring, Carlos Murray and his wife were killed by the Shoshonès; but in this instance it was an act of private vengeance not without some justification which cut them off.* The Secretary of State, the Honourable Mr. Babbitt, who was returning from Washington, had also perished near the Sweetwater. However, the feeling of the Indians was not generally bad, and their aggressions were rather to be considered as individual attacks than acts of general hostility.

---

* It may be remembered that Carlos Murray was a man without faith or honesty, who had not only shed the blood of his own race, but had be-

But at home, in their relations with the Union, the situation was assuming a grave character. It is from this moment that must be dated the origin of the difficulties which led to a state of war, and the crisis which Utah went through in 1857 and 1858, the traces whereof exist to the present moment. It can be asserted, without fear of departing from facts, that it was Judge Drummond who set in movement this gross affair, and who struck the first blow. He it was who inflamed public opinion against the federal judges, and gave rise to the conflict between the two jurisdictions, that of the spiritual chief (who was at the same time the civil governor), and that of the government of the Union. We shall then serve the interests of truth and history, to show, in his true colours, the prime mover of a quarrel which had nearly overthrown, if not the new religion, at least the colony of Utah, and over which still hangs considerable obscurity.

Mr. Drummond, one of the judges of the federal government in Utah, was a man of not very estimable cha-

---

sides killed several Indians from the most insignificant motives. Summoned for his crimes to take his trial at Fillmore, he had escaped conviction from want of legal proof; and it was then that the Shoshonès Indians constituted themselves executioners of the Divine vengeance.

racter, being notorious for the immorality of his private life. He it was who openly said to us, in the presence of the Chief Justice, "*Money is my God*, and you may put this down in your journals if you like." Separated from his wife, whom he had abandoned without support, he had brought with him to Utah a prostitute he had picked up in Washington, and whom he passed off as his lawful wife; moreover he pushed his contempt of decency so far as to make her sit beside him in court,* where he administered justice in the name of the Republic. It is not to be wondered at that such want of respect for himself and for public opinion set everybody against him. He had made his position still worse by insulting or hostile remarks publicly directed against the Mormons, their laws and institutions. He was constantly saying, to whoever would listen to him, that these laws were founded in ignorance, and that he—an open adulterer, mark,—would never let slip an opportunity of protesting against the polygamy practised in Utah. Other facts, of a different kind, had increased the irritation. For instance, he had caused the arrest of the Secretary of State, Babbitt, on a charge of conniving at the escape of Carlos Murray, of which he was known to be perfectly innocent; moreover, after a gambling quarrel, he ordered his negro Cato to assault and ill-use a Jew named

---

* Drummond was not the first federal judge who had been marked for his immorality and looseness of life in Utah. A few years before his arrival, the Mormons had seen another judge, in open court, disputing with a squaw, who came to demand the price of her favours.

Levi Abrahams, who had turned Mormon.[*] This conduct, so outrageous in a high public functionary, had so lowered him in the opinion of every one, that he found himself compelled to resign his office and quit the country. This he did not do without the intention of taking his revenge and of compromising the Saints with the government of the Union.

Meanwhile the territory of [illegible] had so increased in population that it was now in the position so ardently longed for, of having the right to claim admission as a State. The census showed that the population had risen in the commencement of 1856 to 77,000 inhabitants, and by the end of the year it was computed that there was an additional increase of some 20,000 souls. In the same year of 1856, eight new counties had been formed, viz. Beaver, Box Elder, Malad, Cache, Greasewood, Humboldt, St. Mary's, and Washington. Brigham thereupon resolved to take the steps necessary to obtain a distinction which would give greater importance and independence to himself as Governor and to his people. He placed the matter on the order of the day at an annual meeting of representatives at Fillmore, where they immediately went to work to frame a constitution. This being done, delegates were chosen to go to Washington, for the purpose of submitting the request of Utah to Congress. Difficulties were apprehended from religious prejudices, and the apprehension was well founded; but the gravest came from another quarter. On arriving at Washington, the delegates found themselves met by accusations of all kinds, which did not even permit of their making officially known the mission with which they were charged.

---

[*] Drummond has even been accused of having endeavoured to have the Jew assassinated by this negro. The trial on this charge having been suspended, we have no means of knowing whether it was true or false.

Hatred, in truth, had not remained inactive. Brigham Young was accused of having instigated the murder of the Secretary of State, Babbitt; and of afterwards having spread the report that the crime had been committed by the Indians. They even went to the extent of saying he was the murderer of Gunnison. Other monstrous calumnies were in all directions circulated respecting him. Moreever the newspapers of Washington had published anonymous letters* written from Great Salt Lake City, which represented the association of the Mormons as fundamentally immoral and refractory to the laws of the Union.

All these accusations, and others too, had received a character almost official from a report which Drummond had addressed to the Attorney-General. Therein, to explain and justify his resignation, he heaped up all sorts of calumnies, from which we will select the most prominent. He said, that "the Mormons, acknowledging no other authority than that of Brigham Young, the laws of the United

---

* These letters, as we know on unquestionable authority, were written by one of the sons of General Burr.

States were nothing better than cobwebs to them;—that there was a secret society among them, the members of which were bound by oath to recognize no other laws than those of Brigham, and were commissioned by the Church to take away the lives and property of those who questioned its jurisdiction;—that the archives of the Supreme Court had been destroyed with the knowledge and approval of Brigham, and that every effort made by the federal officers to inquire into the matter had been treated with contempt;—that these officers, moreover, had in all manner of ways been annoyed and insulted by the Mormons, had been daily forced to listen to the grossest insults levelled against the federal government and its most distinguished officials;—that the Governor, Brigham Young, abused his privilege of pardon in favour of the guilty, and, on the other hand, had allowed the local courts to condemn the innocent;—that the said Brigham Young was incessantly meddling with the federal courts, privately instructing the grand jury against whom they ought or ought not to find bills, by means of some one of them previously acquainted with his wishes, which were always considered imperative by every grand jury in the Territory of Utah;—that he, Drummond, had after careful examination been brought to believe that Captain Gunnison and his companions had been assassinated by the orders, or at the instigation of the Mormons;—that Judge L. Shaver died, in June 1805, of poisoned liquor which had been given to him by command of the Mormon authorities, and that Babbitt was killed by the Mormons in consequence of special instructions given by Brigham, Kimball, and Grant, which order, the assassins, as members of the society of Danites, were bound to execute under pain of death."

One can readily understand the effect such accusations naturally produced upon the public and the Government. The termination of the Report, which stated that Utah contained a hundred thousand Mormons, and that there were double that number in other countries, was not calculated to lessen the impression of the charges preferred. So that throughout the American press there was one universal outcry against the Mormons; charges of rebellion and felony resounded on all sides. The government was necessarily alarmed; it resolved to send troops into Utah to put down all this infamy, and uphold the constitution and laws.

In the spring of 1857, General Harney, and subsequently General Scott, were directed to prepare an expedition. A corps of two thousand five hundred men was despatched.

During all this time, the people of Utah, without alarming themselves at the storm which was brewing in the distance, continued with their usual activity and industry the labours of peace. They farmed, built, introduced the Chinese sugar-cane, cotton, and indigo, and they imported and bred sheep. Brigham who, according to his libellers in the States, had been compelled to run away, but who, on the contrary, was more than ever beloved by his people, attended assiduously to all his civil, without at all neglecting his ecclesiastical, duties. He had sent abroad in April more than eighty missionaries, and visited the northern parts of the Territory to give encouragement and good advice. Though grieved at the calumnies which were spread through the States of the Union, he did not take alarm, but made them known to his followers. A few apostates had abandoned Zion, but, on the other hand, emigration every day added fresh brethren. Everything prospered; the harvest had been remarkably good, and peace and prosperity reigned throughout this industrious population, so that the anniversary of their arrival was celebrated with extraordinary pomp and enthusiasm.

Meanwhile the troops were on the march, and had just ascertained that the inhabitants of Utah had determined upon resistance. Captain Van Vliet, who had gone on to Great Salt Lake City, intending to purchase forage and provisions for the American army, in the event of a pacific admission of the troops into the city, had reported that the Mormons were resolved to defend themselves; that he had been well received by them, but that he had everywhere heard it said and sworn to, that they would not allow a soldier to enter the Holy City, and that they were determined to raze the city rather than yield.

Such indeed was the disposition of the populace of Utah. The 15th of September, 1857, Brigham Young published a proclamation in which, after a summary of the frightful wrongs and cruelties of every kind which he and his people had experienced for the space of five-and-twenty years; from officials of every grade, and a protest against the injustice of the federal government in listening to calumnious libels without making any formal or other inquiry into their truth or falsehood, and which, on the strength of them, had sent a body of mercenaries to carry death and devastation into their Territory, he declared that neither he nor his people would tamely submit to such intolerable oppression, and therefore that he, as Governor and Superintendent of Indian Affairs in the Territory of Utah, and in the name of the people of the United States inhabiting the said Territory, ordained as follows:—

"First, that no armed force of any kind whatever shall be permitted to enter this Territory under any pretext whatever.

"Secondly, that all the forces of the said Territory must hold themselves ready to march on the first requisition, to repel invasion at any point.

"Thirdly, that martial law is hereby declared throughout this Territory, dating from the publication of this proclamation, and that no one will be permitted to pass through this Territory, nor into nor out of it, without an authorized certificate."

Some time afterwards, in an address at a public meeting, Brigham Young repeated his determination to repel force by force, dwelling upon the fact of the evident violation of the Constitution with respect to Utah. "The war," he said, "is directed against our religion, inasmuch as we can prove that we have always been faithful citizens of the great American Republic. . . . We have no desire to kill men, but we wish to keep the devils from killing us. If you hear that they are near the upper crossing of the Platte, they will probably stay there till they can collect 50,000 troops. We will say that 9 and 3 equal 17, and if that is so, how long will it take to get those troops here? Let an arithmetician figure out how long it will be before 9 and 3 will make 17, for that will be just as soon as our enemies will get 50,000 troops here. . . . Our enemies are constantly yelling 'Rebellion! Treason!' no matter how peaceful, orderly, and loyal we may be. . . . But let me tell you that the real actual treason is committed in Washington, by the administrators of our government, sending an army to take the lives of innocent citizens. Every man is allowed by the constitution to have what religion he pleases, and to profess what religion he pleases. That religion is guaranteed by the Constitution, but you 'Mormons,' an army must be sent against you, because you are 'Latter-day Saints.' Yes, an army must be sent to drive us from the earth." He then goes on to predict, that the result of this aggression would be to better the condition of the Mormons, and to bring down gradual ruin and final destruction upon their enemies, for the God of

Battles was at their side, commanding them to defend their rights.[*]

Other speakers spoke to the same purpose, animating the Mormons to persist in their lawful resistance. "We have never been the aggressors, but they have raised the weapons of war to exterminate us as many as five times, and they have robbed us of all we had. I have but three little articles in this world that I obtained before I was a 'Mormon,' an earthen vessel, a tin tea-canister, and a chest that Brother Brigham made for me; he made me several, but that was the first one. . . . I have said for years, that never, no never again will I be subject to such cursed scoundrels as the United States government have sent here as officers. I say, in the name of Israel's God, I will not (*voices:* Amen.) . . . You know I said that I had wives enough to whip the United States, and why? because they will whip themselves, and my wives would not have to resist them. . . . Do as Brigham tells you, and you will never see a corrupt judge sit in your courts with a prostitute at his side."

---

[*] Brigham Young will, no doubt, in reference to the actual state of things in the United States (February 1861), remind his people of the words in which he couched his prophecy, which were as follows:—"I am aware that you want to know what will be the result of the present movement against us. 'Mormonism' will take an almighty stride into influence and power, while our enemies will sink and become weaker and weaker, and be no more, and *I know it just as well now as I shall five years hence.*" This was said in September, 1857. See 'Deseret News' of September 23rd, of that year.

To these speeches acts of open hostility were added. The 5th and 6th of October, 1857, the Mormons burnt, near Green River, seventy-five waggons loaded with stores for the federal army. The government of Washington, seeing these preparations for defence and these acts of hostility, was, as may be naturally supposed, all the more determined on war. The expeditionary army had hitherto been unable to act. It had in the beginning of November to go through all manner of trials; after having lost a portion of its cattle, it had found itself compelled to go into winter quarters on the banks of Green River, intending to assume the offensive in the spring, and to reduce the people of Utah.

President Buchanan made a point of representing the Mormons as rebels, as is apparent from the following passage in his message to Congress:—"Brigham has committed overt acts of hostility, although Major Van Vliet had given him the strongest assurances of the pacific intentions of the government, and of their determination not to employ the troops except as a *posse comitatûs*, whenever called upon by the civil authorities to aid them in carrying out the laws." He did not say that the presence of the troops who had formerly discharged that duty, or of those who had been quartered in Utah while on their way to California under the command of Colonel Steptoe, had given great offence to the Saints; that those troops had debauched, seduced, and carried off with them into California numbers of their women, and that the unfortunate Mormons had nothing so much at heart as to keep clear for the future of any such scourge. Neither did he state that if Major Van Vliet, who had been so well received by the Mormons, had found them prepared to resist to the last extremity, it was because they were in fear not only for their faith and their morality, but for their independence. Neither did he say that he had done nothing to allay their apprehensions; that he had not officially communicated his intentions; that the Mormons were left to divine them, or to learn them through the newspapers; and that, as the press was daily sounding the tocsin of war against them, they had a right to suppose that it was really war that was intended, and in fact which had been declared against them. Besides, had they not terrible precedents in their past, which were but little calculated to give them confidence in the pacific intentions of government, or, at any rate, in its desire to protect them from the calumnies of their enemies, and to resist the pressure of the religious sects or of the papers which were their organs; or even if it had the desire, could they trust to its capacity of efficiently carrying it out?

However, war was now officially declared. Brigham's proclamation, which we have given, was a decisive act which thoroughly raised the veil, and allowed of matters being called by their right name. The house of representatives at Washington passed a resolution declaring the Territory of Utah in a state of rebellion, and it was proposed to exclude from the house the delegate of that Territory.

Brigham, meanwhile, preserved the same line of conduct; he protested his intentions were pacific, but that he was resolved to meet force by force. In a letter of the 16th of October, 1857, he stated to Colonel Alexander, who commanded the first expeditionary corps, "If you come here with peaceful intentions, you do not require arms. We desire peace; we have always desired it. . . . In virtue of my powers as Governor of Utah, I summon you to withdraw your troops from the Territory." At the same time he pushed forward his troops, under the command of General D. H. Wells, who led them to the banks of Bear River. He ordered the Mormons of Carson and San Bernardino to fall back upon the interior of Utah, and everywhere organized the means of resistance. In all the settlements they prepared for war with incredible enthusiasm. At a meeting attended by Brigham, John Taylor having requested all those who were resolved to reduce their property to ashes, rather than submit to military oppression, to hold up their hands, the whole of those present raised both hands by universal impulse. Brigham fanned the enthusiasm by addresses which frequently were not devoid of grandeur or eloquence, and which always exhibited the combined feeling of submission to the law and resistance to oppression, so strong in the Anglo-Saxon race. "We have not transgressed the law," said he, "we have neither occasion nor desire to do it; but let any nation whatever seek to destroy this people, and by that Almighty God who is my help, it shall never come hither!" However, he advised the Mormons to content themselves with harassing the enemy; to give them all the trouble possible, but to avoid bloodshed; and he invited the American officers to come and pass the winter in Great Salt Lake City.

A proclamation of the new Governor, A. Cumming,* dated the 21st of November, 1857, did not at first alter the state of affairs. This proclamation, issued from Fort Bridger, or from Green River, and addressed to the people of Utah, bore the impress of a true spirit of moderation. After stating that he was establishing, at his post, a temporary organization of the Territory, Governor Cumming declared all persons guilty of acts of violence against the troops, to be in a state of rebellion; but added, that he came without any bias, or enmity; that liberty of conscience and religion was a sacred right, guaranteed by the Constitution, which he had no idea of interfering with. He next, as commander-in-chief of the militia of the Territory, summoned all armed persons to disband and return to their homes, but without using any expressions of an irritating nature. The same day he wrote to Brigham, asking him if it were true that he had ordered the army to be attacked and pillaged; that he had signed a proclamation, and issued the passes found on a Mormon who had been made prisoner. Certainly more circumspection could not be desired in a governor, but it is impossible not to blame the Government, which, no doubt actuated by the same sentiments as its representative, had committed an injustice by not notifying to Brigham the despatch of an army and a governor, and by not frankly disclosing its intentions and object.

---

* Mr. Cumming was nominated Governor of Utah by President Buchanan, the 11th of July, 1857.

On his side Brigham felt at ease under the responsibility he had incurred by his management of this affair, as far as the Legislature of the Territory was concerned. On the 15th of December, 1857, he read his message to that body. After felicitating the country upon its industrial and agricultural progress, on the quality and quantity of the harvest, on the number of schools, and set forth the policy he had pursued towards the Indians, together with its results, he confidently entered into a statement of his measures towards the expeditionary army. He showed how the war had arisen from the lying accounts of newspapers, officials, and travellers. "The country is willing," said he, "to receive functionaries of respectability, but not debauchees. The expedition not having been notified to me, the army must be considered as a band of exterminators, and I am opposed to its admission into the Territory. I respect the Constitution obtained by our ancestors, I desire justice, but I declare that no law has been violated by us, and I count upon the help of God." The Legislature unanimously approved the message of Brigham Young, declared that they would not suffer corrupt officials to be forced upon them, and that they would defend all the rights conferred on them by the constitution of the Republic. They resolved, moreover, that they were disposed to receive the civil officers sent by the federal government, but that they would oppose the entrance of the army. To place themselves in a position to carry out these intentions, they commenced the manufacture of arms in Utah.

Before coming to extremities, the Mormons were still bent on leaving nothing untried to reach their end by the way of remonstrances and negotiations. Although the petitions addressed by two previous legislatures to the federal government, setting forth their complaints respecting the officers who had deserted them, and requesting to have respectable men sent back in their place, had not been attended or even replied to, they nevertheless resolved once more to have recourse to this means of pacification, and they addressed a fresh memorial to the federal Congress.* The 16th of January, 1858, the citizens of Great Salt Lake City signed an address to President Buchanan, wherein, after having set forth their complaints and wrongs, they, not without some pride, sum up thus :—

"1st. The Government have not made treaties with the Indians,—have not paid us our just dues.

"2ndly. They have heretofore appointed officers to preside over our welfare, whose very presence, it is widely known, was an outrage on common decency.

---

* This Memorial of the Legislature of Utah was read in Congress and ordered to be laid on the table by a vote of thirty-two against thirteen.

"3rdly. We petitioned, through our Assembly, to have *good* men for rulers, and declared that such would have been courteously received, and strictly obeyed; but it was plainly stated, that if such men were sent here as had been previously, they would be sent back.

"4thly. Because our legislators dared to exercise the right of petition, we are denied mail facilities, and branded as traitors.

"5thly. The reports of the returning officials, about the injustice of our courts, the breaking up of the Supreme Court, and the rebellion of the Mormons, are as base falsehoods as were ever hatched in hell or propagated by the devil.

"From current report, we learn that you have appointed and intend importing a full set of civil (?) officers for Utah, even down to a postmaster for Great Salt Lake City; and that they are fully qualified to enjoy the contempt so deservedly bestowed by the Mormons upon their predecessors; we are satisfied beyond doubt! . . . And now, Sir, at your hands we demand that justice which has ever been denied us. Pay us those just dues which have been so long and so illegally withheld, and appoint good men to rule us, who have discernment to perceive our wants, and sufficient judgment to promote our welfare; withdraw your army, grant us our rights, and receive the heartfelt gratitude of a whole people. Continue the injustice of your present course, and your grave will be pointed out as that of the man who broke the noblest of national compacts, your name be consigned to future generations with lasting infamy."*

The same day the citizens of Great Salt Lake City signed an Address to the federal Congress. They therein described forcibly, sometimes not without irony, their numerous wrongs, and complained of the unjust treatment of the federal government. They accused the federal judges of immorality, and denounced the fraudulency of Drummond, who, not satisfied with sullying the bench by seating a prostitute at his side, actually caused his own drafts on the treasury at Washington, for the payment of the police, to be dishonoured. They brought to mind the scandal occasioned in Utah by a federal magistrate, when, in full court, he was openly appealed to by a squaw, claiming the stipulated price of her favours, viz. a blanket and a pot of rouge, and compelled to leave the bench to pay the debt, for fear of the vengeance of the Indians! This remarkable and comprehensive address is at once dignified and ironical. It reminds the representatives of the nation of their duties, and demands justice, right, and all the guarantees of the Constitution. Very harsh but unquestionable truths were stated in the plainest language, as if to show that the Mormons felt themselves to be on the right side, and did not hesitate to say so. This important meeting, of the 16th of January, did not break up without a resolution approving of Brigham's conduct, and without a declaration on the part of the persons present, to support him, and to defend their constitutional rights by force if necessary, though once more appealing to their fellow-citizens of the United States to aid them in obtaining justice.

---

* 'Deseret News,' January 27, 1858, p. 370.

The federal government, although apparently not disposed to listen to these complaints, and though, on the contrary, actively engaged in preparations to reinforce the expedition, really felt that it had got into an awkward position, and resolved to send without delay commissioners to treat with Brigham, on the sole condition of saving the honour of the flag and the dignity of the government.

Colonel Kane, whose kindness to the Saints we have already alluded to, during the exodus from Nauvoo, was in the first instance charged with a special mission to this effect. Having made his way to Utah through Panama and California, he arrived at the Great Salt Lake towards the end of February 1858. After a month spent in negotiations, he succeeded in replacing matters on the old footing. Governor Cumming, whom he went for, entered Great Salt Lake City with a Mormon escort. Brigham was the first to pay him a visit, and protested that it was his intention to keep within the limits of the law. The people, at his recommendation, received the new Governor favourably, and promised to keep the peace if the troops did not enter the city; but declared, that in the event of this occurring, they were resolved, if not to spill blood, at least to emigrate, and to set fire to everything as they retired. Not that they distrusted the word of Governor Cumming, but they feared he was acting rather from his own feelings, than on the orders of his government. No direct news had been received from the east since the month of June 1857; whatever reached them was only through the Californian journals, which were filled with alarming reports, very incorrect often, respecting Mr. Buchanan's intentions and warlike preparations. It became apparent that they were making up their minds to abandon the city and retire southwards. Cumming did all he possibly could to prevent it; he engaged to employ the army against the Indians, who, seeing the difficulties in which the Mormons were, intended, so it was said, to pounce upon them like vultures on their prey. The people were inflexible; about the end of March they began emigrating towards the mountains, in consequence of a report that the government had sent strong reinforcements to the army, with the intention to exterminate the Saints. No more men were left in the city than were requisite for firing it the moment the troops approached. The greater part of the northern settlements were abandoned; and Brigham, together with his family, set out in May for the south. There is reason to believe that he had made up his mind to lead his subjects out of Utah, and even of the Union itself; so great was their reluctance to come to blows with soldiers who were their own fellow-citizens, and yet so tenaciously did they cling to their independence and their religion!

The conduct of Brigham in these very difficult circumstances is worthy of all praise. Whether it was he shared the apprehensions of his people, or whether he thought it useless to try to combat them, he offered no opposition to the determination to emigrate, and was moreover averse to shedding the blood of his fellow-countrymen. It seems quite certain that the Mormons might have not only successfully resisted, but even overwhelmed the federal army, and that, but for Brigham's interposition, this would inevitably have occurred. It is also quite certain that, during the winter, some Indian chiefs had come and asked Brigham to accept them as auxiliaries, or, at all events, to suffer them to attack the Americans, and that he diverted them from their purpose, and told them that in the event of a collision between the troops and the Mormons, the Indians must remain neuter.

But the storm now began to lull. Better informed, and encouraged by the communications of the Governor, Brigham, on the 12th of June, made a treaty of peace with Commissioners Powell and M'Culloch, who had been despatched to Great Salt Lake City from Washington, to assist Colonel Kane in his attempts to bring about a reconciliation. By this treaty the people consented to admit the civil officials into the city, and bound itself not to offer any resistance to the army. On the other side, General Johnson, at the request of the Commissioners, declared in a proclamation to the inhabitants of Utah, that no citizen should be molested either in person or property; that were the protection of the army at any time requisite, it would be found faithful to its engagements and its duties, and as ready now to defend and assist the Mormons as it had been to oppose them while resisting the laws of the government.

On the 26th of June, 1858, at eight in the morning, the army entered Great Salt Lake City, and subsequently went and encamped some miles from the city. The Saints returned to their homes. Brigham had consented to let the troops pass through the city as an acknowledgment of the government's authority; that over, General Johnson peremptorily ordered his men on no account to go into it, and at the end of July fixed his quarters in Cedar Valley, about forty miles from Great Salt Lake City.

Some little time before this, on the 10th of June, President Buchanan had informed Congress, in a message, that in consequence of a despatch from Governor Cumming on the 2nd of May, he had reason to believe that the difficulties with Utah were over, and that there would be no necessity for sending fresh troops there. The "supremacy of the Constitution," said he, "has been again asserted." Shortly afterwards he issued a proclamation, granting a pardon to the Mormon rebels, that is to say, those who in the first instance had advanced upon the troops and destroyed their military stores.

This very serious affair over, the Mormons expected to breathe in peace. The troops, it was arranged, were to keep in their quarters, the officers only occasionally to visit the city, and the soldiers never. If the camp-followers and vagabonds which usually follow an army and often get it into scrapes, sometimes annoyed the Saints, this did not excite much attention. Nevertheless, the presence of an army was a disagreeable fact which in some way or other might at any time lead to mischief; and this nearly happened in the month of March 1859.

About this time Judge Cradlebaugh, who instead of holding his court at Fillmore in September, as was usual, now opened it at Provo, for the purpose of trying a certain number of Mormons who had been arrested, made a requisition for a company of soldiers to guard the prisoners, there being no jail in the place. General Johnson sent a hundred men, and soon after nine hundred more, alleging as his reason that excitement was on the increase. Governor Cumming then interfered, and ordered the General to recall the troops, who refused to do so. A rupture between these two superior officers was the consequence. The Attorney-General and the Superintendent of Indian Affairs sided with the Governor's prudent policy, while the General with his soldiers backed Judges Cradlebaugh and Sinclair in their hostility to the Mormons. The General's conduct however received no countenance from sensible and impartial people. The American newspapers agreed in censuring Cradlebaugh for his hot-headedness and excessive zeal, and declared that this judicial officer had, by a speech breathing throughout a spirit of unbecoming vengeance, shown that he was not at all fit for the position he occupied.

The angry feeling which was manifested against the Mormons by the American press at the outset of the expedition, had now very much calmed down, and public opinion seemed inclined quite to change its direction, for the New York journals soon began to protest against the disorders occasioned by the army in the valleys of Utah. According to them, the army contractors had an interest in keeping the troops at distant outposts; the camp-followers, composed of every sort of scum, plunged in drunkenness and irregularities of all sorts, had become a standing cause of annoyance to both Mormons and Indians; and the revolver had made its appearance and was disturbing the stillness of these once peaceful solitudes. It is even at this day asserted, that the war arose out of no quarrel between the Mormons and the federal government, but that it was merely an opportunity made use of as a plausible pretext for putting jobs into the hands of greedy contractors. We cannot quite give our assent to this view of the case, which would reflect too much discredit on a great nation, and we prefer supposing that the Government thought they had good grounds for thus spending their money on this distant and protracted expedition.

What is likely to give the Mormons confidence in the future and reasons for expecting several years' tranquillity, is, that since the conclusion of peace it has been fully acknowledged that all the libels which brought on the war were false and calumnious. To confine ourselves to one instance: an official inquiry, instituted by the Governor of Utah, satisfactorily proved that the territorial and judicial archives, which were said to have been destroyed, remained perfectly intact. It is also a significant fact, that the protection promised by the government to all such as might choose to throw off the so-called yoke of Brigham, has produced but a very trifling number of apostates. As to the federal government, it also seems to be inspired with a better feeling, and to be disposed henceforth to maintain the policy of justice and moderation which was so successfully acted upon by Governor Cumming; a proof of which is, that in May 1859, it formally disapproved the conduct of Judge Cradlebaugh.

In the beginning of the month of August 1859, a fact of great political importance occurred within the Mormon territory, but which rather concerned the Federal Government than the Mormons themselves. The *gentile* inhabitants of Carson Valley, on the frontier of California and Utah, after several fruitless appeals to the powers at Washington, made a formal proclamation of their independence, and expressed their desire to constitute a new Territory under the protection of the Union. This unconstitutional act will ever have its place in the annals of the American continent. The motives of this proceeding are sufficiently explained by the well-known antipathy which the Mormons contrived to inspire in the *unbelievers* of their vicinity, and by the hatred which the latter cherished against them, with or without reason, but principally by the great distance between the settlements in Carson Valley and the seat of the Territorial government.

In their declaration of independence, the Carsonians reproached the Mormons "with having committed a long series of abuses against the inhabitants of western Utah, and with violating the organic Act which constituted the Territory; with having shown themselves enemies of the constitutional government and the institutions of their country; with having declared war against the United States; with having refused to submit themselves to its laws, at the same time claiming the benefit of them whenever it was their interest to do so; with having disputed the rights of the United States' judges to try the transgressors of the law as often as they happened to be Mormons; with having succeeded by their legislative intrigues in staying the course of justice, protecting criminals, and nullifying the laws of the Union; with having declared ineligible for any public employment any unmarried citizen, unless he had resided for two years in the territory of Utah; with having stained their hands with the blood of their fellow-countrymen peacefully passing across their country; with having deprived them of their property without even a show of justice; with poisoning the minds of the Indians, and inspiring them with unfriendly feelings towards the Americans, who were thus compelled to be in frequent collision with them."

These are certainly very formidable charges, if there be any ground for them; the latter, especially, are fearful, and demand a searching inquiry. The massacre of a company of emigrants near Mountain Meadows, Santa Clara, in September 1857, is unfortunately too true; but is it not rather giving too great a fling to hatred to attribute without proof this horrible crime to the Mormons disguised as Indians?* Without pretending to guarantee the innocence of the Saints, we refuse to believe, from anything which now appears, that the authorities of the Church were in any way mixed up with this detestable act.

In point of fact, the declaration of the citizens of Carson is of no other importance than as proving the necessity of annexing the county to California, on which it borders. By solving the question in this way, Congress will avoid the useless creation of a new territory, and will leave Utah entire to the Mormons, who, as much for their own sakes as that of the Union, require to be left to themselves.

---

* This train of emigrants was passing from the States to California. One hundred and forty persons were massacred; infants at the breast alone were spared; seventeen of whom, survivors of this frightful butchery, were recovered in the spring of 1859 from the Indians, which shows pretty clearly who the perpetrators of the crime were.

Meanwhile, tranquillity is now re-established in Utah. In the spring of this year (1860) the army quitted the country, and the Mormons, far from complaining of the expedition against them, see in it the hand of God, who made use of their enemies to confer on them a double benefit; first, by uniting them more closely with each other in the bond of brotherhood, then, by furnishing them at a low price with numberless articles of consumption, that had been imported for the use of the troops. Hymns of thanksgiving resound through the "valleys of the mountains," and thousands of emigrants from Europe are at this moment crossing the plains, to cast their lot with their brethren at the Salt Lake.* What, even in the immediate future, is to be the destiny of this singular society, the history of which we have just given a rapid sketch? It would not be easy to say. But there is reason to think that its prosperity will go on increasing as long as it continues under the intelligent leader now at its head; for there are few men who possess in so high a degree as he does, the qualities which constitute the eminent politician and the able administrator. All who have had an opportunity of seeing him at his work, friends or enemies, are unanimous on this point. Colonel Steptoe, whom the federal government appointed Governor of Utah in 1854, in the place of Brigham Young, and who, as we have already said, declined this post, renders this testimony to his ability as a public man:—"He possesses, in an eminent degree, every qualification necessary for the discharge of his official duties, and unquestioned integrity and ability." The lamented Captain Stansbury, of the Engineer Corps, who was engaged on the survey of 1850, and who has published a long work on the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, also says that "the President, Brigham Young, appeared to him to be a man of clear strong sense, quite conscious of the responsibility belonging to his post, sincerely anxious for the good repute and prosperity of the people over whose destinies he presides, jealous in the very highest degree of whatever can have an unfavourable influence upon or mislead public opinion respecting him, and indefatigable in discovering the means of his moral, intellectual, and physical elevation. He appeared, as a man and a magistrate, to command the unbounded confidence of his people; and he and the two counsellors, who together constitute the Presidency of the Church, seem to have but one object in view—the prosperity and tranquillity of the society they govern."

---

* One ship, amongst others which left Liverpool in the month of May 1860, carried out more than eight hundred Mormon converts.

John Hyde, the apostate, who published a book in New York on Mormonism, in which he does not spare his former co-religionists, nor, at times, even Young himself, represents the latter, on the whole, as a superior man. According to him, Brigham, as a man, has great foibles; nor any more than Joseph Smith is he remarkable for his temperance. As a politician, he is described as being not very scrupulous as to the choice of means, and as belonging to the school of Machiavel and Loyola. But saving these points, which are quite open to contradiction, and these charges, not of a light character certainly, in which we trace the hand of the apostate rather than that of the historian, there is scarcely anything to find fault with in the portrait which Hyde has drawn of the leader of the Mormons, and which is done in a way to satisfy the most fastidious.

This portrait, however, as we may very readily conceive, when we remember who the painter was, is in no respect flattered; our personal experience guarantees the resemblance. Brigham Young is not an ordinary man. With an extensive knowledge of men, and a fine and delicate tact, he combines unusual strength of mind and remarkable energy of character. Convinced of the truth of the religion he has embraced, and by this very fact morally superior to Smith, he has set before him, as the object of his existence, the extension and the triumph of his doctrine; and this end he pursues with a tenacity that nothing can shake, and with that stubborn persistence and ardent ambition which makes great priests and great statesmen. Calm, cool, prudent in council, he decides slowly, and, even when he does decide, is in no hurry to act upon his decision; but the time of action arrived, he then goes to work with an energy which stops only at success. Though sincerely religious, in his own way of course, he is in the highest degree sensible of the value of worldly things; he is eminently what the Americans call practical, and is as much at home in attending to the management of his own private fortune as to his people's prosperity.

Brigham exercises great influence as a preacher. An orator he certainly is not, in the classical sense of the word; his sermons are stuffed full of puns, jokes, buffooneries even, which remind us more of the curate of Meudon than of the eagle of Meaux, of Rabelais rather than of Bossuet, and would most certainly revolt our European fastidiousness; but, then, he is not addressing himself to the charming penitents of the Madeleine, he has to do with quite a different public, and as, in all probability, he instinctively knows that the first condition of a speaker's success is to place himself on a level with his audience, he has done so with his, and so much to their satisfaction that they allow themselves to be persuaded and convinced, which is always the true sign and object of eloquence. Moreover, he has qualities which are everywhere favourably appreciated. His manner in the pulpit is simple, agreeable, and perfectly devoid of affectation; he speaks from the heart and the fullness of it. He does not preach, he converses; his voice is strong and sonorous, a quality much to the taste of the people; his gestures are easy and natural, nothing forced nor violent. He seems to be himself impressed by all he says; his hearers feel that it is so, and are impressed by it in their turn. He employs ridicule with point and readiness; he abounds in personalities, and with allusions which the public easily seize, inasmuch as he possesses remarkable talent as a mimic, and does not hesitate to imitate the gestures, voice, and language of those whom he desires to put upon the stage. But this is again another element of success with a popular audience. Besides, under forms that are frequently grotesque, there lies a thoughtful, practical truth, which every man may turn to his profit. The comedian is, in fact, the auxiliary of the pontiff and the moralist.

In his private relations, Brigham Young is somewhat reserved but affable, very courteous to strangers, when he is sure who they are, and knows he has no reason to distrust them. Though aware that he is the object of their curiosity, this does not in the least embarrass him; on the contrary, he looks upon it as quite natural, and never presumes upon it in any respect. The very intelligible mistake he made with us when first presented to him by Haws gave us an opportunity of estimating the importance he attaches to the courteous reception of strangers, and to the favourable impression left upon them by his hospitality and deportment. To atone for his error, he was polite without fuss, and amiable without affectation. In spite of his early want of education, Brigham Young, in the long-run, has become almost an accomplished man of the world. It is impossible not to admire his tact, and on leaving him, we carry away with us a feeling of respect, and a better opinion of Mormonism, at all events, to say nothing of human nature.

It is easy to understand that with this combination of qualities, Brigham should have a considerable ascendency over all around him. So great is it indeed that, according to all his friends, and even to John Hyde himself, all those who believe in him—and there are many—would without hesitation die for him. "One of the severest tests of greatness," says Hyde, "is the power to completely centre in oneself a thousand interests and the deep affection of a thousand hearts. All really great men have done this. Philosophy has had its disciples, adventurers their followers, generals their soldiers, kings their subjects, impostors their fanatics. Mohammed, Smith, Brigham, have all been thus. No man ever lived who had more deeply devoted friends than Brigham Young. The magnetism that attracts and infatuates, that makes men feel its weight and yet love its presence, abounds in him. Even his enemies have to acknowledge a great charm in the influence he throws around him. The clerks in his office, and his very *wives*, feel the same veneration for the Prophet as the most respectful new-comer. . . . The whole secret of Brigham's influence lies in his *real sincerity*. Brigham may be a great man, greatly deceived, but he is not a hypocrite. Smith was an impostor; that can be clearly established: Brigham Young embraced Mormonism in sincerity, conscientiously believed, faithfully practised, and enthusiastically taught it. As devoted to Smith as Kimball is now to him, he reverenced him as a prophet, and loved him as a man. For the sake of his religion, he has over and over again left his family, confronted the world, endured hunger, come back poor, made wealth and given it to the Church. He holds himself prepared to lead his people in sacrifice and want, as in plenty and ease. No holiday friend nor summer prophet, he has shared their trials as well as their prosperity. He never pretends to more than 'the inward monitions of the Spirit,' nor, as Smith, to direct revelations and physical manifestations. No man prays more fervently nor more frequently than Brigham Young. No man can more win the hearts nor impress the minds of his hearers than Brigham while in prayer. Few men can persist in believing him a hypocrite, either in his family, or in private meetings, or in public. I am convinced that if he be an impostor, he has commenced by imposing on himself."* It strikes us that there is nothing to add to such testimony coming from such a source, and that it would be almost as superfluous to add to, as it would be rash to contradict, it.

---

* Mormonism, etc., by John Hyde: pp. 154, 170.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY

OF

THE HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

1801. June 1. Birth of Brigham Young.
1805. December 23. Birth of Joseph Smith.
1820. March. Effect of a *revival* on Joseph Smith's mind.
April. Joseph Smith's first vision.
1823. September 21. An angel reveals to Joseph the existence of the plates.
September 22. Joseph visits the place where the plates were hidden.
1827. January 18. Joseph marries Emma Hale.
September 22. An angel delivers the plates to Joseph.
1828. July. Martin Harris takes away 116 pages of the translation.
1829. April. Joseph resumes the translation with Cowdery as secretary.
May 15. St. John the Baptist ordains Joseph.
1830. The translation finished and published.
April 6. Institution and organization of the Mormon Church.
July. The Prophet's wife is, by a special revelation, to be styled *Daughter of God, Lady of Election.*
August. Conversion of Parley P. Pratt.
September 19. Baptism of Orson Pratt.
December. Sidney Rigdon visits the Prophet.
1831. January. Joseph visits Kirtland, Rigdon's birth-place.
February 9. God commands the Elders to go forth in pairs and preach.

1831. June 6. The order of Melchizedek is conferred on the Elders.
„ 19. Joseph sets out for Missouri.
August 2. New Zion is founded at Independence.
September. Joseph opens a bank at Kirtland.
1832. March 25. Joseph tarred and feathered by his enemies.
April. Joseph visits his flock in Missouri.
„ 14. Brigham Young baptized.
1833. January 22. Gift of tongues conferred.
March 18. Presidency of the Church instituted.
July. Inhabitants of Missouri rise against the Mormons.
October 31. Ten Mormon houses destroyed by the populace.
November and December. The Mormons persecuted fly to Clay county.
1834. February 26. Joseph levies an armed force against Missouri.
May 5. Marches on Missouri with 150 Mormons.
June 23–24. Cholera breaks out in Joseph's army.
July 9. Joseph returns to Kirtland.
1835. February 21. First meeting of the Council of the twelve Apostles.
March. Opening of the School of the Prophets.
July. Joseph obtains the papyri of Abraham.
1836. January 4. Hebrew professorship at Kirtland.
March 24. Dedication of the Temple at Kirtland.
June 29. Mormons driven from Clay county.
August. Retire upon Carrol, Davies, and Caldwell.
1837. June 13. Kimball and Orson Hyde set out to convert England.
November. Bank at Kirtland breaks.
1838. January 12. Joseph steals away to Missouri.
March 14. His arrival there.
July. Martin Harris, Oliver Cowdery, and David Whitmer excommunicated.
Kimball and O. Hyde return from England.
Apostasy of Orson Hyde, Phelps, and others.
August 6. Troubles in Galatin on account of the elections.
September. Riots and bloodshed in Missouri.
October 30. Massacre at Hawn's Mill by the American militia.
„ 31. Joseph made prisoner by stratagem.

1838. November 1. Condemned to death by a council of war; sentence not executed.

December. The Mormons withdraw into Illinois.

1839. April 16. Joseph escapes from the hands of his jailors.

„ 26. Brigham Young secretly lays the foundation of a temple at Independence.

May 9, Joseph Smith settles at Commerce (Nauvoo).

June 27. O. Hyde, the apostate, returns to the fold.

August and September. Brigham, Kimball, Parley and Orson Pratt go to England to preach.

October 29. Joseph goes to Washington to protest against the persecutions in Missouri.

1840. March. His return to Nauvoo.

April 15. Orson Hyde sets out on his mission to Palestine.

June 6. The first European converts embark at Liverpool.

December 16. Nauvoo obtains a municipal charter.

1841. February 4. Joseph is appointed Lieutenant-General of the Nauvoo Legion.

April 6. Lays the first stone of the temple at Nauvoo.

June 5. Joseph arrested; liberated on the 10th.

July 1. Brigham Young and Kimball return from England.

1842. March 1. Publication of the Book of Abraham in the 'Times and Seasons.'

May 6. Attempt to assassinate Governor Boggs.

„ 19. Joseph is chosen Mayor of Nauvoo.

August 8. On the point of being arrested, Joseph takes flight.

December 7. Orson Hyde returns from his mission to Palestine.

„ 30. Joseph, charged with assassination, surrenders himself.

1843. January 5. He is acquitted at Springfield.

„ 20. Orson Pratt returns to the Church after having been expelled

June 23. Smith again arrested.

July 2. He is released.

„ 12. Receives the revelation permitting polygamy.

August 30. Brigham Young baptizes General J. A. Bennett.

November 4. Joseph's letters to the candidates for the Presidency of the United States.

1843. November 28. He addresses a memorial to Congress respecting the transactions in Missouri.

1844. February 7. Publishes an address as candidate for the Presidency.

May 17. He is carried in triumph through the streets of Nauvoo.

June 10. He orders the printing-presses of the 'Expositor' to be destroyed.

June 13. The gentiles determine to arm against the Mormons.

„ 17. Joseph arrested and released.

„ 24. Nauvoo militia disarmed.

„ 25. Joseph surrenders himself for trial at Carthage.

„ 27. Murder of Joseph and his brother in the prison at Carthage.

August 15. Brigham Young's epistle to the Saints in all the earth.

October 7. The Council of the Church, with Brigham at their head, assume the government of the Church.

1845. January. Nauvoo deprived of its municipal charter.

February. The Mormon leaders determine to abandon Nauvoo.

September 11. Twenty-nine Mormon houses burnt by the gentiles.

1846. January. Baptism for the dead in Mississippi.

„ 20. Pioneers leave Nauvoo to search for a site in the west.

February. Thousands of Mormons cross the Mississippi on the ice, on their way west.

May 1. Dedication of the temple at Nauvoo.

July. Brigham Young furnishes 500 men to the United States army.

September 10–13. Siege of Nauvoo.

1847. April 14. The exiles leave their winter quarters for the Salt Lake.

July 24. Brigham Young arrives at the Salt Lake.

October 31. He returns to Council Bluffs.

December 24. Brigham Young appointed President of the Church.

1848. May. The main body of the Saints proceeds to Utah.

November 10. Burning of the temple of Nauvoo.

1849. March 5. Draft of constitution for the Provisional State of Deseret.

July 2. Delegates leave for Washington with the draft.

1850. June 15. 'The Deseret News' appears.

September 9. President Fillmore signs the Act constituting Utah a Territory.

1851. February 3. Brigham is sworn in as Governor of Utah.
April 5. Legislature of Provisional State of Deseret dissolved.
September 22. Opening of the Legislature of the Territory of Utah.
1852. June. Fifteen Frenchmen receive baptism in Paris.
August 29. Revelation respecting polygamy made public.
1853. February 14. The consecration of the site of the temple at Great Salt Lake City.
April 6. First stone of the temple laid.
July. Difficulties with the Indians.
October 26. Murder of Captain Gunnison by the Indians.
1854. January. Adoption of a new alphabet by the University of Deseret.
August. Troops under Colonel Steptoe reach Salt Lake.
1855. May 5. Endowment House dedicated.
May. Troops depart for California.
" Ravages of locusts. Drought. Impending famine.
July. Judge Drummond arrives.
1856. Winter. Famine; cattle die.
May. Judge Drummond leaves Utah.
June. Lucy Mack, Joseph Smith's mother, dies at Nauvoo.
" Mormon delegates go to Washington, to pray Congress for the admission of Utah as a State.
1857. March 30. Judge Drummond presents a malevolent official report against the Mormons.
April. The federal officers leave Utah.
" The President determines on despatching an armed force against the Mormons.
May 14. Parley P. Pratt assassinated in Kansas.
September 15. Brigham Young's proclamation to the citizens of Utah.
September. Massacre of emigrants at Mountain Meadows by the Indians.
September. Arrival of Captain Van Vliet at Salt Lake City.
October 5–6. The Mormons burn seventy-five waggons belonging to the American army.
November. The expeditionary army takes up its position on the banks of Green River.

1857. November 21. Proclamation of Governor Cumming, the new governor.

December 15. Brigham Young's message to the Legislature of Utah.

1858. January 16. Address of the citizens of Great Salt Lake City to President Buchanan.

February. Arrival of Colonel Kane at Salt Lake.

June 12. Brigham treats with the Government Commissioners.

" 26. The army enters Great Salt Lake City and immediately retires.

1859. January 2. Religious service, interrupted by the war, is again performed in the Tabernacle.

March. Dispute between the officers of the federal government.

August. Citizens of Carson Valley declare themselves independent of Utah.

1860. The federal troops evacuate the territory of Utah.

1861. The Mormons are making remarkable progress, both materially and morally. In Utah the settlements increase in size and number. The attention of the heads of the Church is directed towards education, hitherto neglected; schools are being built, and the spread of information encouraged. As respects their external affairs, their missionary efforts have been crowned with success, and emigration, chiefly from England, resumes its course with greater vigour than at any previous period.

END OF VOLUME I.

JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR, PRINTER,
LITTLE QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.